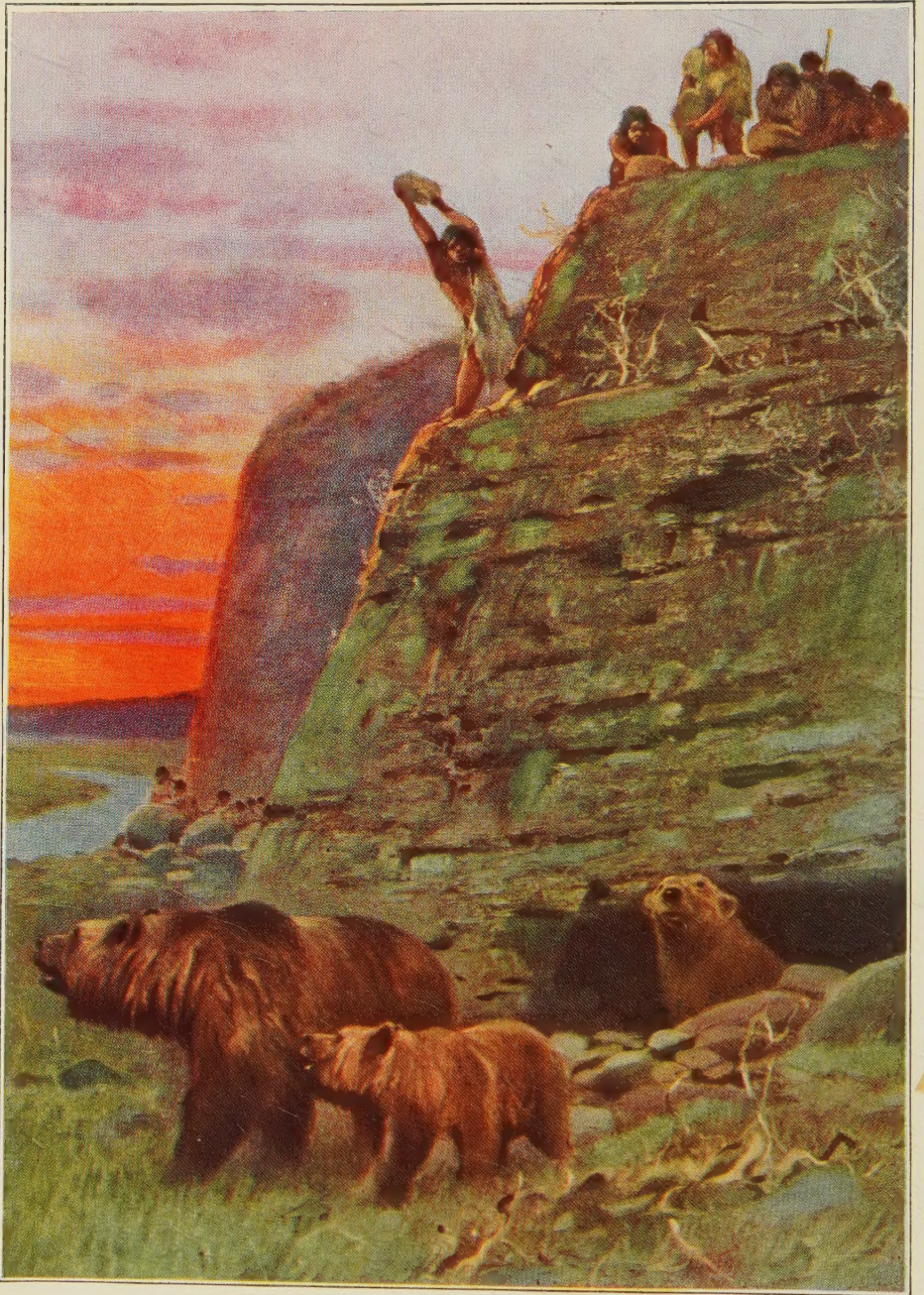






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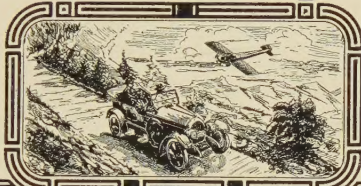


THE BATTLE OF BRAINS AGAINST BRUTE STRENGTH

This is a picture of prehistoric man as he must have dwelt and fought in the ancient abruptly walled river valleys. His bones are found there mingled with those of the great "cave bear."



THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE



VOL. ONE



THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE

OR
A COMPREHENSIVE TOUR OF ALL LANDS

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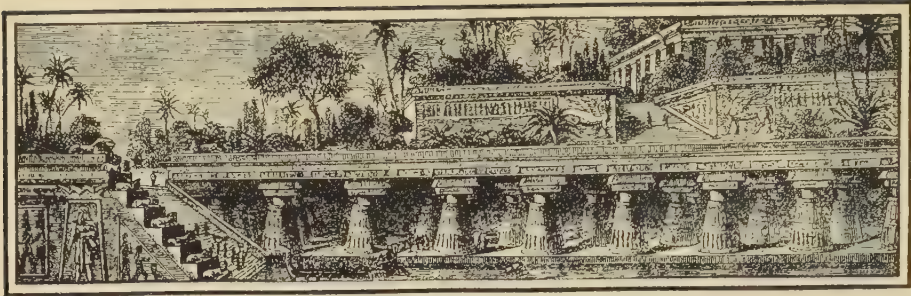
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Contents of Volume One

CHAPTER	PAGE	CHAPTER	PAGE
	Foreword		3
I	Prehistoric Man		5
	MESOPOTAMIA		
II	The Land of the Beginning . .		15
III	Man's Earliest Cities		25
IV	The Northern Hill Lands . .		33
V	Up the Tigris		41
VI	Bagdad of the "Arabian Nights"		49
VII	The Assyrian Land		57
	EGYPT		
VIII	Alexandria and the Delta Land		65
IX	Cairo, the Victorious		73
X	The Nile and the Pyramids . .		81
XI	Along the Nile to Abydos . .		89
XII	The Upper Nile		97
XIII	The Desert and Its Oases . .		105
	SUEZ AND SINAI		
XIV	The Canal and the Mountain . .		113
	PALESTINE		
XV	Entering the Holy Land . .		121
XVI	Going up to Jerusalem . . .		129
XVII	The Holy City of Jerusalem .		137
XVIII	The Scenes Around Jerusalem .		145
XIX	Open Spaces of the Hills . .		153
XX	Jordan Valley and Dead Sea .		161
	SYRIA		
XXI	Mixing Place of the Nations .		169
XXII	Damascus, the Desert Pearl .		177
	ARABIA		
XXIII	The Great Desert		185
XXIV	Arab Cities of the Desert . .		193
XXV	The Moslem Holy Land . . .		201
XXVI	Transjordan		209
	NORTH AFRICA		
XXVII	Tripoli		217
XXVIII	Tunisia		225
XXIX	Algeria		233
XXX	Morocco		241
	PERSIA		
XXXI	Home Land of the Aryans . .		249
XXXII	Tabriz and the North . . .		257
XXXIII	Ispahan and Central Persia .		265
XXXIV	In Southern Persia		273
	GREECE		
XXXV	Crete, Isle of Beginnings . .		281
XXXVI	Where Homer and Sappho lived		289
XXXVII	Macedonia and Olympus . .		297
XXXVIII	In Northern Greece		305
XXXIX	Euboea and Attica		313
XL	In Ancient Athens		321
XLI	Around Modern Athens . .		329
XLII	The "Encircling" Isles . . .		337
XLIII	In Southern Greece		345
XLIV	The Islands of the West . .		353
	ROME		
XLV	The Ancient City		361
XLVI	The City of the Popes . . .		369
XLVII	The Modern City		377



List of Illustrations

Volume One

COLORGRAVURES

The Battle of Brains against Brute Strength	Frontispiece
A Sand Storm beside the Pyramids	Facing page 64
Evening in an Arab Village	Facing page 184

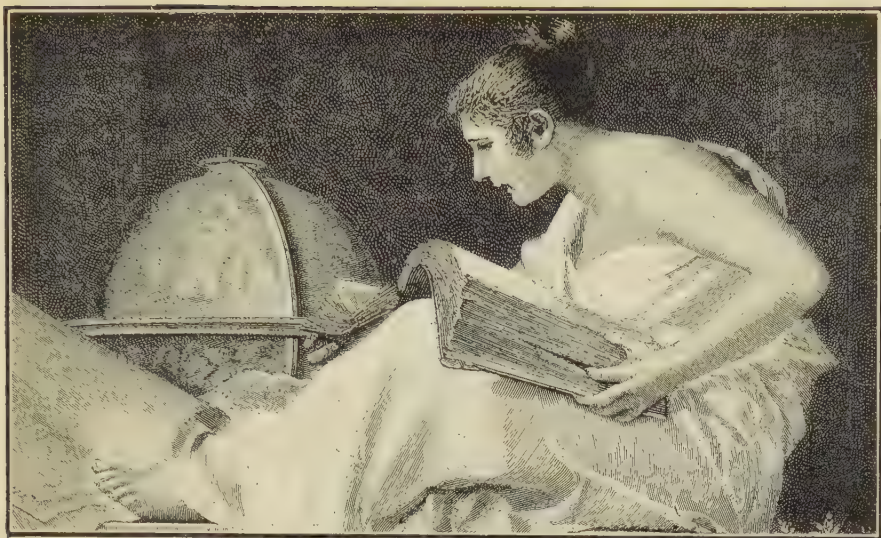
TYPOGRAVURES

	PAGE		PAGE
Geography	3	Ezra's tomb, a spot of beauty....	45
The World before Man	5	Going home from Bagdad	47
The Age of Ocean Reptiles	7	Night on the roofs of Bagdad	49
Lake Dwellers of the Stone Age..	9	The tale of the Arabian Nights...	51
The early Cave Man fought bears.	11	An Arab shiek departs for Bagdad.	53
The lands where History began...	13	The Highway out of Bagdad.....	55
The Persian Gulf, "Pirate Coast."	15	Nineveh restored from its ruins...	57
In the Land of Reeds.....	17	The sport of an Assyrian King....	59
The Canals of Old Basra	19	Where the Persians watched at	
Basra, the modern water front....	21	Arbela	61
The Tree of Knowledge	23	The old bridge at Mosul	63
The Mound which covers Ur....	25	Egypt, the land of the Lotus.....	65
The Lion of Babylon	27	The Plaza of Mohammed Ali....	67
Kerbela, the holy city	29	The Palace of the Khedives.....	69
The Shrine of the Jewish exiles...	31	The Market of Tantah	71
Arab caravans in prayer.....	33	Cairo from mosque of Ibn Tulun	73
Another Paradise	35	Cairo and its ancient walls	75
Berejik on the Euphrates	37	A Professor in Al Azhar	77
The Mosque of Abraham.....	39	The Streets of Cairo	79
Along the banks of the Tigris....	41	An ancient statue of the Nile....	81
Gun-selling in Amara	43	The Bride of the Nile	83

	PAGE		PAGE
The nilometer on the Isle of Rodah	85	Arabs among the ruins of Jericho..	165
The Citadel of Cairo	87	Going down to the Dead Sea	167
A native boat beneath the pyramids	89	The Mountains of Lebanon	169
A village on the Nile	91	The Citadel of Aleppo	171
Abydos, where civilization began..	93	The remains of Sidon	173
Napoleon's soldiers in Egypt....	95	The plain of Antioch	175
The portal to the ruins of Karnak	97	Wealthy Jewish home in Damascus	177
The singers of Old Karnak.....	99	In the streets of Damascus	179
The Memnon statue and its twin..	101	Old Damascus	181
At the Tomb of Tutankh-Amen... 103		Worshippers in the great Mosque.	183
The mirage of the Libyan desert..	105	The desert riders of Arabia at play.	185
Starting for the Oases	107	Saluting the Lord of Hayil	187
In the depths of the Fayum valley..	109	The deserted ruins of Palmyra ...	189
A Sphinx of the Desert	111	The Palmyra of the past	191
Sugar cane harvest in Goshen	113	A story teller in Riyad	193
The Fair at Zagazig	115	The simple life among the Arabs..	195
Patience makes the desert bloom	117	The cliffs of Jebel Shammar	197
A Church in a hostile land	119	The Bairam festival	199
Palestine's harvest gathering.....	121	A sacred caravan homeward bound	201
The wells of Beersheba	123	The modern pilgrim way.....	203
The traditional "house of Simon".	125	A Hajji and his worshippers....	205
Landing at Jaffa	127	The Kaabah and its pilgrims.....	207
The walls of Bethlehem and its		Among the palms of Gilead	209
convent	129	The deep gorges of Petra	211
The Grave of Abraham and Sarah.	131	Arab huts in the land of Moab..	213
The Bethlehem mart for beads... 133		The Philadelphia of the East....	215
Jesus' birth shrine	135	Murzuk, the shelter of caravans..	217
Hezekiah's ancient pool	137	On a Tripolitan terrace	219
Going up to Jerusalem	139	The harbor of Tripoli	221
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre	141	Among the shops of Tripoli	223
The Via Dolorosa	143	Jerba castle in Tunisia	225
Jerusalem from Mount of David	145	Among the souks of Tunis	227
At the Temple's gate	147	Where Kairwan meets the desert.	229
The garden of Gethsemane	149	Natives of Kairwan	231
A coffee-house in Jerusalem	151	The independent Kabyles of Algeria	233
Looking down upon Sea of Galilee	153	The modern harbor of Algiers ..	235
Mizpah	155	In the native quarter of Biskra... 237	
The ruins of Samaria	157	The mosque of Abd-er-Rahman..	239
A modern witch of Endor	159	The city of Fez	241
Tiberias, the learned Jewish city ..	161	Old Tangier	243
A pilgrim baptism in Jordan	163	The Moorish university in Fez...	245
		The Kasbah of Fez	247

	PAGE		PAGE
Our first inn in Persia	249	The Plain of Marathon	317
The Great Mosque of Meshed ...	251	The Fortress of Phyle today	319
The Approach to Teheran	253	A restoration of the Piraeus	321
At prayer in Teheran	255	The Acropolis of Athens	323
Kaabah of the Zoroastrians.....	257	The Erechtheion	325
New Year in Tabriz	259	Ancient Athens restored	327
The mosque of Hamadan	261	The cloister of Daphni	329
The suwars of Persia	263	The modern Stadium of Athens...	331
The bridge to Ispahan	265	Garden of the college, Athens....	333
The field of Shah Abbas	267	Ancient Eleusis restored	335
A suburban castle near Ispahan...	269	The Acro-corinth rock	337
The rock tomb of Darius	271	The canal of Cornith	339
Rock carvings of King Sapor....	273	The Seagod's temple at Sunion..	341
A khan of Shiraz	275	The island town of Paros	343
Saadi's tomb in his garden	277	The Eurotas, Sparta's river	345
A dreamer of Shiraz	279	Tiryns and the Argive plain	347
The harbor of Candia	281	Modern Argos and its citadel	349
The lair of the Minotaur	283	Juno's Temple at Olympia	351
The road to Knossos	285	Vathy on the isle of Ulysses.....	353
Christians of Crete	287	Greek women of Missolonghi	355
The strait of Chios	289	The villa of "Monrepos" on Corfu	357
A grandsire's tales in Greece....	291	Corfu between peace and war....	359
The Leucadian rock of Sappho...	293	The Colosseum	361
Sappho in her home	295	The Greatest of Circuses	363
In a Macedonian monastery	297	The Farnese Casino at the Palatine	365
The romance of the Hellespont...	299	The Roman Forum	367
Olympus, Greece's highest moun- tain	301	The Castle of St. Angelo	369
The village inn at Pynda	303	In the Vatican gardens	371
Mount Parnassus	305	Piazza and cathedral of St. Peter	373
The site of Delphi	307	In the Vatican library	375
"Pillar monasteries" of Meteora..	309	In the garden of the Villa Medici..	377
The Pass of Thermopylae	311	The Race on the Corso	379
Digging for Greek Sculptures....	313	The fountain of Treves	381
The men of Chalkis	315	The Borghesè Gardens	383





THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE

FOREWORD

Never has the importance of knowing human nature, of understanding our fellow men, been more generally felt than at the present time. Hence, never before has there been so great a need or so eager a call for a work such as the present.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

This is an age of travel. Each one of us wants a clear view of "the world we live in," that we may thus be helped in arranging our own lives. Hence, men and women are now more than ever ready to brave many dangers and more discomforts for the sake of visiting other lands, especially the stranger and wilder lands. We all seek to study other peoples, their ways of living, their achievements, their habits of thought. The purpose of these volumes is to do your traveling for you, while you sit comfortably and inexpensively at home.

These pages aim, moreover, to do a far larger thing. They aim to make your travel education complete, both for you and for your children. They aim to take you everywhere in all the world, and thus have you do what no single traveller has ever done in person. You shall learn of every important thing in every country of the globe. Nor shall you toil heavily to learn this. All the length of dry detail is to be

omitted, all the confusing mass of unimportant things is to be passed over. We shall show you only what is important and interesting, and we shall show it in simple, straightforward words, making a story to interest both old and young.

You shall learn also by pictures. Our books are to be like a "movie" travelogue, picturing for you the strange lands and strange peoples by means of over a thousand scenes. As in a photoplay each picture shall lead you on to the next.

Yet we aim to give you far more than just the passing view of this world at this moment. If we sought a descriptive title for these volumes, it might be **THE RISE OF MAN**: The Progress of our Human Race from barbarism to its present development in all the arts and sciences, in all the intricacies of commerce and invention, all the present complex social organization. Or we might have called our work "A Compendium of Universal Geography"; only we aim not to burden you with over much geography, but to give you, instead, the universal manners and modes of living among men. So we might better describe our theme as the **WONDERS OF THE WORLD**, since we purpose to picture for you in each land each of its most wondrous spectacles, its main achievements, both by man and by Nature.

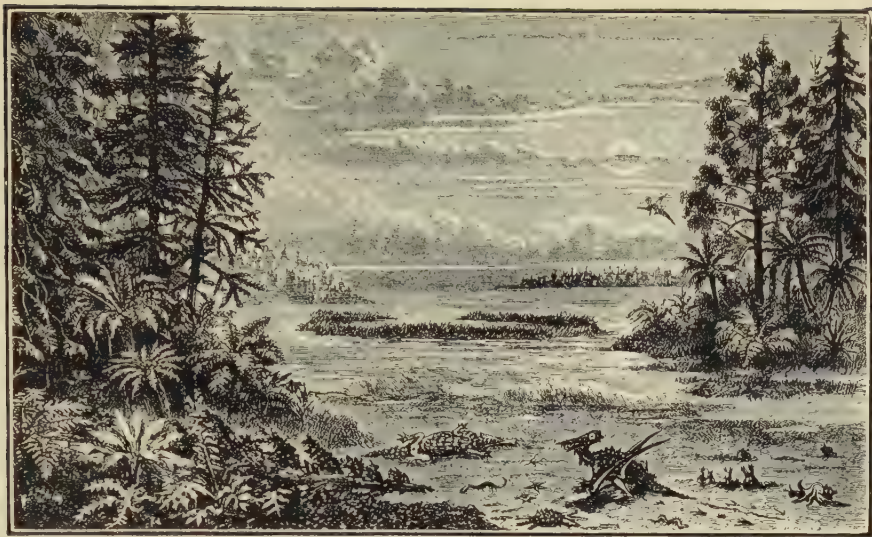
To accomplish all this, we shall begin at the beginning. We shall show you what science can reconstruct of prehistoric man, the savage as yet unable to keep any written records of himself or even to build any lasting memorials. Next, we shall begin our "Tour of the World," visiting first that earliest land wherein civilization is known to have begun, the site assigned by tradition to the Garden of Eden. We shall show you that ancient region as it was in the beginnings and as it is today.

From there we shall lead you on in steady progress from land to land, visiting each in the order in which it became prominent. In each land we shall emphasize, mainly, the things that you can see there today, showing you the **RESULT** of each nation's effort and civilization as each stands now, rather than in the shadowy past. Our motto shall be **FORWARD**. As Tennyson has it:

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range."

The past, as Maeterlinck tells us, is valuable only in that it has created the future, that future which belongs to each one of us individually. We mean to live in it, both joyously and nobly, and to do that we must live wisely, we must know **THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE**.

Let us begin together this interesting journey through all lands.



THE WORLD BEFORE MAN

CHAPTER I—PREHISTORIC MAN

BY CLARK WISSLER, PH.D.

Curator-in-Chief of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History

Before we travel together to see the world as it exists today, we must take one brief trip of another and more fanciful sort. We must voyage, not through other countries, but through other ages, and so reach back to the days of the "beginnings." There we shall meet that strangest of strange human beings, no longer to be found in our day—Prehistoric Man. We shall see the dreary life from which man of today has risen.

Prehistoric man has left behind him only the faintest and most widely scattered traces. Hence, we cannot learn to know him, as we shall seek to do with later men, by journeying to some present-day spot and gazing at the ruins they have left there. Of prehistoric man our scientists gather some glimpses from ancient fossils, some from ancient earth formations or from human bones. So by slow degrees we build a picture of what man used to be. That picture, showing how men lived before our present civilization began, must be the background with which you are to compare all our later pictures of how men live today.

Man has existed on earth for probably a hundred thousand, and perhaps for a million, years. In the early days, however, he was ignorant of all our present arts and inventions. He had no books nor writing; so

we cannot read his words. He built no solid houses, nor monuments for us to gaze on. He did not know how to use the metals, so he has left us no coins nor steel weapons nor iron tools.

In short, the only remnants the earliest men have left us are their own bones. We only know that these men existed because we find human bones in caverns which have been sealed for ages, or buried in some stratum of earth, which our men of science tell us has not been touched for countless years.

In the beginning man must have lived much as do the higher types of animals in the world today, hiding away by night in caves or trees for fear of the beasts that prowled about the forests. The terrible monsters of the earliest ages had become extinct when man appeared on the earth. The great reptiles, whose fossilized bones one may see in a museum; the strange monsters, half bird and half reptile, with alligator-like teeth; all these had died off. Yet, there were still to be seen beasts larger by far than those of our day—bears of great size and huge tigers with saber-like teeth.

It is in such a world that we first see man making use of his brain to improve his surroundings. He began to make "tools." That is, he began to make and keep some special articles for special uses. A monkey may use a stick or stone, but he has no idea of improving or reshaping it, or keeping it to use again. No doubt a stone of convenient form, held in the hand, was man's first stone tool, but by and by he hit upon the idea of cracking this stone to produce an edge. This made its blow more deadly. So, man not only kept a weapon at hand; he began to improve its form.

Some kinds of stone, called "flints," are easily cracked or chipped to sharp edges. These chipped stone tools are found in all parts of the world. Hence, it is impossible to say in what region our ancestors began that long career of inventing "tools" by which civilization has been slowly built up. Science can only guess, from the present distribution of the many races of men, that their original home was probably somewhere in the heart of Asia.

Most scientists agree today that we must all have sprung from one creation. The many races of men are too exactly alike in skeleton and bodily construction to have arisen from different sources. From Asia the slowly spreading, wandering race gradually invaded all lands, until at last it reached even the far-off scattered islands of the Pacific. Perhaps these were part of the original continent on which our race began.



THE AGE OF OCEAN REPTILES

Long before man appeared, huge reptiles of the ocean were the chief form of life on earth.

Thus scattered over ancient earth, men developed different features in different climates. Their inward structure remained about the same, but their outward appearance changed. During the four or five thousand recent years of known history, the different races of men have scarcely altered at all; so that the marked variations of race may well have taken a hundred thousand years or more to become established.

Men have traveled in these later ages and intermingled to an extent that prehistoric men could never have done. Yet, we can still clearly distinguish all over the world these various long-established races. They include the white men, the negroes, the yellow men or Mongolians, and the brown men, or Malaysians. Beside these widely separated types, we can also pick out other races less clearly divided. The Indians, or red men of America, may perhaps be classed as a separate race. So may the bushmen of Australia. The Hottentots and dwarf negroes of Africa are very different from the tall and stately Zulus. So too, among white men, we can still separate sharply the Hamite, or Egyptian type; the Semite type, as illustrated by the Arab or the Jew; the blond European of Teuton type; and the dark European of the Latin or Mediterranean race.

The remnants of these races show them to have dwelt for several thousand years in the same general regions which form the center of their present distribution. Of the progress of these races in later ages scientists begin to speak with some degree of positiveness. All over the earth we find traces of men advancing out of savagery during the last ten thousand years, developing everywhere by a series of very similar steps. Those advancing steps we name by their characteristics as the Stone Age; then the Bronze Age; then the Iron Age.

Following these a little in detail, let us look first to the early Stone Age. That was the time of the crudest "flints." As yet men chipped these only on one edge, leaving the natural rough stone on the other. The men who did this rude chipping still dwelt in caves. They mastered the huge bears and other beasts of the time by catching the enemy in a trap or hurling stones upon him from a height.

Somewhere in the early days of the stone age man also mastered fire. That was a tremendous advance. Instead of freezing to death when the winter night was unusually bleak, he kept logs burning in his cave and saved his life with artificial warmth. Thus, man was slowly improving his surroundings. He was fighting his way to the command of the earth by means of his superior brain.



LAKE DWELLERS OF THE STONE AGE

Before history began men built huts out over the water to be safe from attack. Remnants of these "lake dwellings" may still be traced in Switzerland and other parts of Europe.

Of a people in this early stage we have, or until lately had, an interesting survival in our own days. When explorers first penetrated the great isle of Tasmania, south of Australia, they found there savages who still chipped flints only by striking them against a rock, and so splitting them to one sharp edge. These Tasmanians went naked, except for a piece of hide to shelter them from the wind, and occasionally a necklace made of shells or animals' teeth. They had no fish nets or hooks. They made no pots, but did make some crude baskets, and plaited long leaves together into a rough matting. Their only religion was a belief in the spirits of their own dead, of whom they stood in deep fear. Unfortunately, the Tasmanians were all killed off before they could be studied. They were certainly a very early type of mankind.

All early advance seems, indeed, to have been quite inconceivably slow. One new idea in a hundred generations was perhaps the Stone Age ratio. Our scientists count that man entered a new age, the Middle Stone Age, when he learned to chip his flints on all sides instead of one, and so doubled their sharpness and added to their beauty. He now began carving rude pictures on his cave walls or on bones and mammoth tusks. From these we gather something of his view of life.

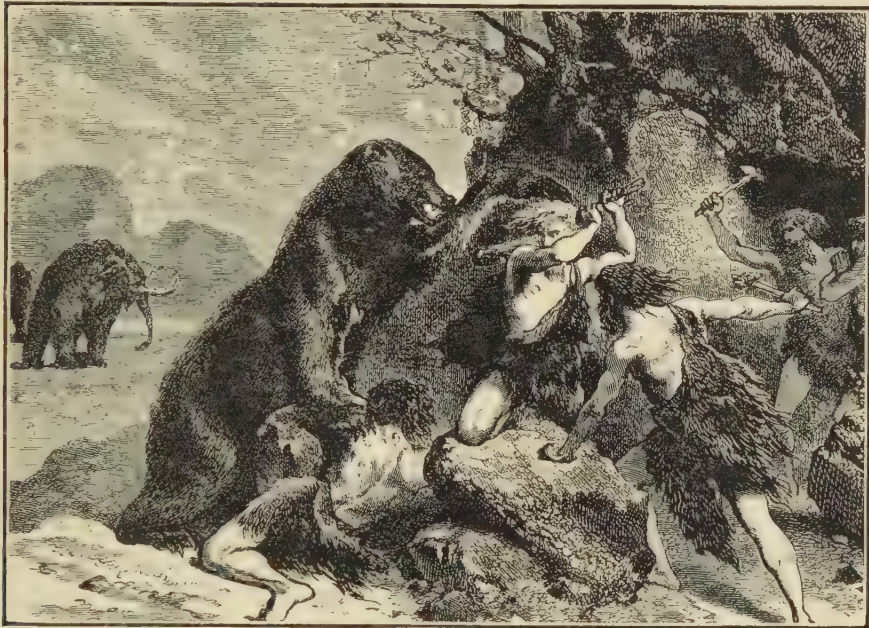
Then came the latest Stone Age—the age of “polished” stone—in which men ground their stone weapons to a glaze or polish, and so brought them to a notable degree of smoothness and sharpness. They began some crude agriculture with grains like ours, but of wilder, rougher growth and smaller food value. They raised domestic animals, notably the dog. They built whole villages, thus showing that they had fixed homes and some form of organized government.

In Switzerland and other parts of Europe we have even found “lake villages” of this latest Stone Age; that is, ancient villages sheltered from enemies by being built on piles far out in the shallow waters of the lake. In the lakes beneath these platforms we have found the sediment which shows that the villagers stored not only wheat and flax but raisins and dried apples split in half. They baked bread and wove flaxen garments on a loom, and molded coarse pots, and twisted ropes of tree fibers, and made fishing nets. Life with them may have grown fairly comfortable.

With this period we can begin to trace race movements and possessions. The dog was thoroughly domesticated in Asia and spread from thence to all parts of the world. The ox was used in Turkestan, Mesopotamia and Egypt, at least eight thousand years ago. There was a

settled, harvest-raising people in the island of Crete ten thousand years ago. The horse was early in use in Persia, and its strangeness helped a Persian tribe to conquer Mesopotamia, 1900 B. C.

From this last Stone Age men passed in most regions to a Bronze Age, though some people seem to have shifted at once from stone to iron tools, while others, like the Esquimaux or the Negroes of central Africa, did not learn to use any metal until our modern civilization brought them finished implements. In Europe the Bronze Age opened about 2000 B. C. It did not, however, originate with the Europeans,



THE EARLY CAVE MAN FOUGHT WITH GIANT BEARS

but came to them from outside. The Mesopotamians and other Asiatics had learned the use of bronze long before, and Asiatic traders taught the art to Europe.

Bronze is a combination of two easily-melted metals—copper and tin. It takes a much harder form, and hence will carry a sharper edge, than either of its components. So, when man had learned to use fire to melt metals, he formed his weapons of bronze and made defensive armor. He thus became a far more formidable fighting animal than ever before, and where a tribe of the Bronze Age development encountered in their wanderings a Stone Age tribe, the latter proved, usually, an easy prey.

The chief Indians of America, when Columbus discovered it, were in transition from a Copper to a Bronze Age. The copper and bronze weapons of the Aztecs and the Incas had made them masters of the other tribes.

Everywhere the Bronze Age seems to have been distinctly an age of warfare. It was, perhaps, the first such age. Before this, man had so dreaded the larger beasts that he sought the protection which came of living with his kind, rather than the plunder which necessitated destroying them. Now, however, the beasts were definitely defeated, so the war of man against man began.

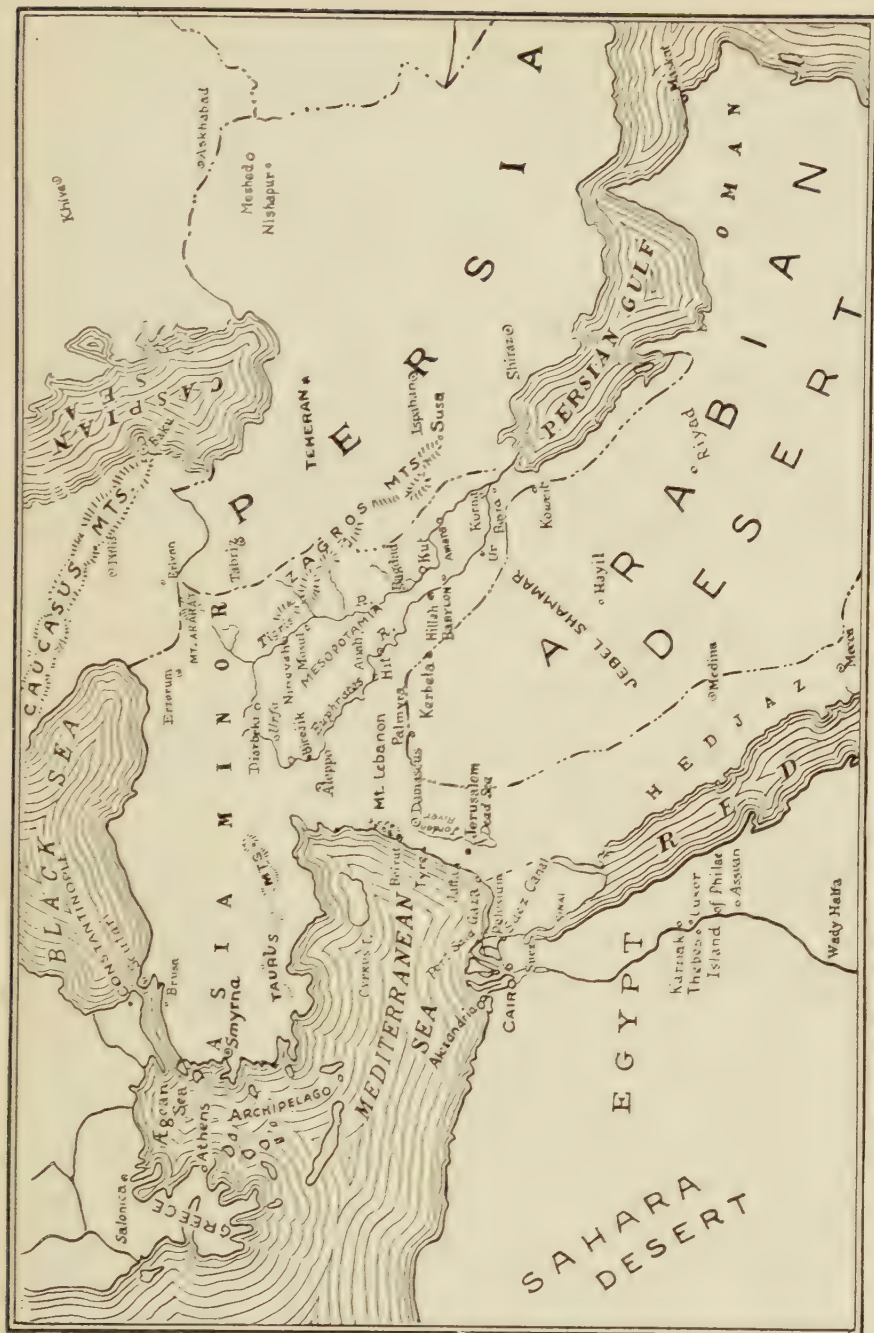
A conqueror lives on other men's labor. He has thus many an idle hour, and his thoughts turn to art and ornament. The Swiss lake-dwellings of the Bronze Age have preserved for us bronze ornaments, bracelets, long pins, often a foot in length, with decorated heads. We have also found knife blades so sharp and slim and curved as to suggest a razor. So, perhaps the male, as well as the female, had begun to consider his personal adornment.

After the Bronze came the Iron Age. Iron is a metal which only softens under very great heat, but once melted, it can be formed into helmets far harder, and swords far stronger and sharper than those of bronze. Moreover, when a people have acquired sufficient mastery over nature to mold or "smelt" iron they must have acquired other arts as well, sufficient to have raised them quite above the barbarous age. They must be regarded as at least semi-civilized.

In Europe we have no evidence that any people had reached the Iron Age before about the year 1000 B. C. The Greeks, who fought at Troy (1200 B. C.), were just passing from the use of brass to that of iron, and still wore brazen armor. The Norsemen had only just begun to make rough, iron weapons of their own, when they came into contact with the advanced Roman civilization under Cæsar (54 B. C.). On the other hand, in Egypt and in Babylonia iron was already in common use at least three thousand years before Christ.

With the men of the Iron Age, therefore, we begin to approach the dawn of history; we touch on races separated from our own by only a few thousand years. We begin to speak of periods that can be measured, and of races near enough to have left more numerous traces and more varied relics than the chipped flints or bronze sword blades of the earlier ages.

This more clearly traceable Iron Age may thus be regarded as start-



THE LANDS WHERE HISTORY BEGAN
 Mesopotamia, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, became one after the other the centers of human progress.

ing man definitely on his present climb toward civilization. It originated in perhaps two separate centers. One was in eastern Asia, where the Chinese and Mongols developed an Iron Age of their own, and with it a civilization very different from that of Europe. The other Iron Age developed among the white races of Western Asia, in the land we call Mesopotamia, the valley of the ancient Euphrates River.

In this valley there was a remarkable mingling of races. There were Negroid peoples, presumably from Africa; there were Semites, from the neighboring Arabian desert; there were Aryans, the ancestors of most European peoples, from the neighboring mountains of Persia, and back of all these, preceding them all, there was another race of white people, of whom we know too little to speak surely, but who may have been of different race from any of the others. The name of these first civilizers has survived as the Sumerians. It is to these dim and ancient Sumerians that we must look as the originators of the modern world. They were the earliest known rulers of the Euphrates valley, that first "melting pot" of the races of the world, as the ever increasing peoples of the earth began to crowd one upon the other.

Moreover, these Sumerians, with their early progress into the Iron Age, and their early development of the art of writing, were for a time at least, the leaders, the divine priesthood of mankind. When Moses dictated to his people the first books of the Bible, telling them of their ancient history, he reminded them that they, too, had come from this land of Sumer. Somewhere in it he placed his vision of the first Eden, the original birthplace of man. And he told the Hebrews that their first patriarch, Abraham, had led their ancestors forth from the great early Sumerian city, Ur, to begin their celebrated wanderings. So each line of search into the origins of our civilization leads us back to Sumer or Mesopotamia.

To that land, then, we will take our first journey together, and will then follow the steps of that first great traveller, Abraham. We shall see, as he saw them, man's earliest lands, and through our visits there we shall trace the slow spread of civilization. It passed, as we shall pass, from Babylonia and Egypt to Palestine and Syria, to Persia and Arabia and Northern Africa, and then to Greece and Rome and modern Europe. From there it spread to other lands, journeying, as we shall journey, until it reached our own land.

Clark Wissler



THE PERSIAN GULF, ONCE CALLED THE "PIRATE COAST"

CHAPTER II—MESOPOTAMIA

THE LAND OF THE BEGINNING

The land of the beginning, the land where ancient tradition has located the Paradise of the Bible, is in Western Asia. Look at it on your map, for we are going to take a trip through it together. To see the world clearly, and the growth of the world, we shall begin where man himself began, and review step by step the long journey by which through many generations our ancestors have toiled upward to civilization.

In the oldest records of the Bible this region was called the land of Sumer; later it was part of Babylonia, the Empire of Babylon; later still, in the days of the "captivity" of the Jews, it was called Chaldea; and now for two thousand years it has been known as Mesopotamia (Mě'sō pō tā'mī ā), which means the "Gift of the Rivers," a fitting name as you will soon see in our travels. Since the Great War, another notable change has come over this ancient land and another name has been given it. For centuries Mesopotamia had been part of the Turkish Empire, but in 1919 Great Britain, having accepted a "mandate" to govern the land for its own good, gave it a new king, a new government and a new name—Irak. Thus the oldest known kingdom, Sumer, has now taken a new start as one of the youngest, Irak.

This much named land was once the most fertile region in the world,

a fitting site for Paradise, the granary which supplied many countries with their wheat and other foods. But its Turkish masters, by centuries of neglect and misgovernment, managed to turn it into almost a wilderness, a region so barren, so foul, so tortured by every misery and discomfort, that modern visitors find it the very opposite of Paradise.

To see first its earliest settled regions we must approach by sea. So we will start together from any American port you wish, steer our ship to the east and south across the Atlantic, and circle all around South Africa. Then coming north again across the Indian Ocean, we advance over "tropic seas of shimmering heat," and so reach at last the entrance to the ancient "Sea of Ormuz (ör'müz)," more commonly called today the Gulf of Persia.

This voyage around Africa to Ormuz was first achieved by the men of Europe in 1490 and it took the venturesome Portuguese explorer, Vasco da Gama, over two years to make it and return, with many fights upon the way. Even a hundred years ago these waters would have been too dangerous for us. The Arabian coast which borders one shore of this gulf was the last haunt of pirates. Swift, light sailing boats called dhows used to shoot out from behind some point or island to seize the passing merchant ships. Then Britain took naval possession of the Gulf of Persia, and piracy lost its last stronghold in the world.

Now, however, we must look back to far earlier days. It was on the shores of this ancient "Sea of Ormuz" that civilization began. There, so far as we know, men first began to "go down to the sea in ships." There, invention first mastered nature, and man ceased to be nature's plaything, a helpless toy beaten about by every whim of the elements. We shall find the "sea" today more like a shallow lake somewhat larger than our Lake Superior. It is shut in as in a valley between the mountains of Persia on one side and the desert high lands of Arabia on the other. Shallow, and growing ever shallower, is the ancient gulf; for at its northern end are the two great twin rivers of man's earliest history, the Euphrates and the Tigris. These carry down to the shore line every year a mass of earth which builds out their delta lands, just as our own Mississippi does.

So the land advances into the sea, and with every generation the Sea of Ormuz grows a little smaller, a little shallower. We can even look forward to an age, still thousands of years away, when the entire gulf will be a land-filled part of the great river valley of which it is now the southern end. So too we can look backward to an age when the



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IN THE LAND OF REEDS

The roving Arabs of this marsh land count their wealth by buffaloes. Here a mother buffalo is made to follow her owners by carrying her calf in the boat.

gulf reached much farther north than now. When men first began building cities here, the seacoast was a hundred miles or so higher up the valley.

And now our ship approaches the northern end of the gulf, and we see this new-made earth, a low-lying dreary shore, uninhabited and uninhabitable, covered only by reeds, grown dense and tall in the tropic heat and spreading out for miles across the mud flats and shallow waters. In old days this was called "The Land of Reeds."

Before us opens the broad river mouth; for the Euphrates and Tigris which once entered the gulf through different mouths were so shut in by their own deltas that at length they united and forced their way through their mud flats in a single current. It is this single mighty stream, known as the Shat-el-Arab, or Water of the Arabs, up which our ship advances. We see the reeds gradually give place to date-palms lining the river banks. Then comes an occasional hovel built of mud, an occasional Arab fisherman or naked workman waist deep in the water cutting away at the reeds. Or we see a long low tent sheltering a whole family of wandering Arabs with their goats and buffalo cows.

"Arabs?" I hear you question. "I thought we were approaching Mesopotamia. And it was, until lately, Turkish land. Where are its own people?"

Perhaps we had best settle that point at once. All the natives we shall meet in this and most of the neighboring lands are today called Arabs, and rightly so since they are at least more Arab than anything else. Mesopotamia has for ages been the meeting place of many races; but the majority of her invaders have always been from the great desert of Arabia which lies all along the southern bank of the Euphrates. So these mixed races today are mainly of Arab blood. As for the Turks they never really conquered Mesopotamia, never established Turkish people here, except for a few officials and soldiers.

The Arab takes life as he finds it. The occasional intrusion of a Turkish official was to him a nuisance, scarcely more. He never gave Turkey any real obedience or loyalty. He managed to get on with his Turkish rulers by a little submission and a good deal of crafty evasion and deceit, until one of them pressed him too far. Then he flared up in excited fury to some blood deed of revenge, and fled to the desert.

The Arab's loyalty is as personal as his quickly assumed or discarded dignity. He is devoted to his sheik, the head of his tribe, with a deep personal devotion. He reveres, a little less warmly, his priests. And



THE CANALS OF OLD BASRA

Back of modern Basra lies the old Arab town, the "Venice of the East," all marshes and canals.

he has a very warm regard for money, for which he will commit almost any crime—though of course from his viewpoint there is no such thing as crime toward an “unbeliever” in his Mohammedan faith. And that means toward *you*, a fact you will do well to remember while we travel in his land.

Indeed he has a saying he is fond of muttering to himself. “He who even dips his pen in an inkstand to aid a Christian, becomes an enemy to the Faith.” Fortunately few Arabs are very intense Mohammedans, or our visit would be difficult indeed.

And now, seventy miles up the river, we have come to Basra, the ancient Bassorah, the most southern city of Mesopotamia. Though built on the delta lands, Basra is already a dozen centuries old or more. It was the traditional home of Sinbad the Sailor, of “Arabian Nights” fame. It was the port from which he was supposed to set forth, even as those earliest venturers from Sumer had set forth, to wander over the unknown seas. The house of Sinbad is still pointed out, and you grow to think of him here less as a character in a book and more as an actual seaman of those days when the world still stretched out beyond man’s knowledge, unknown, limitless, full of strange monsters and strange mysteries.

Basra is indeed an odd mingling of the old and the new. It is an important British port; the modern trade of the whole upper river region centers here. The river front is lined with well-built docks and British houses. But behind these the older city still lies unchanged, with narrow winding streets and flat-topped homes of clay. Flies and dirt are everywhere; and at night the jackals howl from the desert land just beyond the city, exactly as the jackals howled a thousand years ago.

The heat through all Mesopotamia is intense, and as this is almost a rainless land, no vegetation can exist except close by the river or on the little canals which draw off its waters to the neighboring fields. Hence all beyond the city lies an empty barren waste. Day after day the thermometer climbs to 120° or more; and there is no relief, no breeze, no mountains, no escape—just the bare heat-scourged mud flat. Arab legend sees in that flaming heat, the flare of the angel’s sword of fire which drove mankind from Paradise. To Europeans, at least, it is a killing heat.

The only Europeans here are shipping men or oil men. The rich oil regions of the Persian highlands have been tapped by a big British Government company, and the oil is carried by a pipe line to the river

near here. Oil has therefore grown to be a main industry, and holds its servants to endure the awful heat. You are much happier doing this part of our travelling by book, than you would be if you had to face its misery by your actual presence.

So let us away from Sinbad's ancient city. We take a river-steamer now, fitted for shoals and currents, and we steam north from Basra on up the broad Shat-el-Arab for another forty miles. The date-palms increase rapidly now on either bank, though away from the river the burning heat is still enough to kill all vegetation. Indeed the Arab has



BASRA, WHERE THE BRITISH ARE REARING A MODERN WATER FRONT

a proverb about these date-trees along the river bank. He says they stand with their "feet in heaven and their heads in hell." They are the one beautiful thing in this dead land, graceful palms towering sometimes eighty feet in air, with perfectly rounded trunks and long feathering plumes of drooping leaves.

We are entering now on the chief date producing region of the world. Here are broad orchards including over ten million trees. A valuable tree indeed is the date palm; for the poor Arabs almost live on it. Not only do they gather and sell its fruit but its trunk serves them for timbers. Its leaf stalks serve for fires or for furniture, even to the

making of bird-cages. Its leaves serve for mats and trays and fans and are even made into cigarette cases. Its coarse fibres serve for cloth and ropes. Its fruit is food, and the fruit juice is also made into honey; or more valued still the juice makes arrac, the Arab brandy, so fiery that it is diluted to one-tenth its strength for drinking, and is even then too burning for any unpractised palate. The Arabs tell joyously of one Britisher who recklessly took a mouthful of arrac undiluted, and is supposed to be still rushing madly across the desert with his flaming mouth agape for the cooling wind. Even the pits of the date are utilized. The Arabs feed these to their camels.

And now, through this date world, we come to the head of the Shat-el-Arab, the place where its current is started by the joining of the two great earlier rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris. At their junction stands the little Arab town of Kurna. Here at last, where Kurna stands, is the site where Arab tradition places Paradise. Kurna could not, however, have been the precise site of Eden; because, as we have seen, the waters of the sea formerly flowed here. Nor does the Bible seek to locate Eden exactly, though any part of this fertile land might well in its days of better climate have been a paradise.

There is, however, little possibility of blocking an Arab's imagination by telling him scientific facts. His father and his father's father had been sure that Kurna was the site of Paradise; so he is sure of it also. As you land on the muddy river-bank he will even point out to you the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" still standing there. The tree usually indicated is not an apple but a locust tree with a long fruit-pod like that of a bean; but the Arabs explain this by saying that the tree is now accursed and can not bear its original fruit. There are crab-apple trees through all this region, and legend explains that no apple tree here can ever again produce any but bitter fruit. The commonplace size of the present tree of knowledge is also accounted for, the legend saying that at the end of every hundred years on the anniversary of Adam's crime, the tree withers, and then from the root there springs up a new green shoot. So the tree of death perishes; but the tree of knowledge is ever new.

A little way back from the river here, there runs a wall of yellow clay. Above this green date-palms tower, and we are told that the wall encloses the only remaining bit of the original Eden. Midway of the yellow wall is a pink gate in a dainty pear-shaped oriental gateway—the gate to Paradise. But alas, within you will find only a little hostelry,



THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

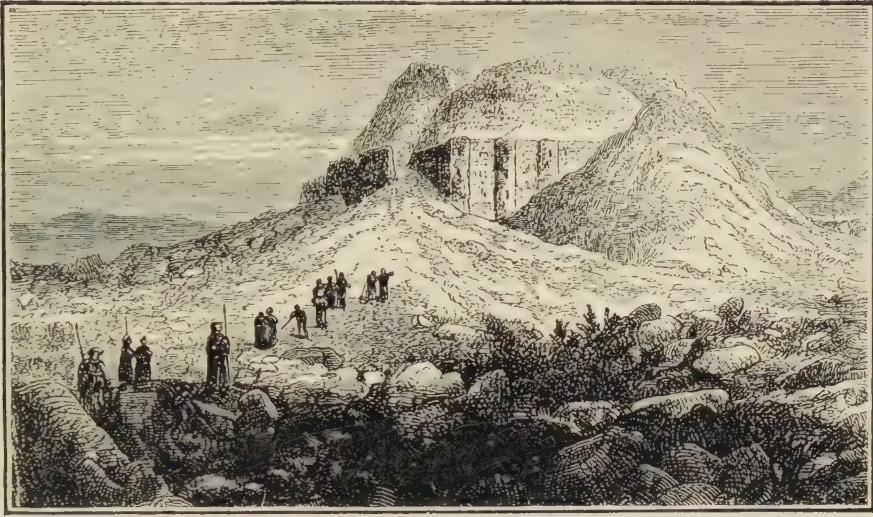
The river bank at Kurna, the legendary site of Paradise. The tree to the left is pointed out as the one from which Eve ate.

and the date-palms are just like those of other orchards. Nevertheless the respite we find under these graceful feathering palms, our one escape from the blistering flame of the sun, makes us realize what a paradise this might have been.

What has destroyed it? Let me tell you briefly. There was a time when Mesopotamia had plenty of water, was indeed the "Gift of the Rivers." The ancient Sumerians and after them the Babylonians who later ruled the land, were a civilized people. They had among them engineers who well understood the problems of scientific irrigation. Seven hundred miles to the north of the Persian Gulf there tower the mountains of Ararat, seventeen thousand feet high, the "roof of the world" as the ancients called the great central peak. On the slopes of Ararat arise both the Euphrates and the Tigris, and begin with countless windings and twistings their southward course across Mesopotamia. In the hills along their upper valley the ancient engineers built many reservoirs; and in the plains beneath they built many canals. Thus the flood waters that came with the melting of the snows on Ararat were preserved and skilfully spread everywhere; and the whole land of Mesopotamia was a garden, blooming always. The soft, cool shadows of its trees tempered the sun's fierce heat; and the children of Abraham, looking back from their march over the burning deserts, might well recall this green land as a paradise.

Again and again fierce tribes of half barbarian raiders invaded this beautiful plain and partly destroyed its artificial water-system; but always this was restored again, at least in part. Then at last in the thirteenth century came the Turks. They broke all things and restored none. So for centuries the Euphrates and Tigris have come down in fierce flood every spring, overflowing their banks, tearing madly at every perishable thing, even washing away the remnants of the ancient cities. Then through the rainless summer the rivers have shrunk to be mere shadows of themselves, with no spare water for irrigation and no well-preserved canals to spread it around. Hence came the blank desert, more barren and more burned with every year.

Now at last in this twentieth century the land is being gradually reclaimed. British capital is being poured in millions into the country to reconstruct its water system and restore its fertility. Thus Mesopotamia may again become the fair "gift of the rivers," a granary for the world.



THE MOUND WHICH COVERS UR, THE "CITY OF THE MOON"

CHAPTER III—MESOPOTAMIA

MAN'S EARLIEST CITIES

As yet we have seen southern Mesopotamia only under the glaring sunshine, let us see it now by night. It is different indeed! No wonder Arab poetry speaks often of the moon. In that dry and cloudless sky the moon and stars are far more wondrous than in our mistier lands. No eye there has trouble in seeing each of the seven Pleiades. Astronomy was born in this ancient valley. Its astronomers watched the stars and saw their movements, and first picked out the planets from among the others, and learned the exact calendar of the year and of the months. They told men's fortunes by the stars, and looked to these as guiding and dominating life. All of our star-lore comes from this ancient valley. Even now, in the night, its mystery again enwraps it. By day this is a wretched, barren, and disgusting land. By night its veil of wonderment is restored. We hear the whisper of its millions of generations, forgotten ages built upon the ruins of ages forgotten long before, the whole mighty story of man's growth from the brute.

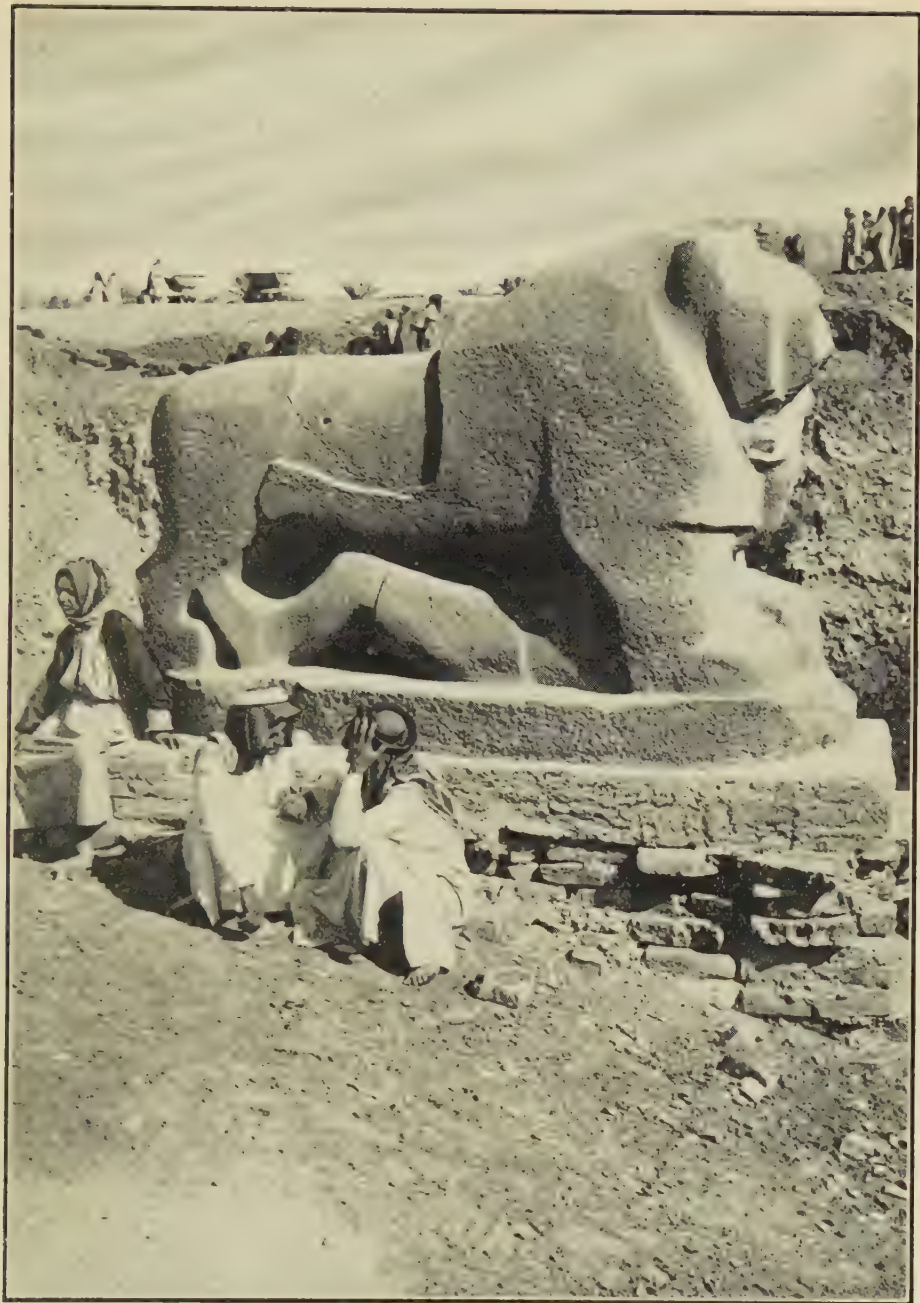
Let us now, by night, start onward from the little hostelry at Kurna. Let us turn our ship's prow westward to ascend not the Tigris but its westerly twin the Euphrates (*yū frā'tēz*). For here were the first cities built; here shall we find the earliest settled regions, the remnants which survive from the oldest known habitations of civilized man.

The captain of our steamer will soon make protest against night travel here; for the river quite loses itself among its own mudbanks and marshes, and we can scarce find water enough to pass. It is one of the oddities of the Euphrates that it is thus smaller near its mouth than on its upper course. Hundreds of miles to the north where it first breaks forth from the mountains around Ararat, it is already a great river, wide, deep and strong. But when it flows through all these sun dried, waterless lands it shrinks and shrinks. The sun draws up its water. False channels wander off and become lost in marshes. The surface of the Euphrates is here some fifteen feet higher than that of its eastern neighbor, the Tigris, so an occasional streamlet from the higher river slips away and joins the lower. Moreover farmers set water-wheels in the current to snatch up some of the precious fluid and spread it over their fields. Oxen are used to move some crude system of buckets for the same purpose. The poorer Arabs even lift the water out by hand, an endless all day labor of quart after quart poured into some tiny runway that circles a garden patch. Irrigation is here the chief toil and chief necessity of farming. Hence by the time the Euphrates reaches the delta land, its strength is spent; it drifts in shallow sheets among the reeds; it has no real channel, or rather it changes its main channel with the floods of every spring.

At last, however, we are escaping from these miles of mud flats. Before us looms a line of hills, not high but rugged, hard baked, weather-defying. These belong to the things that last. They must have stood here in man's earliest days. Ten thousand years ago the waters of the Persian Gulf must have beaten against these hills. They mark the line of that ancient seacoast for which we have been seeking. From their bold shores those old Sumerians launched their first clumsy boats.

Before us now one hill crest stands out among the rest. The hand of man has been recently at work here. He has unearthed the remnants of a buried city, buried that is by the natural accumulation of sand and mud during many centuries. The Arabs call the place Mugheir, which means pitch, from the mineral pitch which bubbles up from the ground here and which they come to gather. But for us this is the ancient city of Ur (ĕr), the city where Abraham spent the unknown days of his youth, and from which he set forth upon his famous wanderings. He was, or may have been, a priest in Ur, until he led his family forth that they might be free to worship the one God.

We shall find dozens of buried cities such as this, scattered all over



THE LION OF BABYLON

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A famous find at Babylon, considered the most remarkable statue yet unearthed in Mesopotamia.

Mesopotamia, but few with such a splendid natural site as Ur. Raised high upon its hillside, it must in its ancient days of power, have looked forth over the sea on one side, and the river mouth and harbor on the other. Behind its hilltop stretched the far reaching, ever menacing Arabian desert, scanned always by sentinels from Ur's watch towers.

The site of each of these long lost and forgotten cities of Babylonia is marked today by a grassy hillock, the remnant of the ruined city itself, rising above the usual low level of the river plain. Almost a century ago our scientists recognized the character of these strange mounds and began digging into them. These labors promptly unearthed many evidences of what Babylonia and even ancient Sumeria had been like. The Turks and Arabs, however, threw every possible obstacle in the way of the work. The Arabs feared the evil spirits that they thought lurked about these mounds, the ghosts that would be freed by digging into ancient graves. The Turks just naturally did not want any foreigners around who might make public comment on their evil ways of government. Hence the work of opening the earth mounds was very slow; but at last we have learned almost everything they had to tell us.

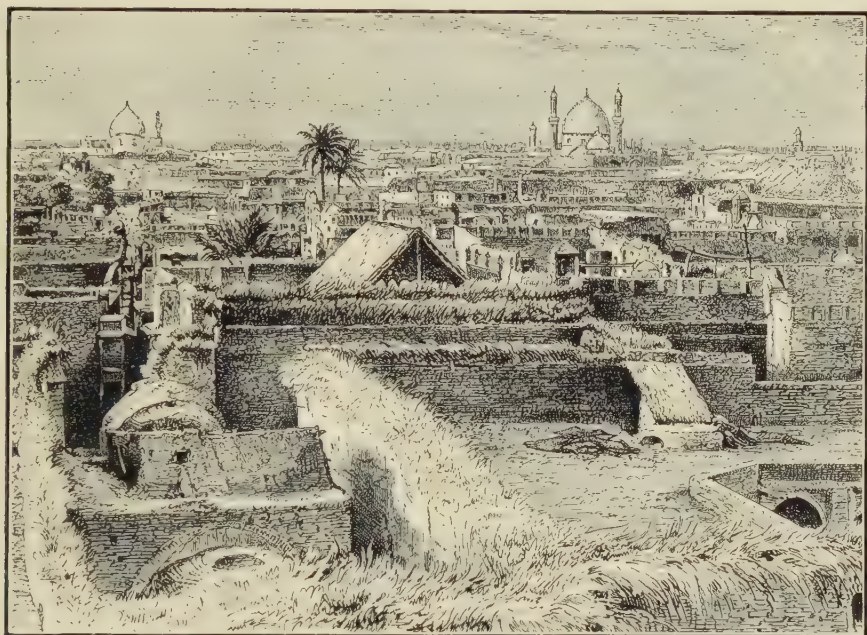
These ancient cities were most of them small indeed as compared to our idea of a city. They were built on any bit of rising land a little back from the river, to escape its flood. Each city was walled about with brick; and, once this laboriously built defense had been completed, the citizens were so protected they might prosper for centuries, secure that no ravaging tribe could reach them in their shelter.

Always, however, to each city there came at last an enemy who conquered it, perhaps a pestilence, or the king of a nearby city, or some resolutely besieging tribe from Arabia or farther Asia. Then the city lay desolate or was burned; its walls crumbled or were hurled down; and the ruin was left perhaps for many centuries exposed to sun and storm and slow destruction by the roots of plants until what had been once the home of teeming human life became a mere grass covered hillock. Then some day another people selected this higher ground as the site of a new city, and built, unconsciously perhaps, above the ruins of the other, to prosper and perish in their turn.

Thus some of these mounds have held half a dozen cities, each one more strong and wealthy than the last. Our explorers have dug down through one level of ruins after another, and have sometimes come at length, at the bottom of all, to the remnants of a fishing village of the

old stone age, too old for us even to guess its date. Always this valley has been the home of many men; almost always it has been more populous than it is today.

Ur was one of the oldest and the strongest of these buried cities, the "city of the Moon." Her kings were at some early date the rulers over all Sumer. Later the city was conquered and destroyed; but about 2400 B.C. it rose again to lordship over the land, and held the foremost place for centuries until its power was swept away like that of all Sumer before the advancing stride of the great Semitic city, Babylon.



KERBELA, THE HOLY CITY AND BURIAL GROUND OF THE SHIAHS

In 1923 Ur, this old, if not the oldest of men's cities, came again into note. The workers digging there unearthed the ruins of a very ancient temple. It dated from at least six thousand years ago and was the first shrine of Nannur, the moon, the god of night. As the city of Nannur, Ur seems always to have been held in high honor in Sumer and spared to some extent even when conquered. It was this Moon-god whom Abraham was called upon to worship in his youth; and now even in this twentieth century Nannur is still bringing fame to his city.

Journeying from Ur northward, even as Abraham did, we shall reach some hundred and fifty miles farther up the river the mightiest

ruins of all the land, the ruins of great Babylon itself, the city which to the Hebrews of the Bible stood for everything most gorgeous, most stupendous and most terrible. First, however, we must pause upon the way to visit the "holy land" of the Shiah sect of the Mohammedans, and especially that strangest of strange cities Kerbela. It lies not far from Babylon, set back upon an arm of the river in a broad flat plain which is covered for miles and miles with nothing but graves. Kerbela (kĕr'bĕ lah) is the vastest graveyard in the world.

Kerbela owes this grim pre-eminence to religious fanaticism. Thirteen hundred years ago the fighting prophet Mohammed led the Arabs forth from their desert in the greatest of all their conquering raids. Almost, they conquered the world; but a bitter dispute rose between two opposing factions as to who should be Mohammed's successor. One party supported Hussein, the prophet's grandson. The other party slew Hussein in battle here at Kerbela. His death, however, did not end the bitter civil war; the Mohammedans were broken permanently into two sects. The Shiahs, the followers of Hussein, grew to regard his burial place as holy ground and insisted on being buried there. Hence rose the custom which has continued even till today.

No Shiah (shĕ'ah) is happy until he has arranged for burial here. Every year from every land where Shiahs live, principally from India and Persia, there come the "coffin caravans" to Kerbela, sometimes twenty thousand coffins a year. They make a weird and ghastly procession, especially as some of the carriers show little reverence for their somber freight. When the ground immediately around Kerbela became filled up, the very houses themselves were used as burial vaults, and the holy space for graves has spread and spread over all the surrounding plain. One fears to figure as to how many millions of these earnest Mohammedans are lying here.

Before Hussein's death, Ali, his father and predecessor as chief priest of "the Faith" had also been slain by his foes, and buried in the nearby town of Nejef. There, too, some Shiahs have preferred to be buried, each paying for his space in proportion to its actual nearness to the tomb of Ali. Death by a good Shiah may be made as expensive as his estate will stand. These two holy cities of the Shiah sect are occupied largely by people who live upon this burial business, hence they are vehement Mohammedans. Both during and after the Great War the cities were the seat of many efforts to rouse a Mohammedan "holy war" against Britain; but their people never broke into open revolt.



THE SHRINE OF THE JEWISH EXILES

Ezekiel, the great prophet, who encouraged the Jews during their captivity in Babylonia, is buried at Kefil under the smaller tower shown here. The Jews make pilgrimage to his tomb.

On reaching Babylon we must look back again from the comparatively recent days of Mohammedan conquest to the far earlier ages of ancient civilization. While not one of the earliest cities of Sumer, Babylon rose to prominence more than five thousand years ago; and during the period after 2000 B.C. it became so completely the dominant city of the valley that the whole land was known as Babylonia. Tradition represents Babylon as the richest and most populous city of all antiquity; and this claim certainly seems borne out by the wide extent of its ruins, which you and I can survey as our steamer passes up the Euphrates today. Even the remnants of the ancient walls are impressive, for these are over a hundred feet wide and still rise in places a hundred feet high. Originally they must have reached three hundred feet or perhaps far higher. They enclose a square fourteen miles on a side. Within these walls, a mere dot in their center, stands now one of the largest modern Arab cities, Hilleh.

Not far from Hilleh, tower the remains of an enormous structure. It is the traditional tower of Babel. Birs Nimrod, the Arabs call it, or Nimrod's tower. It was really the chief temple of Babylon, devoted to the worship of their god or "baal" Marduk. This temple was built of seven great squares or stories of brick, set one on top of the other and each smaller than the one below, like a child's house of blocks. From each floor chariots could drive to the one above by a rising road, like climbing a hill. This seems the vastest pile of bricks ever built.

Impressive bits of sculpture have been recovered here, notably one of a huge lion carved in an almost modern "cubist" style and treading down a cubist man beneath, force asserting itself above intellect, Babylon conquering ancient Sumer.

It was to this city that many of the captured Jews were sent about 600 B.C. to mourn their lot "by the waters of Babylon." It is against Babylon that the Hebrew prophets Ezekiel and Jeremiah launched most of their prophecies of destruction, the destruction which has indeed been so completely accomplished today. Here Ezekiel died in his exile; and his tomb is still pointed out upon the river bank. It is a place of pilgrimage for many pious Jews. They have even built around it a tower of their own called Kifil. Indeed the Jews were so long in exile at Babylon that many of their tribes regard this as a sort of second home land. As many as twenty thousand of them at once have often camped around Kifil while worshipping at Ezekiel's tomb.

Dead cities of every age, from Ur to Babylon, from Kifil to Kerbela, thus lie along the lower Euphrates, the "river of dead empires."



ARAB CARAVANS IN PRAYER BEFORE LEAVING THE VALLEY

CHAPTER IV—MESOPOTAMIA

THE NORTHERN HILL LANDS

Above Babylon the Euphrates river begins once more to look like the mighty stream it really is. We escape the region of marsh and fever in which the waters lost themselves. The banks become higher; the stream is broader and swifter; our little steamer puffs and pants in pushing its way against the current. Below, the river had seemed content to dream amid its ancient memories. Now it is alive, hurrying; there is even a modern touch to the scene.

Following the river north from Babylon we come to Hit. Modern days have made of Hit the seat of an important oil and pitch industry. Here bitumen or pitch comes bubbling forth from cracks in the earth at such a heat that Arab legend points to this spot as "the mouth of hell." The work of refining and gathering the pitch includes boiling it over huge fires so black with sooty smoke that everything around is begrimed. No American city was ever so black as Hit. It has the reputation of being the dirtiest town on earth. If with the soot we consider also the heat, the mosquitoes, the foul water and the utter lack of comfort, the Arab name of the place seems well bestowed.

Yet not far beyond Hit we come to Anah, another town that shares with Kurna the honor of being regarded by one Arab sect as the site of Eden. Perhaps the ancient home of man extended between the two;

for as Kurna stood where we saw it at the lower end of the Euphrates plain, so Anah stands at its upper end. Here the Arab tribes and caravans all pause for rest before plunging into the desert to the west. Anah itself is charming, a long succession of date and orange groves bordering the river bank. In fact Anah has the fame of being the longest village in the world. Its houses stretch for five miles in single file beside the river, never thickening toward the center, never pretending to develop into a town, but just rambling picturesquely, idly on.

Beyond this the first low hills rise above the river, a rougher, hardier land begins. We shall have to leave our steamer at Birejik, for here almost a thousand miles from the Persian Gulf the water's smooth flow is at length broken by swift rapids. The Euphrates becomes a mountain river. The people talk Turkish here instead of Arabic. The Arabs, a people of the plains, never penetrated far into these hills. So here we are fairly out of Arabic Mesopotamia. We are among Turks and the fragments of such mountain folk as the Turks once conquered. These are Kurds mainly, and a few Armenians, or at least folk of Armenian descent, though they have adopted the Turkish faith and tongue and manners. These mountain ranges have ever been a refuge for persecuted peoples fleeing from the open river plains below; and if we care to risk the dangerous travel into their depths we shall see strange sects and races of men, the Yezidi or "devil-worshippers," the ancient sun worshippers, the "Christians of John the Baptist" who claim to possess the "Book of Adam," first record of the human race.

There is a ferry at Birejik for caravans. Beyond there come yet swifter rapids. The river falls nearly two thousand feet through what are called the "Forty Gorges." In dry summers these show as separate falls; but in the spring flood the roaring river sweeps down in one solidly sloping plane, terrible and dangerous with the ice carried down upon its surface. The famous German general Von Moltke rode these rapids twice way back in 1839, when he was in the employ of the Turkish government. On the first trip he came through successfully; but he made his second trial in time of flood. His boat was upset and smashed, and he narrowly escaped death.

Because of this wildness of the upper river, the quieter region where our steamer landed us at Birejik was chosen for many centuries as the crossing place for the trade caravans between Europe and India. The Euphrates here is less than a hundred miles east of the Mediterranean Sea. Hence traders travelled from the Sea, made a brief, hard climb



ANOTHER PARADISE

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One Arab sect sets the site of Eden here at Anah. It is a beautiful spot where light work brings full crops, a sample of the Euphrates valley at its quietest and best.

over the high mountains which border it, and then descended here to the easier journeying by way of the Euphrates Valley. They called this region the "Bridge between East and West."

Old Greek legend says that the first great river bridge in the world was built here at Birejik by the Greek god Bacchus. Over his bridge he marched to the conquest of India; and always afterward men travelled to India by this route. The river, however, must have proved too strong for the bridge of Bacchus. It was long since swept away, and this noted ferry came instead. Even as recently as fifty years ago there were often five thousand camels at a time waiting with their masters for their turn to cross the Birejik ferry and so journey on with their load of goods to be sold at Fez and Samarkand and the other far-off, half mythical market-towns of central Asia.

Let us join one of these caravans and follow it a little way. A trip on a camel's back will be a change from our hot and fussy little steamer. We bargain calmly as we can with some wild eyed, shouting, excited brigand of a Kurd, until at length he accepts less than half his first price. Now he becomes all smiles; he has made an excellent bargain. He waves us to his camels, each of which lies down for one of us to mount. Bump! Your camel has risen up suddenly under you, but risen at only one end, the rear end, and almost hurled you over his nose. The Kurd driver holds you on with many howlings. Bump! The front legs of the camel straighten up just as suddenly and raise you high in the air, almost jerking you off backward this time. At once the beast starts off without waiting for the others, and you find yourself on the summit of a swaying mountain, dipping back and forward like a ship at sea. What with the camel smell and all the rocking, you will be lucky if you do not get completely seasick before the day's journey is over. You will certainly be racked and sore in every bone.

Our caravan moves eastward from Birejik, skirting the edge of the hills on the way to cross the next eastward river, the Tigris. At times we shall climb high enough to look out over the vast Mesopotamian plain stretching endlessly southward. Then we shall get glimpses of the new railroad running along much the same route as we, headed for the Tigris and the famous city of Bagdad. The tiny trains seem feeble, rickety things according to American ideas; yet this is the famed "Berlin to Bagdad" railroad which was one cause of the Great War.

In two days your plodding camel is going to carry you and your sore bones to Urfa, a fascinating old town, the famous Edessa of the crusades.

At Urfa we thus touch yet another strata of the history of this many centuried and often conquered land. Some eight hundred years ago Christian Europe resolved to win the "Holy Land" of Jerusalem from its Arab conquerors. In the end exhausted Europe abandoned the effort; but while the warfare lasted there was a long series of Crusades or "Wars of the Holy Cross." In one of these the Christians fought their way to Urfa, which they called Edessa. Here they set up a little French or European kingdom. This was an outpost, a Crusader's stronghold, forever fighting for its life against the Arabs. After half a century



BIREJIK, WHERE THE CARAVANS CROSS THE EUPHRATES

of struggle it perished; but the relics of that warfare still remain.

In the heart of Urfa we can visit the ruins of the palace of its Christian kings. Around the town still stretches a huge triangular rampart; and above it on a steep hill rises the ancient mighty fortress. This was originally Roman; but the crusaders strengthened and extended it and guarded it by one of the most amazing moats in the world, a dry moat, a chasm cut by man forty feet deep into the solid rock.

Beneath this sombre citadel there bubbles up a spring which has been flowing ever since the old Roman days, when it was dedicated to the nymph Callirhoe. In even older times this pool was the shrine of the

Syrian fish goddess Dagon and was kept stocked with carp, Dagon's favorite fish. To the Arabs the spring is known as the "fountain of Abraham." Not far off lie the ruins of Harran, the town where Abraham dwelt when first he journeyed away from Ur. The Arabs say that from Harran he often led his flocks here to the edge of the hills, and stopped by this fair spring and blessed it. So now the spring is walled in to protect its pool, and the pool still holds its "sacred" and very greedy fish, and beside it stands a mosque of Abraham, "the friend of God."

Two ancient columns of Roman or even older date rise near the citadel; and these also are ascribed to Abraham, or sometimes to his Biblical ancestors. The Kurds have an odd legend of these columns. They say that the flood of Noah was all drawn down into the earth, and was then sealed up by Noah who planted one of these columns above its openings. If this column were overthrown—no easy task unless by machinery—the whole flood would rush forth to drown the world again. Then after Noah's day, Job the rich "just man" of the Bible dwelt at Urfa, and he planted the other column over his stored gold. Hence the man who overthrows this column will gather vast riches. But no one knows the secret as to which column is which, so no one has dared overthrow either for fear of drowning in the flood instead of winning Job's endless wealth.

Another weary hundred miles of caravan travel, and we pass a mountain gorge which holds the ancient Roman city of Dara. This city was never stormed and burned and ruined like most of the old cities; for in the days of Roman downfall its dwindling people deserted it to live in better defended towns. So Dara still stands among the cliffs, an empty city, hewn partly from the solid rock. You may wander at will amid its graceful colonnades and carven stairways and echoing towers. There are many other similar relics in this desolated land, but no other perhaps offers us so complete a picture of a lost and fallen civilization as does this forsaken city of Dara.

Eastward from this again, our caravan will skirt the Sinjar hills. Here there will be much excitement and anxious watching among our camel-men, for the Sinjar hills are the stronghold of the dreaded Yezidi (yěz'ī dē), the devil-worshippers. They are feared as robbers but even more as an accursed people, whose strange worship all other tribes detest. The chief symbol on their temple walls is a snake painted in deepest black. The Yezidi are said to have a bottomless chasm somewhere back in their hills into which they hurl their victims as a human sacrifice



THE MOSQUE OF ABRAHAM

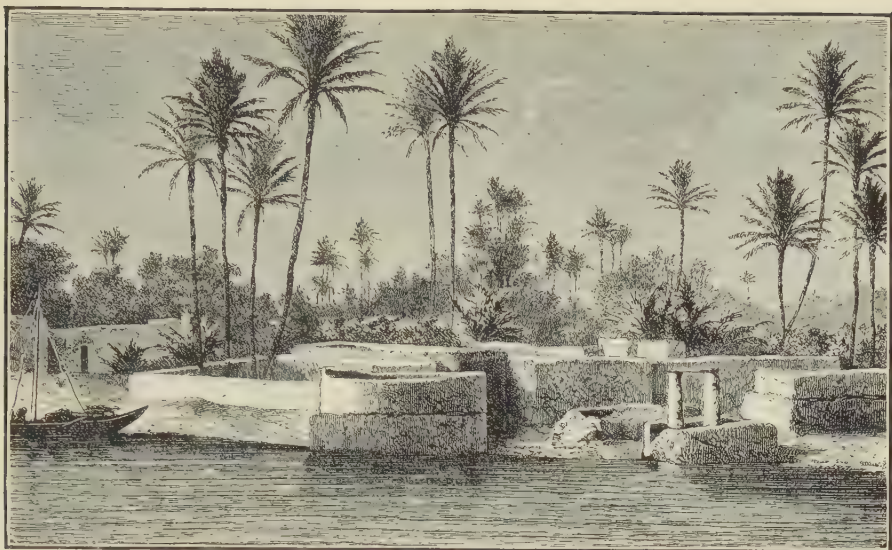
Abraham is said to have blessed this spring at Urfa. Hence the fish in the pool are held sacred, but are eagerly caught if they enter the stream beyond.

to the devils below. Gold and jewels are also cast into this chasm to appease the fury of its evil lords. The high priest of the Yezidi rules until he is slain by his successor, whose new rank at once makes him holy, so that he cannot be punished for the murder. Indeed the high priest is free to kill any of his followers at will. Death by his hand sends a believer straight to heaven, so is a favor rather than a disaster. His people do not, however, seem eager to court this favor from their priest.

The Yezidi do not deny the existence of a good god. They believe in him but ignore him, on the theory that being good he will not harm them anyway. But Shietan, the devil, must be served and placated or he will act like a devil to them. Their story of the founding of their sect is one of the quaintest bits of demon lore on record. They say the faith was taught them about a thousand years ago by a saintly priest who came among them and told them of both the good god and the devil. The priest ruled them so well that, when once he had to leave them for a journey, the good god himself took the form of the priest and carried on his teaching. At length, still in the person of the priest, the god ascended bodily up to heaven. So when the real priest returned from his trip, the people took him for an impostor, and slew him. Thereon the god reappeared, explained to them what he had done, expressed his regret for his own well meant blunder which had caused the good priest's death, and promised never to interfere again. So now the Yezidi have only to placate the devil.

Perhaps we shall be wiser to penetrate no further into these dark hills. Wild beasts still dwell there as well as wilder men. Lions were once common and still exist, as do also boars and wolves and lesser beasts. Our caravans will turn south here to avoid the higher mountains reaching up to Ararat. We are almost out of Mesopotamia and approaching the Persian border. Before touching that we come to the Tigris river, and as we have met this famous stream before, we will return to where we left it several hundred miles farther south, where at Kurna it joined the Euphrates and flowed into the Persian Gulf. There once more upon a comfortable river-steamer we will renew our journey.

We shall ascend the Tigris as we did its sister river, noting the ancient ruins along its banks, and the philosophic and patient yet fiery Arab farmers who have endured the evils of this land for centuries. We shall note also the signs of the modern revival which is now rapidly bringing the ancient land back to its former fertility and wealth.



ALONG THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS AT CTESIPHON

CHAPTER V—MESOPOTAMIA

UP THE TIGRIS, THE SWIFT RIVER

The Tigris, twin river of the great Euphrates, looks at their junction like the larger river of the two. For hundreds of miles, canals and natural streams have been leading the water of the Euphrates across the valley to join the lower-lying Tigris. Hence the Tigris is always full and swift flowing. Its present name means the arrow, but it has an older name still used by the Arabs, which is Dijleh, the Hiddekel or "swift river" of the Bible.

The western bank of the Tigris flows past the Babylonian plain which it has helped to build and fertilize; its eastern bank looks up to the high mountain lands of Persia. These steep crests, the Zagros mountains, not only bind the river to its course, but also supply it richly with water, a hundred tributary streams pouring down their slopes to join it. Indeed this lower Tigris region is often overflowed in Spring and becomes a broad but very shallow sea. This is called in mockery by the people the "Sea of Mosquitoes"; for these little pests become almost unendurable upon it. During the floods the shallow river steamers often ignore the channel and steam straight across this Sea of Mosquitoes, though with some danger that a sudden fall of the stream may leave them high and dry amid the fields.

Far up the Tigris river lies Bagdad, the Turkish capital of all this

region. When, in the World War, the British aimed to capture Bagdad they fought their way up the Tigris, advancing north from Basra and the Persian Gulf. All along the river there was heavy fighting and much bustle of army traffic. We shall have much of interest to hold us as we follow the route of their passage up the river.

First, a little beyond Kurna, we come to a mosque set in a cluster of the tallest date palms and crowned by a delicate blue turquoise dome, with a circle of gold below. It is the only thing of architectural beauty in all this desolate "Land of Reeds" along the lower river, so that it is known and admired by all the Arabs. They tell us it holds the tomb of the prophet Ezra, revered by Jews and Arabs and Christians too. It was Ezra who reestablished the Jews in Jerusalem after their long captivity in Babylon, and he is generally supposed to have died in Jerusalem. The Jewish Talmud, however, that storehouse of so much Hebraic lore, has a legend that Ezra died where this tomb now stands. He was on a journey to the Persian mountains seeking the release of other Jews still held captive there. The Arabic Jews and many others have accepted this legend; and they worship as devoutly here as at the tomb of Ezekiel near Babylon.

A hundred miles above Kurna we come to Amara, the only well built town along the lower Tigris. Here we meet our first bridge of boats, the usual means, and in former days the only means, of crossing the Tigris. Ropes hold the boats in place stretching from bank to bank; and boards are laid across the heavy boats. It is no easy task for our steamer to get past the bridge without letting one end of the ropes loose so that the whole bridge sweeps down the river in the swift current. This sometimes happens amid tremendous excitement, but with no great damage done.

A line of low white houses extends along the bank to make Amara. It is the center of an industrious and earnest people, one of those strange islands of strange folk in this land of conquests, a remnant conquered, surrounded, but never wholly engulfed. These people are Sabeans, star worshippers, who turn to the North Star when they pray. They enter the river every Sabbath in a form of baptism, and each Sabeian (*sā bē'ān*) keeps as a sacred treasure the white baptismal robe used for this ceremony. It will be his burial robe, and he expects to rise in it at the last day.

Long ago an Arab Caliph, wishing to set his empire in order, gave command that every religion should be allowed to exist in peace if it had



GUN-SELLING IN AMARA

The Arab still clings to his old-style long barrelled gun and is as critical of the decorations as he is of the value of the weapon. Gun-selling is a fine art along the Tigris.

a "book," that is, if it was founded on some written record, some Bible telling of its faith, and teaching its priesthood. All the other wandering changing little sects which had no book were to be suppressed. This included the sun worshippers; so they had to conform outwardly to some permitted faith. Most of them became in name Christians. Secretly, however, they kept up all their rites. They are still supposed to perform their magic ceremonies, and welcome the sun with fire as each new morning dawns. The Sabeans regard Mohammed as a false prophet, the last of a long line of false prophets. Hence they are little loved by any of the folk of other faiths around them. The Sabeans of Amara gave ready welcome to the British in the War and became their allies. They are a tall, dark, bearded race, skilled in metal working and lovers of their art. They treasure old copper vessels, and make a most delicate silver inlay for sale to passersby.

Another hundred miles above Amara we reach Kut el Amara, or more briefly, Kut, scene of the Darkest British tragedy of the War. Here the little British army under Townshend was surrounded by the Turks, and after a long siege was compelled by starvation to surrender. The Turks marched off their British captives to labor on the new railroad, where most of them died half starved. The Turks had promised not to punish the six thousand native Arabs of the town who had been besieged with the British. Despite this assurance the Turks sacked Kut and hanged a number of its people.

When the British finally fought their way up to Kut again and captured the entire valley, they decided it would be a good object lesson to the whole country if they rebuilt Kut. They did so, and it is now the cleanest, healthiest and best looking town along the Tigris. Its public buildings are handsome. Its colonnaded white bazaar is a model. Nearby in a pathetic cemetery lie the graves of the Britons who perished in the siege.

Above Kut we meet more frequently with the native boats which the larger, speedier British ships have almost crowded off the lower river. These are Arab canoes with high curving bows, painted in bright colors, and poled along; or they are heavy barges, equally curved and painted, but with old fashioned cross-set sails of many colors, bright patches on the dreary landscape. Still higher up the river we meet another and far queerer native boat, probably the oldest type of boat in all the world. This is the "khufa," a mere round basket, woven of the palm branches and lined with pitch. It is flat-bottomed, cannot capsize and is unsink-

able; but if you were asked to make the round basket go anywhere against the current you would gaze at it in dismay. The Arabs, however, are remarkably expert at paddling the khufa. Sometimes one rower stands at each side; but more often one man alone by a peculiar stroke keeps the basket from just idly whirling around as you might expect it to, and drives it rapidly ahead. The oldest monuments in the land show the earliest people paddling these khufas. It was in such a boat or ark that the infant Moses may have been hidden among the reeds of the river.

And now, some twenty miles still below Bagdad, we see ahead of us,



EZRA'S TOMB, A SPOT OF BEAUTY IN THE WASTE

towering above the flat landscape, a great arch, like a huge bridge leading from nowhere to nowhere. As we approach we realize that this is the ruined fragment of a once gigantic building. It ranks in fact among the most remarkable remains of antiquity; for this is Ctesiphon (tēs'ī fōn), the site of modern battle and of ancient Persian splendor. Here twice during the Great War England fought and defeated the Turks; and the British general won fervent gratitude from all Persians by giving special orders in the battle that his men were to avoid injuring the great arch with their cannon shot.

We have seen already in this Mesopotamian land the sites of many

capitals and conquerors' cities. There was Ur of the old Sumerians; Babylon of the old Semites; Kerbela of the Shiah Mohammedans; Edessa of the Christian Crusaders. Here we may add two more to our list, the capitals of the Greeks and Persians. Near Ctesiphon the Greeks who followed Alexander in his world conquest founded their rich city of Seleucia. Then, when the Greeks had fallen in their turn and Rome too was driven out, the Persians came into the valley as conquerors for the second time and built up a second Persian empire here. For this empire the Persian monarchs, some fourteen hundred years ago, selected as their capital the fallen Greek city of Seleucia. There they built a new city, Ctesiphon, and in it raised this monster palace; and there they were ruling in gorgeous state when Mohammed's fierce Arabs came forth from the desert to fight the Persians for the lordship of the East. Then Ctesiphon became a ruin in its turn.

The ruined palace stands now in absolute solitude on a barren flat bordered by marsh and reeds, a half mile from the river. A century ago its walls stood almost intact; but great pieces of it have now fallen, and the bricks have been carried off for building Arab huts. Today one sees only a single huge fragment of a sculptured wall, and then this great arch which is a part of the vast vaulted roof of the main hall of the palace. That hall must once have rivaled the great cathedrals of today; and, built so early as it was, it was an architectural triumph. The remaining arch is 120 feet high, 164 feet long, and 82 feet wide. How the Persians of that day could rear such a vault of tiny bricks remains a puzzle. When the Britons fought at Ctesiphon, thousands of them found a grateful shelter from the awful sun heat beneath this great wall and greater archway.

The palace was built by the Persian king Chosroes II (kōs'rō ēz), and here he received ambassadors from all the world. His chief wife, Shiran, was a Christian so loved by him that he wedded her despite the Persian law condemning Christians. He had statues made of Shiran as evidence of her beauty and sent these statues as gifts to all the kingdoms he could reach. He even allowed her to erect Christian churches in his capital, and for her he is said to have carried off from Jerusalem the cross of Christ. If he did, the cross was long since lost in the city's downfall.

The great hall of Chosroes was lined with countless statues; and its walls, and even all the outer walls of the palace, are said to have been inlaid with gold. The eastern end of this splendid hall was prob-



GOING HOME FROM BAGDAD

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A workman is paddling his khufa or circular boat down the Tigris. Above are the better class villas which line the river just below Bagdad.

ably unwall'd, leaving its vast space wide open to the first morning sun and the much needed breezes, and also haughtily displaying the monarch's court to all his subjects. Gorgeous curtains were then stretched across the hall when the king wished. The Arab conquerors tell of capturing among their most treasured spoils one such curtain or "carpet." It measured over a hundred feet each way, and was embroidered to represent a garden. The ground of the garden was woven in gold thread, and the paths in silver. The grass was of emeralds, and the streams were of pearls. The flowers and fruits were precious stones of every color, and the lights in the garden were diamonds. Such at least is the Arab tale. Imagine for yourself the morning sun rays bursting into the great hall and sparkling on that wondrous curtain.

In fact the wild Arabs could never wholly overcome their own amazement that they had actually captured this mighty Persian capital and become masters of all its riches. They tell again and again of the fall of the "Great King" of Persia; of the wonders of his wealth, and of the battle in which they fought their way across the Tigris. In that battle they aimed their spears always against the eyes of their foes, so that even the Persians who escaped death fled with but one eye left. "Then," says the Arab historian, "we entered the city and came to domed chambers filled with baskets; and we thought them to be food; and lo, they were overflowing with gold and silver. And we found much of the precious gum, camphor; and we thought it to be salt, and kneaded it into our bread, until we tasted its bitterness in the bread."

Under that very arch of Ctesiphon which still stands, the Arabs are said to have found the Persian royal crown and standard, abandoned by the last poor Persian monarch in his flight. Because of that battle the whole of Mesopotamia became the Moslem land it is today. And that was why a new city, the city of Bagdad, came to be built some twenty miles above Ctesiphon, and became for centuries the capital of the Moslem world. That famous city we are now about to visit.

As we approach Bagdad let us look across the river from Ctesiphon. There the whole bank of the Tigris for miles is raised high like a dike, so that it holds the river in place even in time of flood. This long mud embankment is all that remains of the once splendidly designed Greek city of Seleucia. The very stones of the ruined palaces have sunk into the soft ground, so that there is left of the once proud city nothing but a mud bank—though a very useful bank indeed. That is what man's splendor comes to in the end.



NIGHT ON THE ROOFS OF BAGDAD

CHAPTER VI—MESOPOTAMIA

BAGDAD OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS"

Bagdad has been made the capital of the new Arab kingdom of Irak. Before that, it had been for centuries the capital of the Turkish province of Mesopotamia; and before the Turkish days it had been the chief of Moslem cities. In the height of its power it held over a million people and was the center of the wealth and learning of the world. Today it occupies but a small part of its former ground; yet even now a quarter of a million people dwell there. It is the chief surviving city of all this ancient land.

Long before this teeming Moslem town was built, there had been other cities here; for this spot is a natural trade center, the heart of Mesopotamia. It lies close to Babylon and the Euphrates and the sacred region of Kerbela. It is half way up the Tigris, between the mountains and the Persian gulf. The caravans for India here leave the valley to climb the rugged Persian mountains. So when the Moslems selected this site and about the year 750 began to erect the present town, they raised it upon the brick remains of earlier towns, ruins piled on top of ruins, dating back no man knows how far.

The Moslems called their new city Dar es Salem which means the Abode of Peace; and that is the city's official title. Yet the older name Bagdad still clings to it. Bagdad is said to mean "the God-given spot";

and this is much more truly a god-given spot for a city than it has ever been an abode of peace.

Instead it is the abode of romance, dear to every child who has ever read the tales of the "Arabian Nights." Bagdad is remembered by all of us as the city of the "just Caliph" Harun al Raschid. The Arabian Nights tell of his rambling through his capital in disguise, mingling with his subjects and chatting with them to learn of every injustice. Then he would summon a formal court, bring to light what he had secretly learned, punish the guilty, and redress every wrong—a much simpler thing to do in legends than it usually proves to be in actual life.

Nothing of the just Caliph's palace now remains; for after the city had enjoyed six hundred years of Arab power, it was almost wholly destroyed when the Turks conquered it and became lords of the Moslem world. Of Harun's day the only relic is the shattered tomb of his wife Zobeid—and antiquarians dispute the genuineness even of this tomb. The rebuilt Turkish city still retains the old streets and much of the old style of its Arab days; and the guides will still point out for you the home of Scheherazade (*shě hě'ră zād*). She it was who told the tales of the Arabian nights. There was a Sultan in her time who, having found a loved wife unfaithful, vowed to prevent that ever happening again. So he married a new wife every day, and had her beheaded the next day, before she had a moment to leave him or betray him. To save the country from this misery of constant execution of its highest, fairest women, one of them, Scheherazade, volunteered as the Sultan's bride. She was noted in her family for her fascinating stories; and after her wedding she told one of these to the Sultan but stopped the tale the next morning at its most interesting point. To hear the end of it that night, the Sultan postponed her execution over the one day. That night she left another similar story unfinished, and again the Sultan waited. So for a thousand and one nights Scheherazade entertained her lord with what was certainly the longest bedtime lecture ever recorded. It is the tale of the "Arabian Nights." By its end the Sultan was convinced that a woman could be faithful—at least to one purpose. So he spared and blessed Scheherazade, and slept.

If you and I had come into Scheherazade's city from the north by staying with our caravan from Birejik, we would have entered by the ancient caravan road which winds down the river bank from the north. There we would have passed through the town of Ghadim, which is connected with Bagdad by an old horse car line. One of the many



THE TALE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

The Princess Scheherazade beguiled the cruel Sultan by tales so amazing that all readers have enjoyed them ever since. The interested Sultan spared her life to listen to her stories, and she thus saved many lives.

Moslem saints is buried at Ghadim, and this makes the place so holy that pilgrims will not use the horse car but approach Ghadim creeping on all fours. So even today this entrance road to Bagdad will show us strange sights, the crawling pilgrims, the old, old camel caravans, the more up-to-date Arabs driving on their donkeys, and the pertly rattling two-storied horse car rushing past them all.

Modern Bagdad lies on the east bank of the Tigris. Once the city spread along both banks far beyond its present limits. It had strong walls also; but these were all pulled down by a Turkish governor of the last century who wished to show how secure and powerful was his mastery of the country. After that he had to sell even the bricks of the wall to pay for hired soldiers; so when the bricks were all sold the city had neither walls nor soldiers.

There is a fine modern bridge across the river now, a British bridge; though one may still see the old typical Arab bridge of boats. Along the eastern river bank stretch the new well-built government houses, including the palace of the new Arab sovereign. King Feisal, son of the Arab ruler of Mecca and Britain's ally in the Great War, was formally crowned here by the British in 1921.

Before that, in 1917, the British themselves had taken possession of the city, under General Maude. After the first disastrous British attempt to defeat the Turks in the East had failed with the surrender of Kut, the British started this second and more successful expedition under Maude. The Turks were defeated for the second time between Bagdad and Ctesiphon and their entire army fled. The people of Bagdad welcomed the British noisily, and Maude issued a proclamation assuring them that the British came not as conquerors but as friends and protectors.

This was in truth the first recorded time that a victorious army had ever possessed Bagdad without plundering and destruction. Yet the Arabs had no certainty that these kindly Britons would retain their mastery of the city. The people followed anxiously the uncertain struggle of the Great War. General Maude died suddenly, perhaps of poison, in Bagdad; and the shrewd Arabs knew not what might be the outcome. Two sheiks were heard arguing over their coffee in a Bagdad café. Said one, "If the Turks fail, there will be no more bravery left in the world." Said the other, "But if the British fail, there will be no more justice left in the world." "True," said the first, "so the British will win, Allah would not permit justice to depart from earth."

The British are still in Bagdad. They have modernized the city to the extent of cleaning it, putting in electricity and water pipes and a good reservoir. They have also policed it so well that they have made it unexcitingly peaceful and secure. They have laid out tennis courts and built an ice factory. But they have not stolen away its eastern flavor. You can still see the stately Arabs gathered in their coffee houses playing chess or dominoes. You can wander through the narrow, crooked streets, often completely arched over with brick, or with coarse matting spread overhead to ward off the sun. You can look upward



AN ARAB SHEIK DEPARTS FOR BAGDAD

from the blank walls to the protruding upper stories where discreetly high above your sight are tiny well-barred windows. You can see the veiled Arab women, or catch the glint of their eyes from behind half hidden gratings. You can hear the chanting of the Moslem call to prayer. You can visit the tiny shops of the bazaar, mere holes in a solid wall but with great heavy wooden doors locked at night with massive padlocks. You can hear the fiery disputes of Arab trading, and enjoy for yourself the thrill of bargaining for fine old copper pieces, or richly colored shawls, or wonderful old woven carpets.

Right through the middle of the city is driven one broad open street,

New Street. The Turks themselves built it after the revolution in Turkey in 1908 which put the "Young Turks" in power. They meant to make all the empire modern; and in Bagdad one of their chiefs began by making this modern street, tearing down whatever houses came in his way. Unluckily this primitive way of driving in a straight line brought New Street after a while right up against the British consulate buildings of those days. The governors' workmen started to cut ahead through these buildings too; but the British protested and then put a sentry on the threatened wall. In face of that sentry New Street stopped where it was and remained what it had been made, a broad straight avenue leading to a blank wall.

New Street is now the promenade of Bagdad, a curious medley of old and new, fine motors and rickety ancient horse carriages, dull plodding asses and beautiful prancing Arab steeds. There are wealthy Jews in Bagdad; and the Jewish women dress most gorgeously for a Sabbath drive with their husbands along New Street. There are powerful Arab sheiks, leaders of their people; and these also let their wives drive along New Street; but alone, veiled and clothed only in black. They may see others, but must in no way display themselves. The Christian women make a specially gorgeous parade at Easter. It is called in Bagdad the "day of the silk mantles" because then the Christian ladies walk everywhere in cloaks of brilliant beautifully blended colors woven of the softest, finest silk.

Of buildings in this changing city there are only a few of vivid interest. Some portions of the once mighty wall remain, despite its deliberate removal by that boastful Turkish governor. One of the gates of this wall was carefully preserved because of its beauty and its fame, until disaster came to it in the Great War. It was called the Bab al Talism, was built in the old Arab days, and was walled up by the last Turkish conqueror of the city. This was Sultan Murad IV who, after defeating a revolt in the year 1638, rode into the city in triumph and had the gate bricked up behind him so no lesser men could enter thus. Legends soon sprang up; and men said that not until the gate was opened would another conqueror come. This happened truly enough. The reckless Turks stored their powder in the beautiful tower of the gate, and as they fled from the British the powder, whether by chance or intention, was blown up. The ancient tower disappeared. The gateway itself was gone as well as the bricked up wall; and when the gate was thus widely opened, the British came in.



THE HIGHWAY OUT OF BAGDAD

By this ancient caravan road all the wealth of East and West once flowed in and out of Bagdad. Now pilgrims, traders and tourists mingle here.

There is one leaning old prayer tower or minaret to which the Arabs give special reverence. Its Arabic inscription speaks of it as built by an Arab Caliph in the year 1236, but the Arabs say it is part of a still older mosque built in the earliest days of the Arab conquest. To them the tottering minaret remains the symbol of their vanished glories.

Another treasured shrine is the tomb of the sheik Kadir, most learned of the explainers of the Mohammedan holy book, the Koran. Kadir died at Bagdad in 1252. He is said to have once started a series of lectures here to explain the Koran. He began by discussing all the meanings and teachings to be gathered, not from the first word of the Koran, but only from the dot underneath the first letter of that first word. For three months the learned teacher lectured on this dot. Then the Angel Gabriel was sent to him one night in a vision and told him that all he had said about the dot was true; but that nevertheless the teacher was mistaken, for God had not at all put the dot there for the purpose of making him talk so much about it.

Even quainter legends have gathered around another Bagdad relic. This is an ancient cannon which stands just outside the gate of the old arsenal, where a chain holds it to a tree. It is known to all the Moslem world as the "chained cannon"; and the tale is that it once left the arsenal, flew through the air to a battle, discharged itself against the foe, and won a victory. Just who the victors were and who the vanquished varies widely in the telling. At any rate the victorious commander brought the cannon back to its home in Bagdad and chained it there, being evidently unwilling to trust it for another flight. The cannon is of antique Persian pattern, and elaborately decorated. You may read into its story, if you will, some memory of a revolt in which the cannon was carried off and afterwards injured the ignorant soldiers who had stolen it and who tried to use it in fight against their hard-pressed governor. The ruler afterward resolved to keep his cannon more securely. The Arabs, however, think of the old gun as a flying, fighting angel, or at least as a holy symbol of holy fighting. Arab mothers pass their babies under the cannon and then over it and then thrust the babe's head into its mouth. They think that thus the child will be given strength and courage. So ignorance and superstition are still powerful at Bagdad despite all the lectures of Sheik Kadir.



NINEVEH, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL AS IMAGINED FROM ITS RUINS

CHAPTER VII—MESOPOTAMIA

THE ASSYRIAN LAND OF THE UPPER TIGRIS

We pass on now to the north of Bagdad and enter the upper part of the Tigris valley. This was the homeland of yet one more of the many conquerors of Mesopotamia, the Assyrians. Originally these Assyrians were a wild hill tribe on the border of Babylon's empire. Then, about fifteen hundred years before Christ's time, the Assyrians revolted against Babylon and for nearly a thousand years were the leading nation of the whole region. They were always a fierce and brutal people, enjoying war for war's sake, flaying their captives alive or impaling them on stakes. Seldom has earth been cursed with such monsters as the Assyrian kings. It was they who ravaged Palestine and dragged away to captivity the "ten lost tribes" of the Jews.

As we approach the Assyrian land by travel up the Tigris, we enter a rolling hill country. We leave the flat plain of the lower river, and we must also, alas, leave our comfortable British steamer. The Tigris above Bagdad is too broken by rapids for any but native boats, and these are hardly such as you will care to travel on. You will still see an occasional khufa or round basket boat, a type that is comfortable enough though not rapid; but the main river traffic here is carried by the "keleg." This is a kind of craft peculiar to the upper Tigris. Skins of sheep or other animals are filled with air and thus used as floats to hold up heavy rafts

with all their cargo. These rafts can make no headway against the current, so they sail the river in only one direction. By means of the kelegs the Kurd mountaineers carry all their wares down river to their market, Bagdad, or one of the smaller towns above. There the keleg is taken to pieces, its timber sold, and the Kurds journey home again on foot. They carry the only remnant of their boat, the deflated sheep skins, packed upon their backs for another voyage.

So instead of boats we will here use the modern railroad, a not very well paying road as yet. We will travel on its swaying coaches along the Tigris bank for the two hundred miles and more which will bring us to the Assyrian cities, or rather to their ruins. Just before reaching these we cross the mouth of the Greater Zab river where it rushes down from the high Persian mountains in the east to meet the Tigris here. We may well pause a day or so for a brief trip up the Zab to one of the chief battle fields of the world, Arbela (ăř bē'lă), the modern Erbel.

Many battles have been fought at Arbela, the main one being that in which Alexander the Great here overthrew the early Persian empire. Because of that victory our modern civilization is now built up on Greek democracy, rather than on Persian autocracy. The battle was really fought on the plain north of Arbela. The vast horde of Persians marched forth from their camp at Arbela and crossed the Zab river to attack the Greeks. Alexander, charging furiously at the head of a mere handful of cavalry, broke through the ranks of the Persians and scattered them in a panic flight. They streamed back across the Zab and through Arbela where Alexander found all the treasures of the Persian king. Among the hills overlooking Arbela is a little grotto to which we may easily climb. Here the women of the Persian court, having gone out for a day of rejoicing, saw the astounding overthrow of their king and nation.

Near the mouth of the Zab stood Assur, the earliest capital of the Assyrians, the city of their god and of their name. In the days of their power they built the far greater and more famous city of Nineveh somewhat further up the Tigris, directly across the river from where today stands the newer city of Mosul, the Turkish capital of this upper Tigris district. The people of Mosul have always known of the buried ruins facing them from the Tigris' eastern bank, so when modern science began searching into the old mounds of Mesopotamia, the hill that covered Nineveh was the first to be examined. Seventy years ago the tale of its opening and of the wonders found there attracted all the world.



THE SPORT OF AN ASSYRIAN KING

These savage monarchs were always at war and when they could not fight they hunted the Assyrian lions. They would slay these before the men of Assur, to show that their right to kingship lay in their might.

The stir was far greater than that which recent Egyptian discoveries have made in our own days. Nineveh was the most talked of ruin of all time. Men re-read the story of Jonah, the Biblical prophet who preached against Nineveh and the Assyrians; and in the light of Jonah's frantic words they saw once more the widespread city through which Jonah marched for three days without reaching to its end.

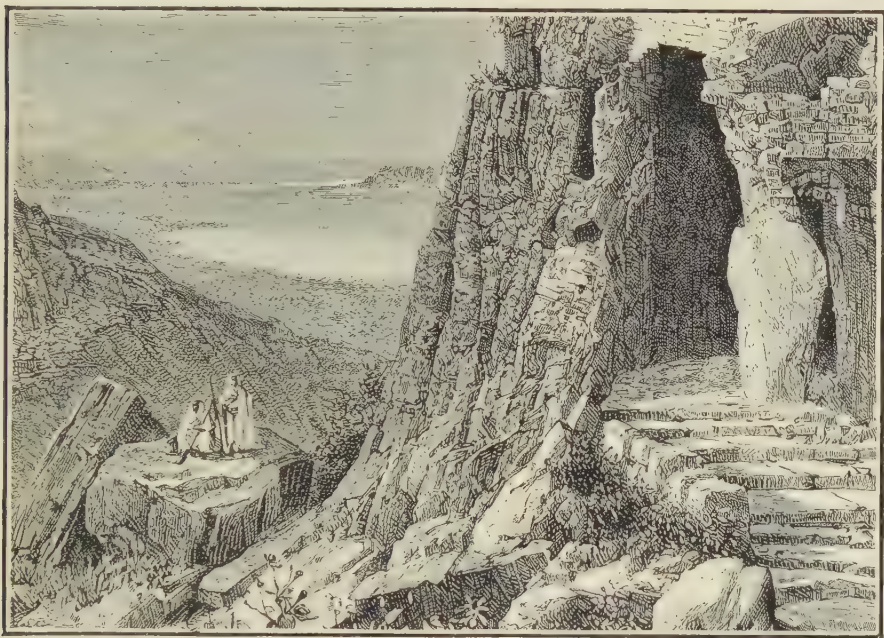
The deserted ruins of today spread out for miles. Nineveh in the day of its splendor may well have rivalled Babylon in the size and number of its palaces, though in this secluded hill land it could never have been a great commercial center like Babylon, where millions of people supported themselves by various trades. Nineveh was just the home of the Assyrian kings. As such its splendor outraged Jonah so that he again and again proclaimed its fall.

And presently it did fall even more strangely than Jonah had foretold. Enemies besieged it, wild tribes from central Asia. Yet so high and solid were its walls that the foe raged helplessly before it, while the Assyrians mocked them idly from the battlements. In a single night came the change. The Tigris in sudden flood tore at the foot of the great clay wall and sapped its foundations. Long sections of the softened bricks slid down into the stream and dammed it up. The raging river could no longer pass. This made a wildly exciting war of Nature's forces, a drawn battle between the man-made mountain and the river. But it was a disastrous battle for the little human ants within the walls. The river found another course in which to flow; and where before both river and wall had given the city double protection, now neither remained. Then the last king of Nineveh, Sardanapalus, gathered his wives and slaves and wealth into one great funeral pyre. Seating himself at its summit he had fire set to the whole, and so perished in a great flaming beacon, just as the astounded foe came pouring through the wide gaps in the walls. That was the end of Nineveh.

You would think that Jonah himself would be the last man who would care to be buried in the city he had so furiously cursed. Yet Arab tradition has made Jonah a sort of patron saint of Nineveh, her harsh but potent teacher; and the Arabs point to what they say is his tomb, a mosque which stands above the mounds of clay. Really it is the tomb of a Christian bishop of only a few centuries ago; the inscriptions make this clear. Yet there is no use explaining this to Turks or Arabs. They only think you are trying to trick them so that they will not interfere if you dig into the mounds beneath. They well know this European

"madness" of digging around the ancient cities, and they always connect it with the idea that we are hunting for some buried gold or jewels. So they will wrangle furiously and heap vow on vow in defense of this "Saint's tomb" of Jonah.

Leaving Jonah or the Christian bishop to his rest, we will turn instead to the modern city of Mosul (mō'sūl). A bridge connects it with the site of Nineveh, a real bridge and also a bridge of boats. Viewed from the Nineveh shore, Mosul is a far handsomer city than either of the other two big Turkish cities of Mesopotamia. Basra, Bagdad and



WHERE THE PERSIAN WOMEN WATCHED THE BATTLE OF ARBELA

Mosul were long the three Turkish centers of government. But Basra and Bagdad were built, even as the ancient Babylonians had been forced to build, of the clay bricks which form the only constructive material of the valley. Mosul, standing among hills, had close at hand quarries of marble, or more exactly speaking, quarries of alabaster. Of this coarse marble Mosul is almost wholly built; and though the houses are low, the effect is rich and striking, a marble city!

Coming closer across the Nineveh bridge we find the city is a typical Turkish mess. The British have had small opportunity to clean up Mosul as they have cleaned up Bagdad. Mosul remains much what it

was twenty years ago, the crudest, worst governed city of the Turks. The wild mountain people flock down into Mosul from all the wilderness to the north and east. These mountain tribes were never really subdued by the Turks, but only encouraged to fight one against the other. As recently as 1910 a mob of one faction attacked the fortified house of another faction, right opposite the house of the Turkish governor in Mosul. He idly watched the battle while the assailants stormed the rival stronghold, though with heavy loss. They captured its defenders and slew them every one, beating them to death or tearing them to pieces in the street.

Hence Mosul is more a series of private fortresses than it is a city of neighbors. Each sturdy marble house turns a blank face to the tiny empty street. Within, however, some homes reveal an unexpected beauty. Each house is built around a courtyard which is bright with flowers and has usually a pool or fountain in the middle. Around this extends a two-story colonnade with open balconies. These houses are almost exact models of the houses unearthed in old Assyrian cities. The folk build now as they built then, live now as they lived then. They are types of the unchanging East.

A thousand years ago, in the old Arab days, Mosul was famed for the weaving of a dainty fabric, muslin, which has its name from the city. But Mosul long since ceased to make muslin or anything else of worth and beauty. The worst and idlest of the old Turkish towns, it seems likely to be the slowest to take up the new ways of the new era so recently begun in Mesopotamia.

Above Mosul the river grows wilder. It cuts its way through mountain gorges. We escape the tropic heat of the valley. We approach the almost unknown mountains. Beyond lies Armenia to the north, and Persia to the east. We have almost finished our tour of this oldest land. The chief city, if city it can be called, of this northern mountain frontier of Mesopotamia is Diarbekr (*dē ār bēk'r*), which means the country of the Bekr, an Arab tribe which mastered the surrounding region in the first days of Mohammedan conquest. But Diarbekr was a famous place long before the Moslems came. It is the "watchtower of the mountains," the guardian over all the plains beneath. Sometimes it is still called by its older name, Armida or Black Armid. In Roman days it was the chief frontier fortress of the last Romans in their long wars with the Persians. Hence Armida has faced more sieges, captures, sacks and other horrors than all the rest of the disputed region



THE OLD BRIDGE AT MOSUL

The natives think the camera steals away their spirits for its picture. So they hide their faces even while they draw water from the Tigris. It is their only drinking water.

around it. In one siege by the Persians, fifty thousand or the attacking army fell; and when at last they stormed the city they slaughtered eighty thousand folk within, and then demanded permission of their general to avenge themselves further by torturing to death each tenth man of their prisoners.

Today Armida or Diarbekr still stands with its massive walls intact, rebuilt after each disaster. It is one of the most impressive looking fortress cities in the world. It rises on a cliff three hundred feet above the swift river below. The climate here is cold enough to make the Tigris freeze in winter, and beyond it the towering mountains lead up to snowclad Ararat. The walls of Armida were built of black basalt, whence as well as because of its dark reputation it was called the black. Time has at length lent to the ancient basalt a yellow tinge, so that in the sunlight Black Armida is now almost golden. The circuit of the great walls is five miles, their height is forty feet. Eighty towers add to their grim strength. Beneath extends a moat almost as deep as the famed moat of Urfa, and cut like that of Urfa from the solid rock.

Within the walls there is little left of the old Roman city. Modern Diarbekr is scarcely more than a town of brick hovels, a shrivelled blot of mud shut in a great jewel casket. A few old stone houses stand, showing the ancient style. They were built of alternate layers of black basalt and white marble, so that old Armida must have been an effective and even noble looking city. Today the stone houses are mere empty shells, far fuller of insects than of men. A night at Diarbekr is a horror to be long remembered. Let us rather return to the heat of Bagdad.

The people of the mountains around Diarbekr are descended from all the many races which have fought there. Most of them have long since become merged with the Kurds, the same wild hill race that we found warring in Mosul. The Kurds are only half civilized at best. Their women still often wear nose rings like savages; and their men devote their lives to raiding and robbing the other races around them. They have even an upper class who do nothing but fight, leaving all labor to the women and the slaves. Turkey never reduced these hill tribes to obedience; nor will either the British or the Arabs do so except at a very heavy cost.

While civilization may be slow to reach these far mountain lands, it is now making rapid progress in the real Mesopotamia, the rich "valley between the rivers." There the magic and mystery of man's earliest past draw every visitor to wonder, and to a noble pride in the progress which our race has made.



A SAND STORM BESIDE THE PYRAMIDS

The great desert of Egypt comes up close to the Nile's bank where stand the Sphinx and the pyramids. The lurid reds of the sandstorms here have often been noted by artists, and scarce need the sunset to emphasize their brilliance.



EGYPT, THE LAND OF THE LOTUS, FROM AN ANCIENT PAPYRUS

CHAPTER VIII—EGYPT

ALEXANDRIA AND THE DELTA LAND

Egypt possesses a civilization almost if not wholly as old as that of Mesopotamia. When Abraham, that earliest of famous travellers, left the city of his youth and abandoned the Euphrates valley, he wandered through wild and almost empty lands until, drifting on through the bare mountains of Palestine and the desert sands of the isthmus of Suez, he came at length to Africa and Egypt. In Egypt he found a land as fertile, a people as many, and a culture as far advanced as those he had left behind. These two rich river valleys, that of the Euphrates and that of the Nile, gave man his first opportunity for a fairly secure and settled life. From them has sprung our modern world.

Of these two early lands, Egypt is today by far the more interesting. It is also the more comfortable to travel in. This is partly because of the wonderful Egyptian climate which is warm, but not over warm in winter, and has a dry clearness that makes the land an ideal health resort. Men used to say that rain never fell in Egypt. Perhaps the climate is changing somewhat, for a little falls now, though very little, every year.

The main reason for the ease and pleasure of travel in Egypt is that for half a century the land has been the winter resort of wealthy idlers from all over the world, and especially from England. Back in 1882

Great Britain took over the control of the country from Turkish masters. After the Great War there was an uprising very like a revolt among the Egyptians; and in 1922 Britain granted the country a nominal freedom and made its native ruler king, as King Fuad I. British capital, however, still controls the country, and a British Lord High Commissioner sees to it that law and order and British rights are fully protected.

Hence there are really three Egypts for the curious traveller to see. First there is the British or European Egypt with its broad and ably organized official energies working for progress, and with its winter colony of the most splendid hotels, and its days and nights of dances and games and gayeties of every sort. Second there is the native Egypt of Turkish lords and Moslem priests and Arab tribes and the poor "fellahin" or peasant farmers. Third there is the ancient Egypt of pyramids and hieroglyphics and mighty ruined temples and hidden tombs of long forgotten Pharaohs. Each of these we shall find interesting indeed.

We might have reached our Egypt as Abraham did by travelling overland from Mesopotamia some four hundred miles of mountain and desert. Far easier and more comfortable will be our entry by the great modern sea-port of Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile. Alexandria was once the most celebrated city of the world, the chief seat of philosophy and science, known as the "brain of mankind."

We shall land at Alexandria from some ocean steamer which has crossed the whole length of the Mediterranean Sea to reach at last its far south eastern corner. There the great Nile River is trying to fill the Mediterranean Sea, just as the Euphrates is filling up the Persian Gulf. That is why a port can only be kept at Alexandria by constant labor in dredging it out; and that is why all the more ancient ports of Egypt became useless and are today mere inland villages. The delta lands built out by the Nile are larger even than that Land of Reeds at the mouth of the Euphrates. The Nile delta is also higher and drier, a wonderful rich farm land, in fact the most densely peopled farm land in the world. It has no hills of course. As we approach Alexandria from the sea we scan a perfectly flat coast mostly of barren sand. The only objects to rise against the sky-line are man's own buildings and towers.

The most notable of these to greet our gaze are two. The first, close down upon the shore, is the big modern light-house, famed as the successor of the first light-house in the world. That was the Pharos, built here by the Romans. The Pharos was a huge pyramid-like structure of white marble with a beacon fire kept burning on its summit by



THE PLAZA OF MOHAMMED ALI

This park was laid out by Egypt's former ruler Mohammed Ali, the rebuilder of Alexandria. In defiance of Moslem custom he erected his own statue here at the center of his new city.

night to save their ships from wreck by bumping into the low and often quite invisible shore. The Pharos was more than four hundred feet high, perhaps six hundred, and was reckoned one of the "Seven wonders" of the ancient world.

Our other landmark is "Pompey's Pillar," long known as the symbol of Alexandria. It is a single great column rising up from behind the city, where it stands in a wide wilderness of ancient graves. Many legends have been told as to the origin of this pillar; but it is now usually explained as being the one remaining column of a mighty temple, destroyed perhaps when Caesar here defended himself in battle against all the armies of the East.

As we approach closer to the shore, we see the modern palace of the "khedives" or rulers of Egypt under Turkey before the Great War. We see vast breakwaters harnessing the sea and the Nile, to make and keep this as a port. We see a swarm of little boats with boatmen in gayly colored garb all trying to sell us something or beg something. We meet the universal custom house men and swear we have no hidden weapons or tobacco. And so at last we set foot in the famous city of Alexandria, once the second largest city of the world, in those old days when Rome was the largest and ruled them all.

Alexander the Great founded this as his own city, in those still earlier Greek days when he conquered the known world. But Alexander died, and his chosen city never became quite all that he had meant it to be. There was a long narrow island here in his day and he built his city on the island and on the mainland lying in its shelter. Later generations built above the shallow water between, until island and mainland became one city with two ports, one on either side of the causeway built from isle to shore. The builders meant the eastern for the main port; but the sea and the Nile decreed otherwise and filled it with sand, until now only tiny boats can sail there. The other, the western port, was also filling up, until modern engineers rescued it and made it the fine deep port of today.

In fact the whole town is modern. Except for Pompey's Pillar there is little here to tell us of old days. The ravages of man and nature, fire and battle, storm and sea, have worked their will on Alexandria. It was the city of Cleopatra's pride, the city where Hypatia, the female leader of the Greek philosophers, was torn to pieces by a fanatic mob, the city of the world's greatest library. The last of this library was destroyed when after Mohammed's death his Moslems captured Egypt.

The Arab legend is that their commander on hearing of all this vast stack of books said that if all they said was in the Koran they were unnecessary; if it was not in the Koran they were wicked. So he ordered them burned; and for seven months all the fires of the city were kept ablaze with this paper fuel.

The modern revival of Alexandria dates from only a century ago. Then Egypt's first noted "khedive," Mohammed Ali, a ruler appointed by the Turks, made the country practically free from Turkey and set himself to restore the ancient wealth of this land which the Turks had



THE PALACE OF THE KHEDIVES ON ALEXANDRIA'S HARBOR

for centuries neglected and laid waste. For a sea-port he revived the almost vanished Alexandria. He built the port; he laid out modern streets, centering on the broad plaza or park now bearing his name. This Plaza of Mohammed Ali holds a statue of the great warrior and builder himself, seated upon horseback. The statue is an oddity indeed in a Moslem land; for one of the strict rules of their faith is that no man shall make a statue or "idol" and especially erect one to himself. Mohammed Ali, however, was a man who defied all precedents; and his people had to submit to what he did. The Statue caused much grumbling, but the people finally left the issue as a personal one between

the khedive and his Maker. Their legend is that on the final Judgment Day any one who has made a statue or picture of himself will have to breathe his own life into it, and so will continue to exist as the statue instead of in his own body. Some of them even watch the statue today to see if the long dead khedive has begun in it his period of shame.

His new city was much battered by another bombardment when in 1882 the Egyptians rose in a mob revolt against all foreigners. The British fleet attacked the city and afterward Britain took governmental control of Egypt. Alexandria, plundered by the mob as well as battered by the ships, had to be again partly rebuilt. It then became what it is today, a handsome, prosperous half British city of half a million people, the center of Egyptian commerce, and one of the great trading ports of the world.

Around the modern city are spread ancient grave-yards and catacombs, and then the lagoons, broad shallow tracts of salty water. In part these represent Cleopatra's ancient lake, Mareotis. Mainly, however, they represent the battle for the city between France and Britain in Napoleon's time. The French forces held Alexandria; and the British, knowing that much of this land was below sea-level, cut through the shores and let in the sea. This did indeed hamper the French, but it ruined the surrounding farm lands. They have lain desolate for over a hundred years. British capital has now undertaken to drain these lands and so restore their lost fertility.

There is little else than Alexandria to detain us along the Egyptian sea-coast. Sailing eastward along the sand dunes we should only come upon one after another of the many mouths through which the Nile discharges its waters into the sea. The Nile, which is reckoned the longest river in the world next to our Mississippi-Missouri river, rises far up in central Africa, south of the equator. It flows north almost in a straight line, a great single river, until it reaches Cairo a hundred miles or so south of Alexandria. There the Nile breaks through the last little hills that must once have formed the sea coast at its mouth. From there northward to Alexandria it has built out its delta. The river waters, struggling to flow past their own mud, have spread and scattered like the sticks of a fan. The ancients counted seven of these branches or mouths of the Nile, but today they seem quite uncountable. The delta land is crossed and recrossed by thousands of water channels of every size. Two main streams are clearly marked, called from the cities at their mouths the Rosetta and the Damietta channels.



THE MARKET OF TANTAH

Here is held the main market of the natives in lower Egypt. Its scenes are coarsely typical of the life of the masses.

At Damietta we may well pause for a moment. One of the world's great religious contests was fought here. The most knightly of all the Christian crusaders, King Louis IX of France, hoped to defeat the Moslems not by an attack on Jerusalem but by fighting them in Egypt, the land which was then the center of their power. Two successive crusades were defeated in huge battles at Damietta; and King Louis was himself made prisoner. He was the last of the crusaders. The Moslems in triumph over his defeat erected upon the exact spot of his capture a new city which they called Mansourah or the Victorious. Mansourah, built on the most solid ground of the whole delta region, remains today as a prosperous manufacturing town. There and at Damietta cotton cloth is made; and even before Egypt learned to raise cotton, Damietta had given its name to the cloth which we call dimity. Damietta has still a mosque from the old crusading days. It contains a "holy" column rather startling to western taste. The Moslems say that if a sick man licks the column with his tongue, persisting with faith and ardor until the tongue bleeds, he will be cured of every illness. So many of the more ignorant Moslems attempt the cure that the scenes around the pillar are hideous indeed.

We shall not care to linger much in this delta land. The Egypt we see here is wholly that of the present natives, whom we shall see in spots less crowded and unpleasant along the upper Nile. We might, however, visit Tantah for a moment. Tantah is in the center of the delta and is the chief native market town. Here you shall see the Egyptian peasant at his brightest, buying gay trinkets for ornament or chaffering excitedly over the sale of his farm produce. Then he rejoices and celebrates far into the night with clowns and buffoons of every sort, amid scenes of often indescribable coarseness. There is a large American hospital here which has done much for the Egyptian poor. They need help morally and intellectually as well as physically. It is a strangely pathetic sight: these endless masses of people all living in such misery, so close to the edge of actual starvation, yet managing to snatch so much of pleasure from the midst of toil and bodily weakness. The deformities, the shrivelled limbs and sickly frames we must view here will compel us either to hasten away or to devote our lives also to the work of uplift among these unfortunates.

If you have seen enough we had best do as the Europeans do, get on a train at Alexandria and ride straight across the delta lands to Cairo, Egypt's capital and most celebrated city.



CAIRO FROM THE MOSQUE AND ANCIENT OBSERVATORY OF IBN TULUN

CHAPTER IX—EGYPT

CAIRO, THE VICTORIOUS

Cairo is the largest city of Africa. It contains, with its suburbs, three quarters of a million people. It is the chief of all Arab cities; and next to Constantinople it was the chief city of the old Turkish Empire which was broken up by the World War. Many visitors to Cairo have declared it the most fascinating place they have ever seen; and it ranks, after New York and Paris, as one of the best known pleasure cities of the world. As the capital of Egypt, Cairo holds many ornate palaces, the homes of its princes and great lords. As the centre of British power it has many handsome administrative buildings and rich museums. As a Moslem city it is filled with shrines and mosques and their minarets. As a pleasure city it has race courses, country clubs, and many gorgeous hotels, headed by the famous Shepherd's Hotel, the winter resort of Europe's highest aristocracy for over half a century.

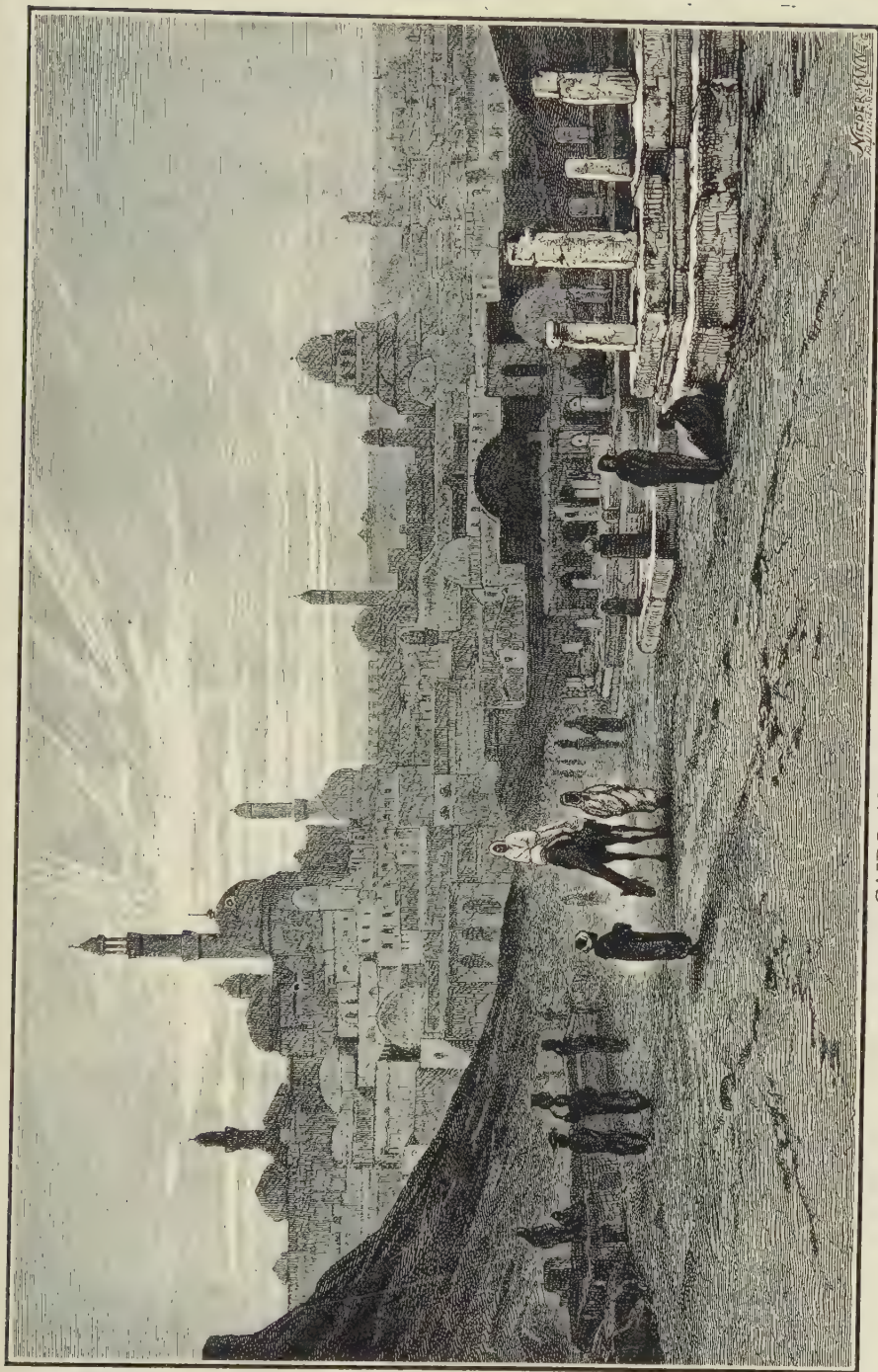
Cairo lies on the eastern bank of the Nile a few miles above the head of the delta. Oriental metaphor calls it the rich jewel which clasps the handle of the green fan of Egypt's delta. It lies, as we have noted, at the foot of the first hills which rise above the delta's plain, at what must once have been the ancient shore line of the retreating sea. There must always have been a city here, where the Nile first scatters its waters and spreads from one channel into many. The present city, however,

does not at all take us back to the old Egypt of the Pharaohs. Reckoning in terms of Egypt's age, Cairo is a modern town, dating only from some twelve hundred years ago, the first days of the Arab conquest. The very position of Cairo, on the east bank of the Nile, marks it as an Asiatic rather than an Egyptian city. In earth's early days a broad river was a city's or a nation's best defense, a bar indeed to the advance of a foreign foe. Old Egypt, ever warring against successive Asiatic powers, built her cities on the west shore of the Nile. Her Arab conquerors, to be secure against native uprisings, and looking to Asia for their armies, have built naturally on the eastern bank.

The name Cairo is only the European form of one of the city's several titles, Al Kahirah, which means the Victorious. Among themselves the Moslems usually call it Misr, which is simply their name for Egypt itself. To them Cairo is Egypt. The city's earliest name was Al Fustat, which means the tent. Amru, the Moslem conqueror of the land, set up his headquarters here in his tent, or rather a few miles farther up the Nile at Old Cairo. He and his successors marked their simplicity by living in their tent while lesser men might live in palaces. Later Moslem rulers, however, preferred the palaces, so around Al Fustat there grew up a city which gradually spread northward from Old Cairo to its present site.

Today little of Old Cairo remains; and the southern limit of the present city is marked by the "Citadel," a huge structure rising on the edge of the first line of hills behind the city, the hills here called Jebel Mukattam. From this Citadel we shall get our best view of Cairo and its environs; and every view, as we approach the city from without, shows us the great Citadel towering in the background.

As we descend from the train which has brought us from Alexandria we find ourselves at the other end of the city from the Citadel, the north end, close down by the Nile. Here along the Nile bank lies the strictly modern city of hotels and palaces, shops and parks. Cairo is as noted for its flower-decked parks as for its hotels. We will let an Arab driver take us in his "arabeah," a queer, two horse carriage, to Shepherd's Hotel. Thus we shall receive cards of invitation and can visit a few elaborately conducted dances if you will. Chiefly however our interest will center, as in every Arab city, upon the motley life of the streets. Looking only at the buildings, the well-paved asphalt streets, the electric lights and electric street cars, you might think yourself in London. But looking at the people, you know yourself in the East.



CAIRO AND ITS ANCIENT WALLS

Seen from the desert behind it, Cairo still shows as an ancient city. Modern Cairo is on the other side.

This is such a city as we saw at Bagdad, only far larger and more crowded. Every Arab who can think of any device for getting money from the foreigners, and there never was an Arab who could not, has come down from the native quarters of the city to push as close as he can to the outside of the hotels, from whose sacred halls he is watchfully excluded. These eager natives urge you to use their donkeys or their arabeahs; they urge themselves as guides; they mysteriously lure you to purchase an antique supposedly stolen from some mummy's tomb, though there is not a genuine antique among them; they have wonderful "bargains" in shawls or in old copper. They appeal to you in a few words of broken English; and you are their father and their mother and their best beloved son, and they want to bestow on you all their most sacred household treasures for a mere trifle in cash.

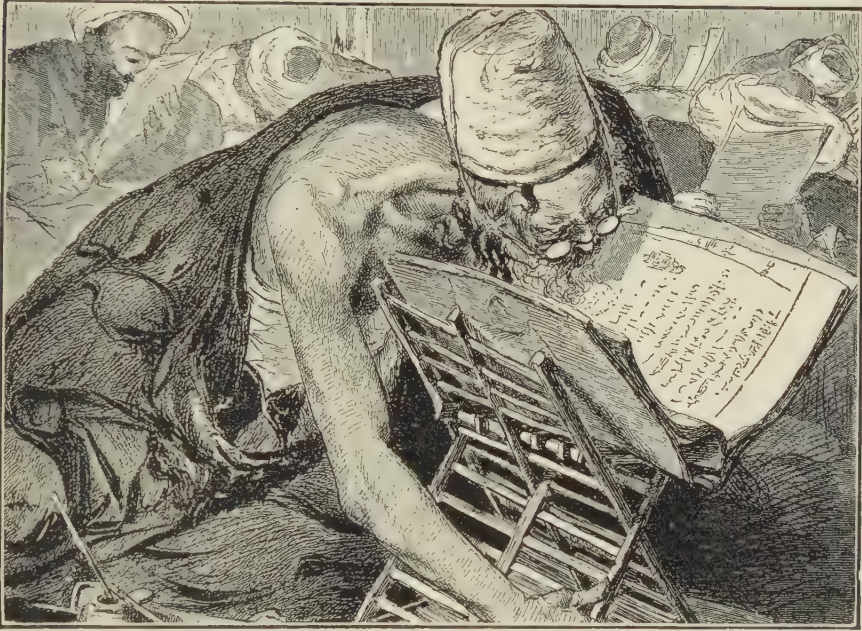
Sooner or later you will go to watch these eager bargainers in the native quarters of the city. These, the real Cairo, lie a mile or more back from the river. A thousand years ago the Nile flowed somewhat farther to the eastward; then it shifted to its present bed. This left between Cairo and the river a wide empty flat, on which the city of the Europeans has been built. Behind it lies the Moslem city with its four hundred mosques, its rabbit-warrens of tiny brick and plaster houses, its narrow streets that lead nowhere, often roofed over and wholly dark or else with matting strung across for shade, its merchants' booths so small both buyer and seller stand outside to argue—the Moslem East.

The main street giving access to this Arab city is called the Muski, a name often carelessly extended to the entire quarter. The Muski itself, however, is being rapidly modernized. Broad shops with plate glass fronts and European doors crowd out its former dusky holes, where the merchant offered you a cup of coffee while you fought with him about his prices. To get the old Eastern flavor you have now to pierce further and further into the side alleys and away from the Muski itself.

In thus wandering you will come upon the Moslem mosques or upon ancient Christian churches, tucked away in every corner. Only two or three of the four hundred mosques seem worth our visiting, though some Europeans get a fad for the rambling, crumbling old buildings, and wander through every one. A mosque may be as elaborate as its builder pleases; but in its simplest form it is just a big open court with a gallery around for shade, or perhaps with a low roof covering the entire space and upheld by many columns. If there is a special shrine this may be marked by an altar anywhere in the court; or a pulpit may be erected

anywhere. The only essential thing is the midrab, a mere niche in the wall pointing out the exact direction of Mecca, the holy city. Each devotee looks toward Mecca as he prays; and in the midrab he sees its vision. Outside the court there must be a minaret, a slender tower from which a priest at regular hours sends out the call to prayer. The minaret and midrab make a Moslem mosque.

To enter one you have to pay a fee and also to remember that here at least you are an unbeliever and a contemptible outcast. An Arab will plough in, scattering mud from his dirty bare feet; you must remove



A PROFESSOR IN AL AZHAR EXPLAINING THE KORAN TO HIS SCHOLARS

your shoes, or put over them a huge covering slipper which the thriftier mosques supply—at a price. You will find Moslems sleeping in the mosques or loudly disputing, more often than praying; but an unbeliever is still likely to arouse a riot if on his part there is the slightest show of disrespect. An Arab and his God are friends, and one can bear a friend's infirmities; you are regarded as a stranger and an enemy to both.

One mosque that we must surely visit is that of Al Azhar, the largest of them all. It has become the chief Arab university. Within its wide though in no way beautiful courts as many as twelve thousand students have often gathered. An Arab student in the old days went there at

dawn and remained till dusk. There were no short school hours for him, no recesses for play. Such industry unfortunately seemed often to defeat itself. Students quite frankly slept over their studies. Moreover these studies for the most part consisted simply of chanting over the verses of the Koran, repeating these after a master at first and later by themselves. Many a learned Moslem thus knows the Koran through by heart. Unfortunately he knows nothing else, unless it be the commentaries and discussions on the Koran. He regards all wisdom as included in these holy books. Of course there are Arabs who have studied in somewhat broader fashion; and lately a breath of modern life seems to have disturbed Al Azhar. Yet on the whole that narrowness has chilled all Arab learning. A thousand years ago the Arabs were the scientific leaders of the world. They really searched and thought; they extended their knowledge to other nations; but that day has long passed. The mosque of Ibn Tulun here has still its implements for studying astronomy; but its methods are those of medieval days. The Arab has fallen utterly behind the European.

Another noted mosque is the oldest of them all, the Mosque of Amru, the original Moslem conqueror. It stands south of the present city in what is left of Old Cairo, and it is broad and bare and ruinous. It offers no pleasure to the eye. But the Moslems hold it particularly sacred. At times even royalty comes here for stated solemn religious services. The poorer class of Moslem locates most of his treasured legends here. The Mosque of Amru has its holy stone like the pillar at Damietta, where a true believer may cure himself of any ill by licking the wall until his tongue bleeds. Here, however, the scenes about the holy stone grew so foul, the government interfered. An iron grating now prevents all close approach to this part of the wall. So too the people are shut off from two noted pillars which stand close together, only about seven inches apart. The Moslem who slips between these pillars, it is said, will surely slip through the gates into Paradise. This of course was rather hard on stout believers who used to make frantic efforts to force their naked bodies through the narrow space.

There was little lasting architecture among the early Moslems. Even Amru's mosque is not the original one, but has been rebuilt probably more than once on the same spot, and now needs rebuilding again. The true devotion in entering many of these tottering structures lies in risking the chance that they will fall on you—as the Arab always cheerfully says—"If Allah wills it." He is as heedless as a child in passing



THE STREETS OF CAIRO

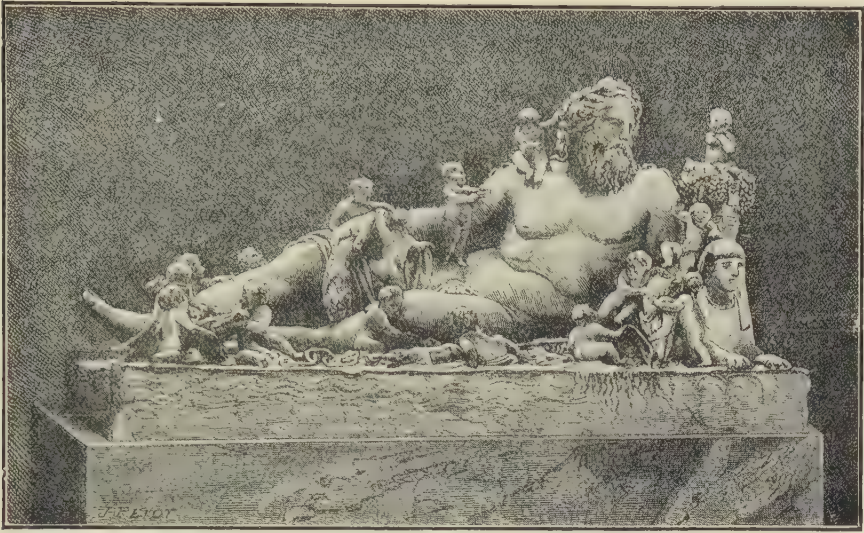
Seeing Cairo is like going back to watch the circus of one's childhood. A trained monkey or a dancing bear will always draw an Arab crowd.

over all responsibilities to Allah, and leaving his churches unrepaired. They become more ruinous with each lazy year.

There is also one shrine that we must know among the Coptic churches. The Copts are those native Egyptians who were Christians before the Arab conquest and who have still clung to their faith despite twelve hundred years of misery and insult. With the Copts therefore we look back to an earlier age than anything of the Moslem faith in Cairo. They have one tiny church which they tell us is built above the cellar wherein Jesus and his mother hid when she fled from Herod's quest and sheltered her holy child in Egypt. Unlike many an Eastern story this may possibly be true. The Coptic Christianity was of very early date, no one knows just how early; and this tradition of Mary's hiding place has at least the sanction of a great antiquity.

In the Cairo suburbs there is another shrine to Mary and her child, still more visited though even less authenticated. This is in the little village northeast of Cairo called Matarieh. Here Mary is said to have rested in her flight, and the tree beneath which she sat was long known as "the Virgin's tree." It fell of old age some years ago, but as it was a tree of certainly not more than three hundred years of age, it could not have been the original but only a remote descendant from the earlier stock. The Coptic monks of Matarieh preserve all the traditions of the place. They point to "the Virgin's well" where legend says Mary washed her holy son, and from the drops sprang balsam trees. The oil of these balsam trees was long greatly prized in Egypt and used in all baptisms. The old Apocryphal Gospels spoke of the great pagan city of Egypt's sun-worship, Heliopolis, the sun-city, which stood near here in Mary's day. They said that when she and her child passed, all the idols of Heliopolis (*hē lī ōp' o līs*) fell down.

This splendid "sun city" of which Cairo was the successor, has been revived of recent years. A huge hotel has been built there, and a resort has been opened called after its American prototype, Luna Park. So where the sun god's gorgeous temples once arose, and not far from Mary's ancient resting place, you may now enjoy roller-coasters and carousels. Some travellers have wished the site of this new Luna Park had been differently placed; but its profits have not suffered. Today Heliopolis is once more a thickly peopled thriving spot, the gayest outpost of the gay winter life of Cairo.



AN ANCIENT STATUE OF THE NILE, THE FATHER OF EGYPT

CHAPTER X—EGYPT

THE NILE AND THE PYRAMIDS

Slow and steady, all winter long, past the shores of ever bustling, ever changing Cairo, sweeps the eternal unchanging Nile. In summer the Nile wakes from its slumber and does things. Whatever Egypt has been through all the ages, the Nile has made it. In literal fact and not in metaphor the people call their land "the gift of the Nile."

There is no other river just like this. The wilds of equatorial Africa, where the Nile rises, have heavy spring and summer rains; overflowing streams rush down to the upper Nile from every side giving it a sudden tremendous flood. As the flooded river surges northward, while yet a thousand miles south of Cairo, the waters enter the deep "valley of the Nile" with high cliffs on either side. Beyond these cliffs lies the rainless desert, from which no more streams will come to add to the waters of the lower Nile. This long narrow valley, this chasm cut through the desert is filled to its edges by the swollen Nile. There is no escape for the waters. For a thousand miles they sweep down the valley, passing Cairo and then reaching the lowlands of the delta. There the flood spreads out fanlike and losses itself in the sea.

This flood is practically Egypt's whole supply of water for the year. In this almost rainless land, the flood keeps the long narrow valley from drying up like the deserts on either side. It also makes the valley the

most fertile land on earth; for as the waters spread out over the valley farms each summer, they carry with them rich black mud from central Africa. This mud sinks to the bottom and is left by the retreating waters. In this rich and ever renewed soil, all vegetation springs up at once behind the falling water, as if touched by an enchanter's wand. The hot sun quickens everything to life. During the rest of the year artificial irrigation is also used, just as we saw it used along the Euphrates. Buckets lift out the Nile water by hand or by machinery. The Egyptian farmer and his donkey spend much of their lives in hauling water. But all this irrigation by men is but a trifle as compared with Nature's giant scheme of irrigation and fertilization for the entire valley.

Usually the lower Nile begins to rise about the middle of June; by mid September it is sweeping past Cairo twenty to thirty feet above its winter level; and by November the flood has passed. The height of the river's rise determines the amount of the crops for the next year, and hence the prosperity of the country. If the rise is less than twenty-one feet, not enough of the valley is covered, and all the soil dries out too soon. If the rise is twenty-eight feet, the flood tears away everything and brings ruin. Naturally all Egypt watches with anxious eyes each June to see what gift their river god will bring.

One of the most impressive religious ceremonies of our modern days occurred about a generation ago when one June the river seemed to have forgotten to rise. At length all the chief people of Cairo, of whatever religious faith, went with solemn ceremony to the ancient mosque of Amru. There, forgetting their religious differences for once, Moslems, Christians and Jews all prayed together for the river's rise. Report has it that the Nile jumped several feet that very night.

There is an official "nilometer" or measure of the rising of the Nile. This is a pillar set up on the island of Rodah just south of Cairo. The island is well worth a visit. It lies close to the Old Cairo shore fronting the Nile's flow like the prow of a ship. The present nilometer at the prow of Rodah has only been in use about a thousand years, but there was an older one here before that, and there have always been these "Nile-measures" somewhere along its shores. The nilometer stands in a small round building, gay without but somber within, its walls covered with quotations from the Koran. The water from the river flows in and out, and as it gradually rises in the pool which fills the center of the building a lordly Arab called the "sheik of the nilometer" marks its rise.



THE BRIDE OF THE NILE

In ancient days the Egyptians cast a beautiful young woman into the Nile as a sacrifice to induce the god of the river to send the floods.

When the flood reaches a height to insure a plentiful year, the sheik makes proclamation and Egypt rejoices. In the old Turkish days before the World War, a dam was built each June across one nearby canal to prevent the scanty Nile waters from entering the canal and so running to waste. When the water reached a height to insure plenty for the year this dam was dramatically torn open, and the canal was allowed to fill and so waste the surplus. Unhappily, the Turkish government always wanted the people to think the year would be good, as thus taxes could be collected more easily. Therefore the officials sometimes announced a full flood and tore open the dam before the river had really risen. Thus the poor Egyptians were led to distrust even their good river itself.

Arab tradition says that when the Moslem general Amru conquered Egypt, he found that the priests each June sacrificed to the river a young girl known as the "Bride of the Nile." The victim was gorgeously dressed and decked with jewels, and then thrown bound into the river. Without this, the priests declared the river would not rise. Amru forbade the sacrifice, and for three months the floods failed to appear. Amru, much troubled, wrote to the Moslem caliph and received orders to throw into the stream a note written by the caliph himself. This addressed the Nile, saying that if it rose of its own will it need not rise; but if it rose by God's will then the caliph implored God to make it behave properly. The river rose at once to its full flood.

This isle of Rodah has a still greater claim to interest. It was a favorite seat for the palaces of the ancient Pharaohs; for its location in mid Nile gives a broad and beautiful view both up and down the river, and its flowers and trees grow richly. Hence it was here, according to tradition, that the baby Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter when she came down from her palace to bathe. The very cove where his basket lay is pointed out.

Our scholars tell us that there must have been such a man as Moses to lead the Israelite migration out of Egypt. So, if we accept also the romantic details of his story, there are few more impressive spots on earth, as also there are few more charming, than this little cove. It faces not toward Cairo but toward the open river and the farther western shore. The rush of the Nile waters comes down to it through a quiet open farm land; the acacia trees bend over; the birds sing overhead. Pharaoh's daughter must have loved her island home. The palm-shaded alleys in which Moses may have walked in youth still tempt the

wanderer to dreamy meditation, as they did three thousand years ago.

Another short excursion we must make from Cairo proper will take us east across the native Cairo and south of it to the Citadel which we have had always in view rising there upon its hills above the city. The Citadel was a mighty fortress built by the famous Sultan Saladin, who led the Moslems against the European crusaders. It was an unconquerable fort until modern great guns came in with their power to crumble it to dust. Now it is little more than a barracks for soldiers and a shrine of memories. It has seen grim fighting. Here Mohammed Ali mas-



THE NILOMETER ON THE ISLAND OF RODAH

sacred almost five hundred of the Egyptian nobles. Here also he built the mosque named after him. It is a pompous and resplendent structure with walls of yellow marble, different indeed from the crumbling ancient mosques of Amru and Al Azhab. Its tall minarets rise high above the parapets of the Citadel, so that now that somber structure seems but a wall around the mosque, rather than the mosque seems part of the Citadel.

By the side of the mosque is a deep well, which made the Citadel secure against a siege, by giving it its own water supply within its walls. This well, which goes down over two hundred feet and may be descended

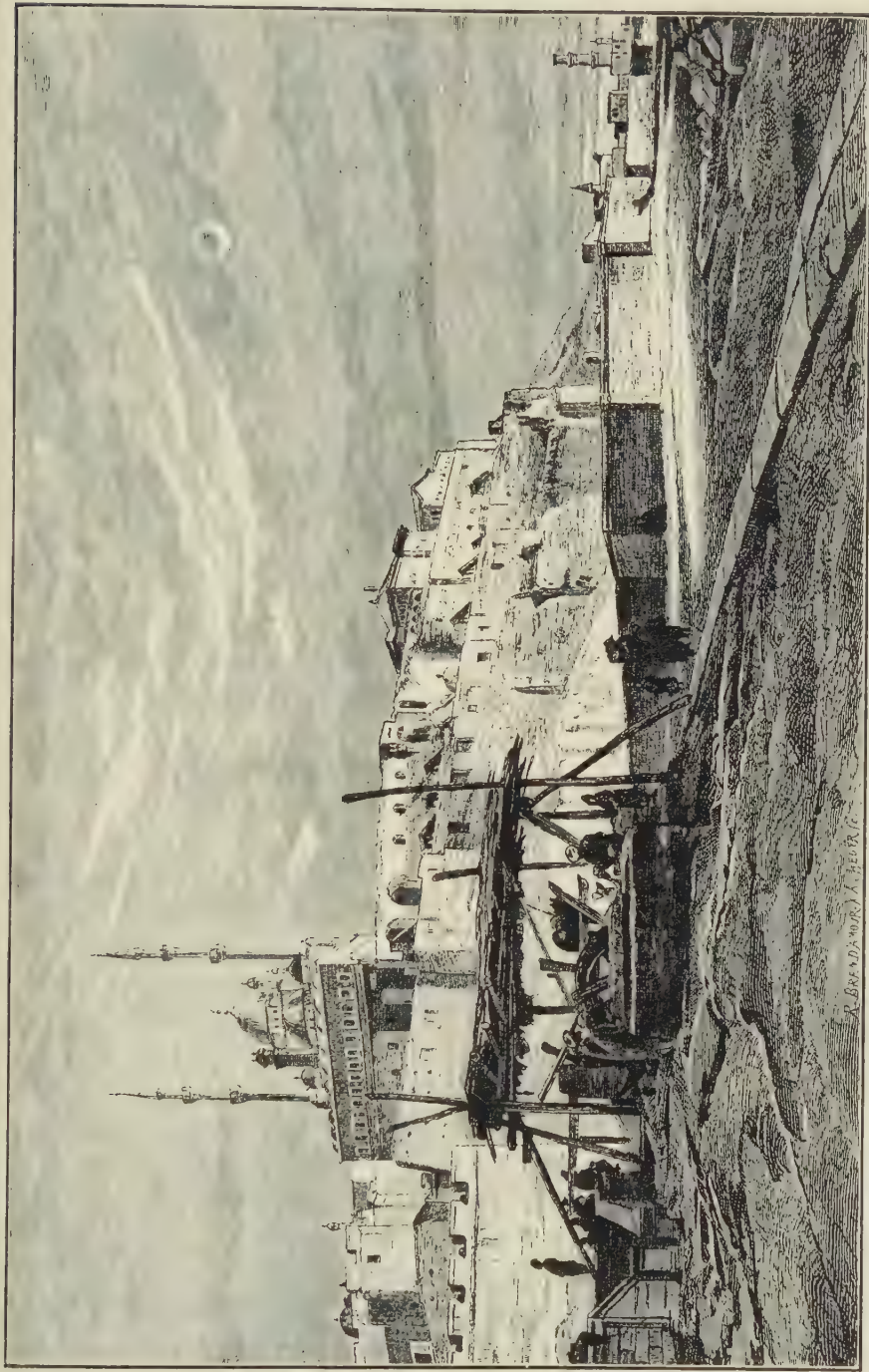
part way by those who are curious, was built by Saladin when he built the fortress. It was called after his personal name, the Well of Yusuf or Joseph. This led later ignorant generations to connect the well with the Biblical Joseph and to tell strangers that this Joseph of over three thousand years ago had forced the Egyptians to dig the well in his days of mastery over them. Arab historians, however, have always known the true history of the well.

From the parapets of the Citadel we can see all Cairo spread at our feet, with the Nile beyond it. Across the Nile we see houses, fields and then the desert. Against the sky line stand the celebrated pyramids. Southward the Nile can be traced until the higher hills bar our view. We are ready now to follow up this ever alluring Nile, to go still farther afield from Cairo so as to see that older Egypt which begins with the pyramids on the river's western shore.

Leaving our comfortable hotel for the last time, we will go down to the Nile and cross it by the great bridge which runs first to the nearby island of Bulaq and afterward across the main Nile stream to its western bank. Here we are in the suburb of Gizeh, and a street car will take us the short distance to the base of the great pyramids. We could see these from the Citadel; but we could not see that extending up the Nile one after the other, there are some seventy-five pyramids within the few miles which will carry us to the ruins of Memphis, the ancient metropolis of lower Egypt.

Of the seventy-five pyramids, the three here at hand are not only the largest, but almost the farthest down the river and the nearest Cairo. Hence these three have long been known as *THE* pyramids. We stand now at the ending of our car line and at the end of a last dainty avenue of shady palm trees, looking across the sand at the three pyramids. No carriages of any sort are allowed to cross these sands. The few remaining steps you must plod across on foot to visit these greatest tombs of all the world.

Some visitors have expressed a sense of disappointment when first gazing on the pyramids from close at hand. We have all heard so much of these marvels; but they have little claim to beauty, and a New York skyscraper might be larger. Their impression must be made upon the mind not on the eye. A modern building, an Eifel tower, is a triumph of human ingenuity and art; the pyramids were a triumph of brutish force. Gaze upon this nearest, largest one of all, the pyramid of King Cheops, built by him over five thousand years ago. Its base is some



THE CITADEL OF CAIRO

This ancient Citadel towers above the city and strikes every eye. Within it is the marble Mosque of Mohammed Ali, the slender minarets of which rise above the fortress and send their call to prayer over all the city.

eight hundred feet square; its height, even in its present partly ruined state is 450 feet. It is a solid mountain of huge stones quarried and carried somehow, we know not how, and here heaped up by hundreds of thousands of human beings toiling for uncounted years, plodding along as slaves under the master's whip.

The utter futility of it! The waste of all that human life and labor just to build a grave in which the master's dead body was to lie! And the labor failed of its purpose! Long before the modern Europeans began digging into the Egyptian tombs, the Arabs or perhaps some earlier conquerors had broken their way into the heart of the great pyramid, had found the hidden burial chamber at its center, tossed aside the worthless mummy of the forgotten king, left it to the jackals perhaps, while they carried off the mass of splendid jewels which had become the only real treasure of this mighty tomb.

Close beside the pyramid of Cheops stands that of his brother and successor Chephren. It is almost equally large and indeed at first glance seems the larger of the two, for it stands on higher ground and so is raised above its rival, as though Chephren, who outlived his brother, had craftily sought to over-match his splendor also. From both of these pyramids much of the outer covering of stone has been torn away. They must once have had a smooth surface of finer stone, but now the rough inner blocks of stone stand out like huge steps some four feet high up which visitors clamber to the top, pushed up by noisy Arabs seeking pay.

The summit of the pyramids has also been torn away. The Moslems hate these older monuments; for they regard ancient Egypt as a pagan land condemned to destruction for its wickedness. They themselves are simply Allah's instruments in what they consider the proper wiping out of that wicked world. A Moslem ruler once made the deliberate effort to destroy the third and smallest of these pyramids. Stone by stone he had it pulled apart. But the labor of destruction proved almost as great as that of construction must have been. The Moslem's energy was exhausted; the labor at his command proved not sufficient. The pyramid looks but little worse than its two neighbors.

Just beyond these somber peaks of stone, but invisible amid the sand hills stands a far more wonderful monument, the Great Sphinx. But this is so different from the pyramids we will wait to visit it until we have seen all the upper Nile and come to understand better what this ancient Egypt was. Then we may return to solve the Sphinx's riddle.



A NATIVE BOAT BENEATH THE PYRAMIDS

CHAPTER XI—EGYPT

ALONG THE NILE TO ABYDOS

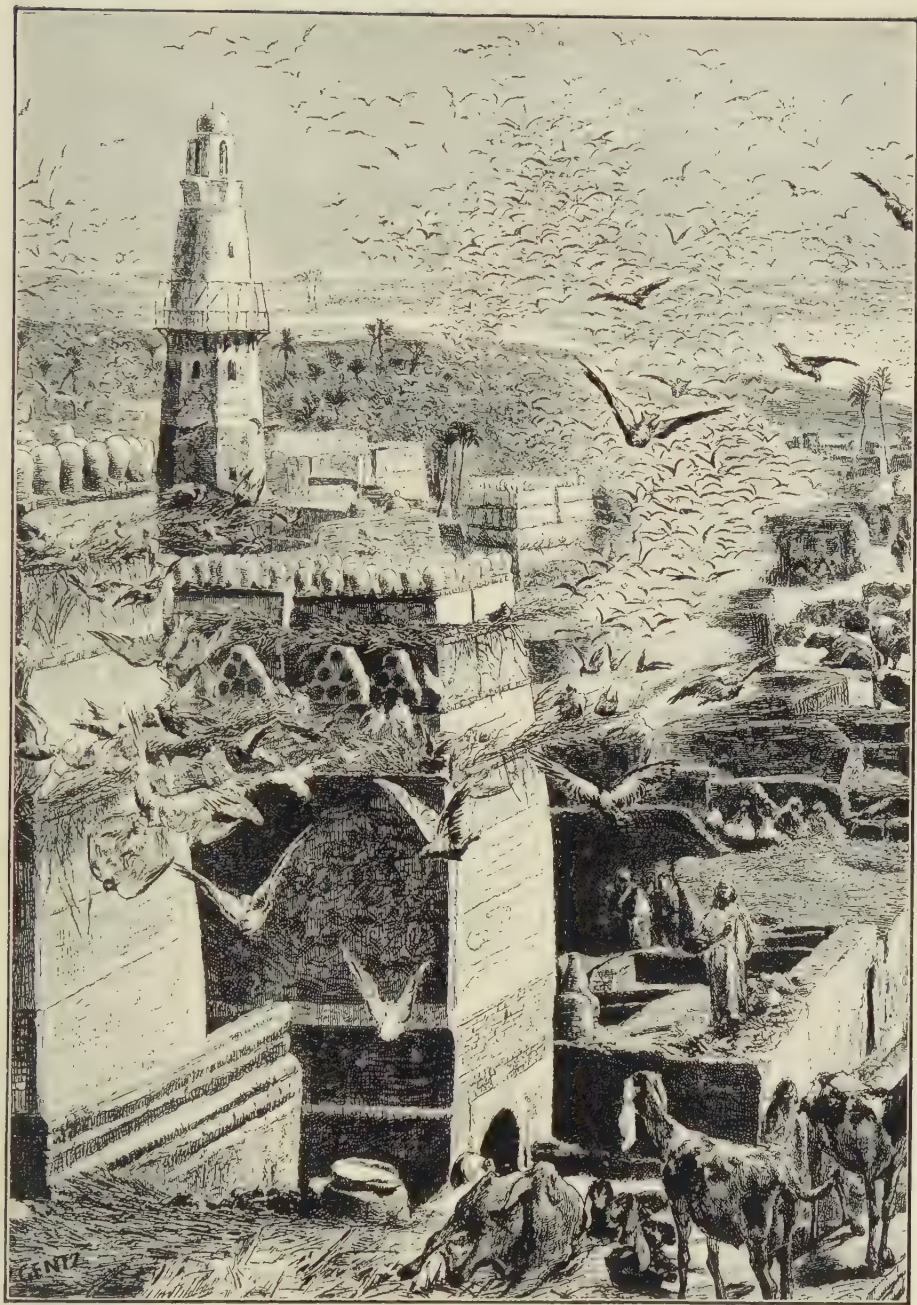
We are ready now for the famed voyage up the Nile. We shall leave behind us the official Moslem Egypt often so annoying, and also that European Egypt which is so extremely comfortable. We might indeed carry something of the latter with us by taking passage on one of the comfortable "Cook's steamers" which make the whole six hundred mile run up to the "first cataract" in about three days. Or in recent years we could go all the way by rail. Let us choose instead a native house-boat or "dahabieh." In that we shall be alone, and shall be able to stop where we please. Thus we shall be in touch with the native, primitive, simple Egypt which still exists and is even today not unlike what it was under the Pharaohs.

The fellahin or native peasants whom we meet along the shore are descendants of these early Egyptians. Conquerors, whether "Shepherd Kings" or Assyrians, Greek, Roman, Persian, Arab, Turk or British, have come; and most of them have gone again. The peasants and the Nile remain. Doubtless there is much Arab blood in all these fellahin today, just as there is a drop of Persian or of Greek; but the strain of foreign blood runs thin, the peasant reverts to the ancient type. On the Pharaoh's tomb we shall see carvings of patient humble servants who look exactly like the fellahin of today. All the splendor of Egypt

has been built upon the backs of these poor toilers. England was the first master who ever sought to give them any share in all the gathered wealth that they created.

Such indeed was the oppression put upon them in the Turkish days that they were often driven under the lash to work without pay, just as in the Pharaohs' time. To avoid military service, which meant practically exile until death, many of the peasant men deliberately blinded themselves in one eye. Therefore a Turkish ruler formed a regiment of one eyed men. In those hideous days many Egyptian children were naturally blinded by filth and its resulting diseases. Conditions today, are rapidly improving; yet even now a village street is sometimes made unendurable by its scenes of babies with their eyes covered with clinging flies. The mother is too used to it to bother; and the child is so weak or has found its efforts so useless that it does not even try to drive off the persistent, poisonous insects. The poor here have an old saying, "There is no misery like that of Egypt."

We shall scarce stop our dahabieh at Memphis, the ancient mighty capital of lower Egypt, a city begun by Menes, Egypt's first known king, six thousand years ago. We could see enough of the Memphis ruins from Cairo; and in fact there is not much left to see. Memphis stood too handy to the modern Moslem cities. Its stones and bricks have been carried off for a thousand different structures, palaces or huts, fortresses or canals. Fragments of carved hieroglyphs from Memphis can be found all over Cairo and the delta. One interesting statue is still there, a figure over forty feet high of the Pharaoh Rameses II, carved from a single solid block of stone. Rameses (răm' ě sēz) was a celebrated conqueror who raised this statue of himself outside his palace gates. Years ago an effort was made by the Turkish rulers to present this statue to the curious British, as evidence of Turkey's gratitude for many favors. But the task of moving the huge stone proved beyond Turkish power, and it was left lying prostrate by the bank of the Nile. There each year's flood flowed past the statute and around it and sometimes over it, and covered it with mud. Gradually King Rameses was sinking wholly out of sight as a mere mound of mud, until at length the Britons in Cairo raised a private purse for him. It was not large enough to carry him to England or to stand him upright, but it sufficed at least to dig him out of the mud and carry him back to higher ground. There the conqueror now lies in what we may fancy is a bewildered and silent wonder at his usage and his surroundings.



A VILLAGE ON THE NILE

Ma'abdah, called the crocodile village, looks outwardly like all Nile villages with its flat mud houses and its swarming birds, the scavengers of its streets.

Above Memphis the Nile takes on its typical character. It looks as it will look all the way up to Assuan and the first cataract, a stream some half mile broad in its winter channel, with abrupt banks and the greenest of green fields spreading back from the shore to the barren rock and sand beyond. On the east side, often close to the river, rise mountains, sometimes in abrupt cliffs three or four hundred feet high, sometimes in slower rising peaks which pile up higher and higher beyond our view, vast desolate masses of red and purple rock. These form the "desert" which spreads eastward to the Red Sea. So barren is this region that it has never been fully explored. Most of its places have not even names. The whole land is grouped by the Egyptians simply as El Jebel which means "the mountain."

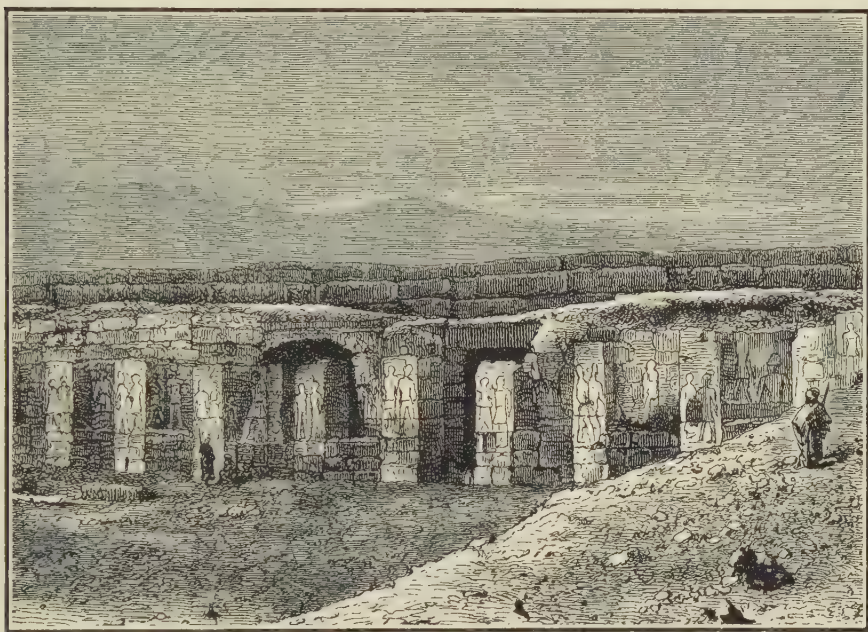
On the west bank of the Nile the cliffs are lower and set further back. Often there will be four or five miles of the yearly flooded fertile valleys before the green fields begin to give place to empty sand. Yet always at the back comes the steep hill wall and beyond it, hidden by it, the desert. On this side the desert is at first as on the Red Sea side a wilderness of rocks. It shows even an occasional touch of green plant life. By degrees however it alters into the desert of mere empty sand that spreads on to the west across the whole of Africa. It is the Sahara Desert. Thus the Nile valley is just a deep trough which the river has cut right across the desert. In oriental speech it is "the golden thread" which alone unites the North and South.

All along this valley we see the tiny mud huts of the fellahin, crowded wherever there is rising ground to lift them above the flood. Often a village stands close to the river on a mound which is really the mud-covered ruin of an ancient city. Four thousand years ago these handsome rock-built cities were as numerous as the villages are today. Their ruins, that is the ruins of their temples and their tombs, still stand all along the river as the old castles stand along the Rhine. The Nile, with its sky of perfect blue, its rocky cliffs of red or of yellow, its fields and thousands of islands of richest green, its golden sunsets and its stately ruins, has often been hailed as the most beautiful of rivers. In perfect lazy comfort we sail up against its slow steady current in our dahabieh.

A hundred miles above Memphis we begin to see to the eastward the Jebel et Tar or mountain of the birds. The natives will tell you that once each year all the birds of Egypt gather on this mountain. With long and excited squawking they arrange their government for the year. Then come their songs of rejoicing; and at last they all fly away again

each to his own affairs. Only a single bird is left as sentinel to guard the mountain till next year.

Close beneath the bird mountain stands the quaint old Coptic "Monastery of the Virgin." In Roman days these shores were almost lined with Christian monasteries; the Nile land was the favorite retiring place of meditative monks. Not many monasteries now survive; but this one manages to support itself by a queer device. Boatmen know it as the "monastery of the pulley." It stands upon a cliff with no way for the monks to reach the river but by lowering themselves with rope and



ABYDOS, WHERE EGYPT'S CIVILIZATION BEGAN

pulley. At this athletic task they have grown expert. They watch for passing boats, lower themselves swiftly as one approaches, and having thus drawn attention, they beg eagerly for alms. Then back they go clambering up their rope again to await another boat. It is a queer way to make a living.

Beyond this we come to the "Crocodile City," Maabdah (mah äb' dah). The old Egyptians held many animals sacred and after their death preserved them as mummies. Many of these mummies have been recently found, but there was never such another find as that of the crocodile mummies of Maabdah. This was the crocodile's special

home and shrine; and all the sacred ones were preserved in a burial grotto, a natural cave of endless galleries and windings. A cleft opening into this was found; and modern men of science entered, only to be almost suffocated by the foul, sick, sweet smelling air. They found thousands upon thousands of mummied crocodiles, from huge fellows hundreds of years old to tiny babies scarcely born. There were other mummies too, and more modern corpses. The guides insist that many a thieving Arab has ventured in here and been lost in the maze of passages and never reappeared. Once a guide let fall a torch, and the dried mummies blazed up like tinder. He perished; and also, according to local legend, his whole party of Arabs and Europeans perished hideously with him. The Arabs say the cave is full of evil, reptile spirits. There is no weirder place on earth than this crocodile grotto.

Farther up the river at Denderah, the inhabitants were noted for hating instead of worshipping the crocodile. Ancient authors say that the men of Denderah pursued and slew the crocodiles as fiercely as they could. Even the most sacred of these beasts knew this and though they ate eagerly of other human flesh, they fled from the mere smell of Denderah folk. Hence the men of Denderah were always selected as their keepers and could handle them at will and even rode on them as horses.

A more positive fame has come to Denderah for its remarkable temple. This has well been called the "Talmud of Egypt." Its walls are covered with pictures and ancient writings telling all the religious beliefs of Egypt. These writings give especially the full tale of what happens to a human soul or rather to a king's soul, at death. They describe the soul's journey to the lower world, the questions put to it by the various gods or judges of the dead, the answers it must make, and its final triumphal progress to godhood or at least to equality with the gods who judged it. Mainly, it would seem, a king was to defy rather than placate the gods, he terrified them into admitting him to their circle.

We cannot stop for each impressive relic left along these shores by ancient Egypt. If we did we should linger here forever. Let us choose only the three most famous sites. These are Abydos, Luxor or Thebes, and Assuan or Philae.

Abydos (äb' i dö's) is some three hundred miles above Cairo. Here or near here Egypt's civilization seems to have first begun. Our scholars reckon that Egypt must hold today some eight million human mummies, the hidden bodies of all her lords and priests through over four thousand



NAPOLEON'S SOLDIERS IN EGYPT

Napoleon's general, Kleber, led his men victoriously over most of Egypt. They passed the ancient temples, like this one at Thebes; but as conquerors themselves they had no time to waste on conquerors long dead.

years. Of these perhaps half were buried around Abydos. Menes, Egypt's first recorded king, is said to have been born near here, and to have raised himself from lordship here to kingship over the whole land. His tomb also has been found here, a strange and ancient tomb. It was built by encasing the body within layer after layer of clay bricks. Then wood was piled high above this mound and set afire, baking the bricks so hard and solid that only now, perhaps, six thousand years since Menes' death, has his tomb been opened. With every year we learn more about these earliest Egyptian days and men.

We can even go back of Menes. At Abydos of late years have been found the graves of earlier ages, the half civilized folk of the bronze age, and even of the far stone age. We can reckon Menes as having lived about six thousand years ago; but for these stone age folk we can not even count a date. They were the beginners of Egypt, the origin of all the splendor that came after them. The more we learn of them, the more we shall know by what steps man rose out of his brutish condition of prehistoric times.

Some of our scholars have thought that Egypt's best and brightest days were earlier than Menes. When, only some three centuries after him, his successor King Cheops built the giant pyramid, Egypt had passed its age of freedom and progress. It had become a land of slaves and tyrants, incapable of the eager thought and freedom of invention which must once have caused its brilliant rise out of ignorance.

Abydos was the home and shrine of the god Osiris (ō sī'rīs) pictured through all Egypt as the original god, the father god from whom man and all man's progress had sprung. He was the lord of the world beyond this. He was in a way the sun god, for he is described as being constantly slain and forever reviving again. His later temples still stand here, one at least in a fine state of preservation. Beyond these, our explorers have at length found the ancient "well of Osiris." This dates back to the earliest days of his worship. It was supposed to be the true entrance to the other world. Down it were thrown the offerings to the god. It was the center of Egyptian worship. Around it the early kings and lords sought to be buried, much as in Mesopotamia the Moslems still seek to be buried at Kerbela. Each king sought to crowd his tomb as close as possible to the Well of Osiris. Man clings always to whatever thought he can find that seems stronger and higher than he.



THE ANCIENT PORTAL LEADING TO THE RUINS OF KARNAK

CHAPTER XII—EGYPT

THE UPPER NILE

Above Abydos we are definitely in Upper Egypt, a wilder land than that along the lower river. A darker shade shows in the skin of the fellahin. The negroes of central Africa have touched this land deeply. Occasionally we shall even meet wandering negroes at Abydos, and they grow more numerous as we go south.

A hundred miles or more above Abydos we approach Luxor, around which is gathered the most tremendous and impressive set of ruins in all the world. These form Egypt's chief record and chief glory of the past. Luxor itself was until recently a mere mud village like so many others, built upon a mud mound which covered the ancient temples beneath. Now Luxor has been taken over by the British and made the chief playground of Upper Egypt. The ancient stone dock of the Pharaohs has been rebuilt as a modern wharf. Splendid hotels have been erected. Idlers or sick folk who wish a warmer climate than that of Cairo and Heliopolis come here where they are close to the actual tropics. Luxor has become a minor Cairo.

Of course one main attraction lies in the marvelous ruins. To these rather than to the modern town we shall turn our eyes. Ancient Egypt had two capitals, Memphis in the north, which as we have seen has almost disappeared, and Thebes in the south. Thebes was in some ages

the more important city of the two. To some extent it was the political and religious capital, while Memphis was the business capital. You might think of them as being like Washington and New York, except that Thebes was perhaps the larger of the two.

It is Thebes whose ruins lie scattered for miles around Luxor. Thebes was famous to the Greeks. Their poet Homer sang of it as "Hundred Gated Thebes" and declared that from its hundred gates there drove forth to battle twenty thousand chariots. The Bible speaks of it as the great city of No, which means "The City." Its chief god was Amen-Ra, who in later ages came to be regarded as the real God behind all other gods. His wife was Mut, the universal mother-goddess, who also had her temples here. This City of Amen lay spread on both banks of the Nile; but its most numerous buildings, its shops and streets and ordinary homes, were on the broad plain on the western side. Modern Luxor stands on the more rugged eastern bank. There, and even more in the region called Karnak a mile or two north of Luxor, arose the chief religious shrines of Thebes, its temples and the houses of its priests.

The shrines of Luxor have been to a considerable extent dug from beneath the modern town. They include a beautiful temple with its many columns imitating the lotus flower. Luxor has also a whole series of portrait statues of the mother goddess, Mut, done in black marble. As these show her with the face of a cat, we must assume that cat was not a term of disrespect as applied to the ladies of old Egypt. The main interest of most visitors to Luxor lies in its alluring shops and British society. For antiquities, outside of the hotels, one turns to Karnak.

From Luxor to Karnak extends the famous "avenue of sphinxes," containing long lines of these mystic figures. The sphinx has a lion's body with a human breast and the head of either man or woman, though sometimes the head is that of a hawk and one set of the sphinxes here have ram's heads with fierce curling horns.

By more than one sphinx avenue we approach the temples of Karnak. Upon these Pharaoh after Pharaoh during many centuries lavished his wealth and the labors of his people. Around and beneath these temples there have recently been found vast pits containing buried broken statues, great and small, some almost whole, some shattered into useless fragments. These statues, over a thousand of them, have all been sent to the great antiquarian museum at Cairo, the main collection of Egyptian relics in the world. There you can see them if you will. This mass



THE SINGERS OF OLD KARNAK

This is a famous modern painting of the ancient religious services in the temples of Karnak
The huge columns of the "Hypostyle," the largest of all these ancient halls, still stand.

of mingled buried statues is explained by the fact that Thebes was more than once ravaged by conquerors, its shrines defiled, its statues overthrown. Then later Pharaohs restored it. The statues were too broken—to be replaced, too sacred to be destroyed. Instead they were buried—an Egyptian would bury anything. Among them was a particularly well made and artistic statue of Tutankh-amen, whom we shall meet again as he was the Pharaoh whose grave caused such a furor at its discovery and opening in 1923.

Beside these buried statues is a pool. In old days this was entered solemnly in procession by the priests as a religious rite of purification. Its banks still show the old walls and steps and on the bank is a huge carven scarab of granite. The scarab or Egyptian beetle was the emblem of life and fertility. Usually one sees scarabs as mere symbols painted on some statue's breast or as tiny ornaments sold in the streets. Here the huge beetle seems placed as if to be the center and essence of all fertility.

Most noted of the Karnak temples is the great "Hall of Columns." It is a huge hall with its roof upheld by over a hundred tremendous columns elaborately carved and decorated. The main columns are sixty feet tall and twelve feet across, as big as many a modern house. This hall had become almost filled with earth until it was dug out and explored some fifty years ago. Then when the columns were thus called on to resume their long forsaken task of holding themselves upright, several of them in 1899 fell over, with much destruction to the temple. The columns have since been carefully restored and made safe for the thousands who visit the hall every year.

Across the river from Luxor and Karnak lie greater wonders still. Here was the real Thebes. As our boat approached it from the north we could see first of all its awesome "colossus," famed in legend as the singing statue. Or, rather, since a second similar figure towers beyond, we see the twin colossi. These huge statues are sixty feet high and just alike. They are, in fact, the survivors of an avenue of statues all representing and all erected by the pharaoh Amenophis III, in his own honor. The later ages had forgotten him and called these the statues of Memnon. The Greeks said that Memnon was the king of the black people of Ethiopia, the Nile land beyond Egypt, and that Memnon had fought against them and fallen in their great Trojan war. So they often visited here to pay honor to Memnon. In later days the Roman emperors came here also. One is said to have stayed for weeks while

his courtiers wrote poems and plastered them up on the mighty statue, reciting in verse how Memnon had recognized the emperor as a fellow-god and bowed to him and even sung to him. In fact, a number of Roman writers insist that when the morning sun first touched the Memnon statue sweet sounds of music came from it. It was known for ages as the singing statue.

No music comes from it today, nor from its twin. The two colossi sit there each with his hands resting on his knees and his weather-beaten face gazing out above and beyond the little folk who cluster around



THE MEMNON STATUE AND ITS TWIN COLOSSUS

his feet. Nothing do they heed of the passing generations! They almost seem, indeed, to contain a concentrated force, a Will fixed wholly on continuing on. They mean to stay forever! And unless some new mad conqueror overthrows them, they will last for more thousand years than they have already known.

Behind the colossi there are temples and tombs, one remarkable one being that called the Ramesseum. It was built by the conquering pharaoh Rameses II to carry on its walls the carved and painted record of his victories. Next to the Denderah temple it gives us our fullest, clearest narrative of a portion of old Egypt's life.

And then behind all Thebes we come to the Valley of the Kings. This is a wild rocky gorge which many generations of kings selected for their secret burial places. Tomb chambers as vast and fine as those within the pyramids were here hewn down deep into the solid rock. Then when the king, too often with his slaves and wives slain beside him, had been buried in the tomb it was covered over and concealed with the most careful art, to hide it from the despoilers of some future age. That much, at least, the mightiest Pharaohs had been taught by time, that when a thousand years had come and gone, their mummies would be utterly unknown, unreverenced; but the jewels buried beside them would still be a lure as potent as ever to urge men to search out their graves.

It was in this valley that Tutankh-amen's tomb was unearthed in 1923. So well had it been concealed that though other pharaohs' tombs around it had long since been opened and plundered by the Arabs, this one had escaped all search. Its discoverers, Mr. Howard Carter and his patron Lord Carnarvon, found the tomb absolutely untouched and filled with the most interesting treasures recovered from Egypt in many a day. Here was the crown of the king, his jewelled ornaments, his cups and dishes, his beds and chairs, his favorite household gods. Everything he could be supposed to wish to take from this world to another lay by his side. He had not taken them wherever he had gone.

Lord Carnarvon died from the poison of a mosquito's bite soon after the opening of the tomb; and this led to a reawaking of the Arab superstition that these old pharaohs had known how to lay a curse upon their tombs so that whoever first reopened them would die. But by the Arab superstition the curse should have struck the actual openers of the tomb, not passed to the unfortunate lord.

We must leave Thebes, though no one ever does so willingly. This ancient and beautiful region contains so much to see, to ponder, and at Luxor to enjoy. Again we mount the Nile, this time to pause at Assuan, six hundred miles from Cairo. Assuan is today another British town, or at least it has a European front with big hotels, rather elaborate shops and a number of cheering villas. Yet behind all these still lies the old Moslem town; and behind that, historically there has always been a town here; for this is the end of the real Egypt we have been enjoying. Here the mountains, which have so long been rising on each side of the river, come close together. The river has to break a passage through. Above, it is a mountain river with many cataracts. Here is the "first



AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKH-AMEN

This tomb, shrewdly hidden in the wilderness of granite rocks, was discovered and opened in 1923. So rich was the treasure found within that crowds flocked to Luxor to see the tomb. Its entrance, in the picture, lies in the center of the crowd.

cataract." Hence Assuan was the frontier town from which Egyptian lords used to lead expeditions, in search of either mines or conquest, into the wild and torrid wilderness of the blacks.

Assuan was said to lie exactly on the Tropic of Cancer, the northern line of the Tropic Zone; and the ancients spoke of a deep well here into which the sun could look straight down on only one day of the year. On the longest June day the sun came farthest north and so just at noon was for a moment exactly overhead and illumined all the well to its utmost depths. We know now that Assuan is a few miles too far north for the Tropic, and also that this gorgeous summer sun would light up almost any deeps.

Assuan's modern fame depends on its great dam. Here in 1910 the British completed their giant work of making a reservoir to regulate the flow of the Nile. Some three miles up the river amid the swift currents of the cataract, they built from hill to hill a dam a mile long and three hundred feet high. It holds, in a lake behind it, the surplus waters of the Nile flood and lets these down the river as they are needed. The dam has worked a blessed revolution for Egypt. It has made the regularity of the harvests not absolutely secure, but still far more secure than before. In truth the old Nilometer at which we gazed at Rodah records no longer the will of the Nile, but the judgment of the engineer at Assuan who, with his fingers on the pulse of the river and the fields, lets through what water he thinks wise.

In making this great lake behind the dam the British have unwillingly caused one bit of poetical destruction. That is at the island of Philae. Philae was the third most renowned of Egypt's remnants, ranking with Thebes and with Abydos. Philae was an island just above the cataract bearing some well preserved temples which were most amazingly beautiful and delicate, the gems of Egypt. These still stand and are visible most of the year, but at times the lake behind the dam must and does rise above the island shores and flow amid the ancient pillars of Philae. Gradually but surely it is undermining them. Some day they will disappear. There is one little temple there commonly called "Pharaoh's bed," the most gracefully dainty structure in all Egypt. The main temple was dedicated to Isis, the queen of heaven, the wife of Osiris. Indeed this was her island, the home of beauty. Of course the dam is infinitely more valuable than Philae. Yet it is a pity indeed when man's progress can only be made by trampling over the beauteous things of the past.



THE MIRAGE OF THE LIBYAN DESERT

CHAPTER XIII—EGYPT

THE DESERT AND ITS OASES

We have still much of interest to see in Egypt: the wilder Nile region which lies above the cataract, and all of Egypt that can be said to exist outside of the Nile valley, the oases that break the dead monotony of the desert, and the Fayum, that strange flooded region where a portion of the Nile escapes its imprisoning hills.

The old classic Egypt stopped at Philae. The new Egypt to which independence was granted by the British extends nominally over a hundred miles farther up the Nile to Wady Halfa. This upper Egyptian province is a part of ancient Nubia. It is a much wilder land than that of the peaceful Nile below. Wandering Arab tribes here show at times along the banks. The temple remnants are few and of less interest than before, except for the giant temple of Abu Simbel which is carved into the solid rock and has in front of it four seated colossi which almost vie with those of Thebes. Beyond the little town of Wady Halfa comes the "second cataract" of the Nile, and above this is the distinctly British region, the "protectorate" of the Sudan. That is a part of negro Africa and must be left to a later visit.

Turn now to the oases. There is a marked line of these running across the desert to the west of the Nile. We might visit them all on our return trip down the river by taking camels from Assuan and jour-

neying from one oasis to the next until we reached the Mediterranean Sea so far west of the Nile as to be almost over to Tripoli, the next state west of Egypt. The oases seem in fact to follow a crack of some sort in the earth's surface, so marked that it has been called the "false Nile," and the Arabs say the Nile once flowed there. That is mere fantasy; but the oases do lie in hollows deep below the level of the desert, and water does reach them. It is not rain; there is no rain on the desert. The water swells up from the ground, coming from no one knows where, perhaps from far off central Africa, perhaps seeping through by subterranean channels from the Nile.

At any rate, these springs each save a little patch of land from being overwhelmed by the desert. An oasis is seldom really beautiful. Its scanty herbage and struggling half blighted palms would stand out as blots upon the scene in the rich Nile valley. But by contrast, to one who has struggled across the desert sand and sun and blinding heat, the spot of green does seem a paradise. And these oases are all peopled. In each one, the secluded life of the people has bred characteristics of their own. A curious student of human nature might well visit them all. Yet such a camel journey might prove doubly dangerous both from sand storms and from robbers, perhaps robbers following us from the very oasis we had just visited. So we will stay instead upon our comfortable boat dropping easily down the Nile current and only stopping to make brief side trips to some of the most striking oases.

The first of these will be El Khargah, the "great oasis." It is over a hundred miles back in the desert and few folk indeed had ever visited it until recent years, when a little railroad was built out to it by the British. We will take this queer narrow road, with its specially devised cars with windows proof against poisonous mosquitos and smothering sand and burning sun. We will travel by it, west from near Abydos over the barrenest of barren rocks till suddenly, after over a hundred dreary miles, the train plunges into a deep depression or valley, drops some seven hundred feet from the bleak summit, and lands us in Khargah. The oasis is a hundred miles long by roughly thirty wide. Its sole commercial product is the date. By the date trees the people live. They are even taxed so much per tree. They are a simple, gentle, unwarlike people, perhaps fifteen thousand in number. Their towns are even closer built and with narrower, more underground streets than those of the Nile. If desert raiders attack the oasis the people hide in these streets and are quite beyond finding.



STARTING FOR THE OASES

The sending of a caravan to the oases, especially the oasis of Dakhlah is a yearly event. The caravan gathers the date harvest of the oasis for sale, and it brings to the oasis all that the natives will get or know from the outer world for a year.

The oases were scarcely known to the earlier Egyptians except by vague rumor, which pictured the dead as having to travel west across the desert to some beautiful islands there. Thus to old mythology the oases became the "islands of the blest." They were well known in later days. A Persian conqueror built a big temple at Khargah, and the Romans opened and enlarged the springs, building subterranean aqueducts and making this a really verdant spot. Then when the Roman empire began to break and Christians were sorely persecuted, many of the victims fled here across the desert. Khargah became a great Christian community. It still holds large and handsome cemeteries of Christian dead. Yet by degrees the Moslems took possession; today there are no Christians, except an occasional European visitor, in Khargah. Its Roman water works are crumbling; its people make little fight against the desert. The sand drifts down on them; each year the broad belt of palm trees narrows. Unless new life comes from somewhere, El Khargah is on its way to perish.

Beyond Khargah to the northwest lies the somewhat smaller but much more fertile oasis of Dakhlah. To reach Dakhlah is one of the most difficult of journeys. There is no possible way to travel there except by the newest vehicle, the aeroplane, or the oldest, the camel. But for the natives at least the aeroplane is impossible; and camels are not kept at Khargah. The maddening poisonous flies there are too much even for camels, which soon die in misery. So we shall have to bring our camels with us from the Nile and hurry on with them, or else await the yearly caravan which transports the date harvest from Dakhlah. With this we will venture out into the open desert, the real desert now, not of rock but of the blown sand from the Sahara.

We may even encounter one of those sandstorms so dreaded farther west where the Sahara knows no shelter for a thousand miles. Luckily our trip to Dakhlah will be only about a hundred miles, so the danger is smaller. Nevertheless it is real. These sandstorms are caused by wind, not rain. An unusually strong wind lifts the sand from its bed and blows its grains through the air almost like bullets. As the storm approaches, the sky and even the blazing sun become rapidly obscured. The air grows terrifyingly hot. Then comes the cloud of driven sand.

This sand rushes over everything, covers everything, mound or man or beast, that blocks its path. Its speed is such that escape is hopeless. The desert dweller has learned to turn his back to it and his camel's back, and endure. The rushing mass of sand burns, it cuts, it

suffocates. When the crouching man and beast are half covered by it, they struggle free, move on a few steps and crouch again. If they sink in exhaustion, they are covered over and smothered. An army of fifty thousand men once perished here, where we are travelling. So perhaps you would sooner not go to Dakhlah. After all it is merely the outer edge of the Egyptian world, the most green of the oases. The harder life there seems to have bred a sturdier people. They work hard at their fields, they husband their water supply. Their spot of green grows larger instead of smaller; they drive back the desert.



IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FAYUM VALLEY

There is one other oasis we must be sure to visit. We can reach it best from Cairo, for it lies some two hundred miles almost directly west of the capital. Its present name is Siwah, but its old name was taken from the chief of gods, Jupiter-Ammon, the Egyptian title of Jupiter. It is the celebrated oasis of the ancient oracle of Jupiter. Five hundred years before Christ's time this was the most famous oracle of the world. When the Persians conquered Egypt, their king felt himself insulted because no word recognizing him as a god came from this oracle of Jupiter. So he vowed to destroy the oracle and all its worshippers. He sent an army of fifty thousand men across the

desert to reach the oasis. They wandered till, exhausted and perishing, they found Khargah. There they were directed on the true route to the oasis of Jupiter; and not daring to return to their king, they attempted the desert march. A sandstorm, such as we have just described, swept over them and slew the entire army. After that the oracle was regarded as divinely protected.

When Alexander founded Alexandria, he too resolved to win a verdict from the oracle declaring him a god. In more peaceful manner than the Persians he journeyed over the desert with rich gifts. The priests of the oracle received him with high favor, assuring him that he was indeed the son of Jupiter and deserved divine honors. Alexander's mad and drunken downfall dated from his acceptance of this rank as a god.

The old oracle still stands today, though faith in it has long departed. The people of the oasis now are of a sort of degenerate half Egyptian and half Libyan stock. They number about four thousand and dwell in two rival cities, of which Siwah now gives its Arab name to the oasis. The two cities, so safe from all the outer world, spend their days in private war against each other. Siwah is high walled and towered like a medieval town. Only the married men can live within the walls. The bachelors dwell all together just outside where they can repel any attack by their foes, and where they can not reach the women of the town: for the Siwah people are fiercely jealous. Otherwise they are an idle folk, making no effort to secure wealth or foreign goods from the outside world. Their little oasis, some two miles broad by thirty long, is all the world they want.

The Fayum (fī ōm'), our next point of visit brings us back closer to Cairo. Some thirty miles up the Nile from Cairo the river does for once what it attempts nowhere else. It finds an issue from its valley. A single offshoot from the Nile plunges through a gorge in the western wall and rushes off toward the desert. Whether this remarkable gate in the valley wall was wholly natural or whether it was partly engineered by the ancient Egyptians, we can not say. At any rate they took advantage of it to wall in the escaping stream just beyond the hills and make an artificial lake. There was a great natural hollow beyond this, like the hollows of the oasis farther west, a basin scooped out of the soft limestone rock. With the waters of their artificial lake the Egyptians irrigated this barren hollow until just this one bit of Egypt outside the regular Nile valley is the most fertile section of the whole.



A SPHINX OF THE DESERT

Egypt has many sphinxes. In addition to the great one near Cairo there are a number such as this at Thebes and even far out upon the desert, where now their only visitors are the desert wild beasts.

It is called the Fayum. Its fruits are Egypt's best; its roses are specially fitted to make the famed Egyptian "attar of roses." Its chief city, Medinet, standing in the middle of the ancient lake, is a bower of beauty. Every wealthy Egyptian wants a villa in Medinet.

The Fayum is thus really a deep depression in the desert, about a hundred miles in length. Its surplus waters have no outlet, but drain down to its lowest deeps, which are many feet below sea level. Here the waters form a lake not unlike the salt Dead Sea, for the sun drawing up the fresh water makes the lake ever more salt. The yearly return of the fresh waters of the Nile does, however, keep this odd lake partly fresh, and it holds the same fish as does the Nile. Thus the Fayum shows us a circular hillside with a fresh artificial lake at the top, a half salted lake at the bottom, and a wonderfully irrigated land between. Its making was the chief engineering work which has survived the ages.

Returning to Cairo from the Fayum we pass again that most mysterious of all Egyptian monuments, the Great Sphinx, so typical we have left it till the last. Egypt, as we have seen, had many carven sphinxes, but only the one Great Sphinx. This lies partly hidden behind the second of the three chief pyramids. When you walk around to view it, you find a single giant rock, a hundred and fifty feet long and seventy high, chiselled by human hands into the form of a sphinx with the head of a man. Between its huge paws there stood once a temple. All around it and behind it lies the desert. The Sphinx is older than the pyramids. How much older, we can not tell. Perhaps the oldest thing in Egypt.

To Cheops, builder of the pyramid, it was already a great antiquity which he repaired. A later Pharaoh had a dream in which the Sphinx appeared to him as a god, the god of morning, the rising sun, and bade him dig the stone image out of the sand which covered it. Again in later days the sands wholly buried it, until men dug it out. The Moslem conquerors, in their fury at its calm cold face, turned their cannon against that face and managed to batter it somewhat. Yet still the Sphinx looks gravely out above us as it has continued to look for at least seven thousand years. Its level eyes still meet the rising sun. The pyramids and the hieroglyphs have yielded up their secrets. The Sphinx has not.

Egypt too is still a riddle. Much as we can now read from her hieroglyphs as to the steps by which she climbed from barbarism, we still lack the heart of the story. We see the land over five thousand years ago already starting to decay. We can not see the earlier ages by which it rose to knowledge.



SUGAR CANE HARVEST IN THE LAND OF GOSHEN

CHAPTER XIV—SUEZ AND SINAI

THE MODERN CANAL AND THE ANCIENT MOUNTAIN

Egypt's rule today extends over one province not really Egyptian. This includes the famous isthmus of Suez and the still more famed peninsula of Sinai. Of these, the latter at least is wholly Asiatic. Thus Egypt spreads across the connecting isthmus from Africa into Asia. Its boundary touches the Holy Land.

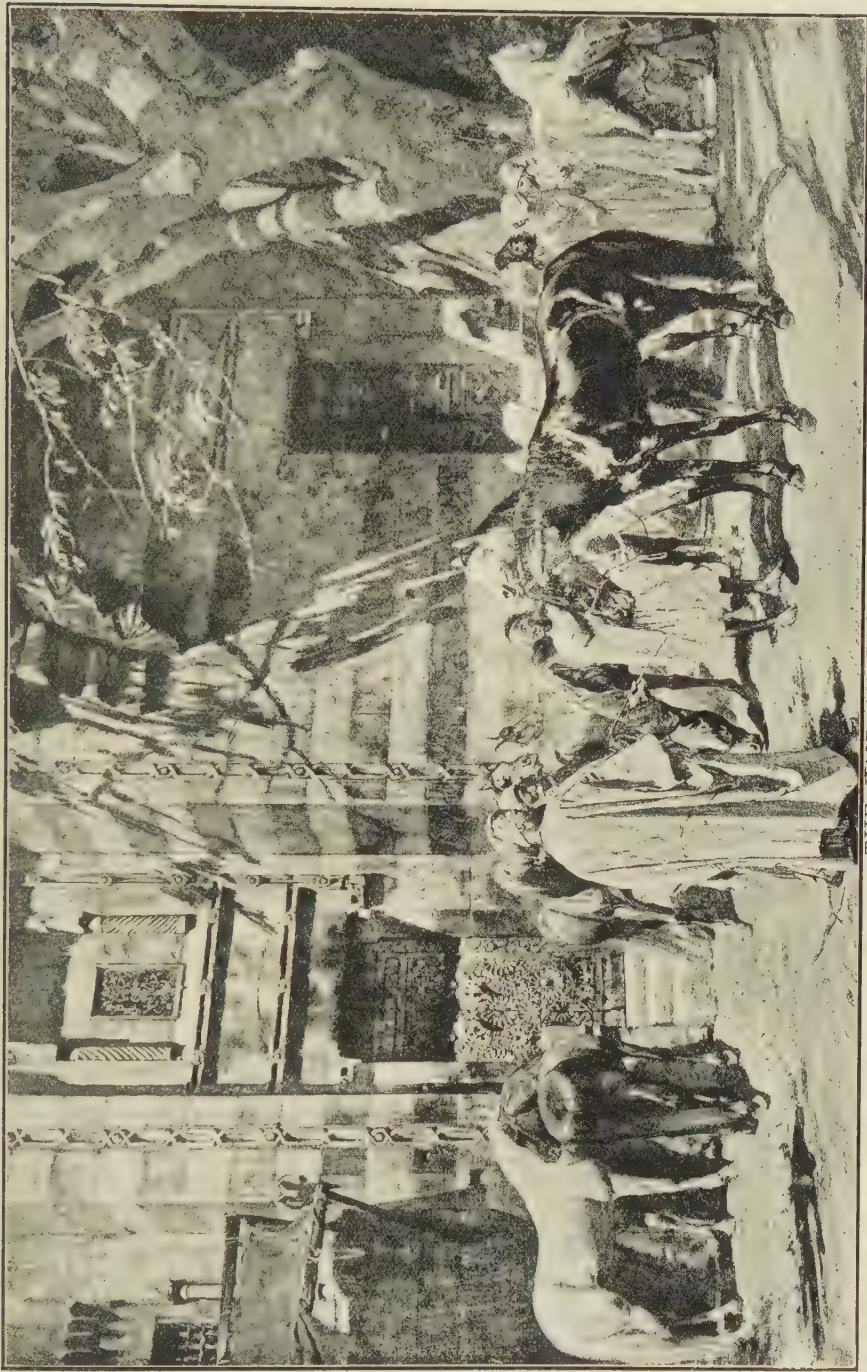
When the Israelites had toiled in Egypt for four hundred years and were sore oppressed, their great leader Moses brought them forth to Sinai and thence to the "Promised Land" of Palestine. It is their journey we have now to follow. The Israelites seem never to have penetrated far into the real Egypt. They dwelt only on its border, between the Nile delta and Suez, in what the Bible calls the "land of Goshen." They would thus have been the first of Egypt's people to suffer from any invaders coming from Asia. So too, when the Israelites returned from Egypt to Palestine, they had but a brief journey before Egypt was left behind. To see their Egyptian home of Goshen, we will run down from Cairo by train to Zagazig, its chief city. Zagazig lies at the eastern edge of the Nile delta in the midst of what is now a rich cotton growing region. Still further east the land grows drier and more barren, until before we actually reach Suez we are in a desert. In Goshen the Israelites were at first given the rich farm and meadow

land near Zagazig. Later, as the oppression of them increased, they were set to work on the barren frontier, where they were compelled to build fortress cities, to hold the garrisons of Egypt's armies guarding this frontier against Asia. The remnants of these cities, the Pithom and Rameses of the Bible, still remain. We can visit there hundreds of roughly built chambers for storing grain, which are made of the "bricks without straw" upon which the unhappy Israelites toiled.

When Moses summoned his people from their slavery, they had not far to march. A dozen miles east from Pithom the famed Suez Canal cuts through the desert. This is now accepted as the dividing line between the continents. Beyond the canal lies Sinai with its desert and its Holy Mount from which Moses brought down the Ten Commandments. This desert region of the isthmus had a different surface in Moses' day; and the changes make it hard to locate the scenes of his narrative. The Red Sea probably extended much further north at that time. It may even at some still earlier period have joined the Mediterranean; for there is no high ground between. The hollow through which the great modern canal has been cut was always half filled with shallow salt lakes, the remnants of the sea. Hence Moses may once have crossed the waters of the Red Sea at some spot where we now find only sand.

Local tradition represents the crossing of the Israelites as taking place close by the town of Suez, which stands now at the southern end of the canal, where it enters the Red Sea. A traveller here, way back in the sixth century, tells of having had this spot pointed out to him. So the tradition is at least that old. He tells of watching the rising tide from the Red Sea roll past the spot and far up through a narrow gulf that stretched to the northward. Then as the tide fell the waters rushed back and became very shallow. This would picture for us a natural tidal passage over the narrow sea. Our traveller, however, rather shakes our faith in his accuracy by going on to tell that at low tide he could still see the chariots and weapons of Pharaoh's drowned army, and that these relics had been turned into marble.

The canal itself is the modern miracle of Suez, though even there those remarkable old Egyptians seem to have been before us. They had a canal here too, built about Moses' time. It did not, however, go all across the isthmus. Instead it turned westward not far above Suez and so connected the Red Sea with the Nile near Zagazig. Thus Egypt had her own great trade route with the Far East, the route that made Alex-



THE FAIR AT ZAGAZIG

This ancient town still holds its annual fair as it did in Moses' day. The desert Arabs venture this far into Egypt to sell their famous "Arab steeds." Some of these today are the reverse of swift, so every horse sale is a battle.

andria the world's chief sea-port. In Roman days the once ruined canal was carefully restored and kept up. It was the main line of trade between East and West until the Moslem days. Then the Arabs let it fall, as they let so much of ancient civilization fall, into the ruin from which our day is still struggling to rescue Egypt and Sinai.

Our modern canal, built by the famous French engineer, De Lesseps, was begun in 1860 and finished in 1869. It cuts the isthmus from sea to sea. The modern town of Port Said marks its northern mouth. Port Said was a barren sand bar when De Lesseps began his work; now it has become what Alexandria once was, the link between East and West. Here all the world goes by.

Vessels of every nationality traverse the canal; and sea men and wanderers of every nationality possess Port Said. It is the most cosmopolitan spot on earth for people of the lower sort. You will shudder at the coarseness of some of its inns and other resorts; but you will certainly be interested. Electric lights and modern sanitation keep the place as safe and healthy as they can; yet it can not help but be a dirty city. The chief business of the port is as a coaling station for the passing ships. This work is still carried on by hand, because that is the cheapest way, and at night, because that is the coolest. The actual labor is done mainly by women, negro women brought from the south, not exactly slaves, but with four or five of them all controlled by one man who acts as their overseer and sits on the dock encouraging their toil and keeping tally of the number of coal baskets each one carries past upon her head. The toilers are naked to the waist. The grimy work is lit up by the flare of great torches and everybody is covered with coal dust and glistening drops of sweat. Everybody chants as the work goes on, one weird strain as the line marches aboard ship with heavy baskets, another as the empty ones return. The East has few more strangely foreign scenes than this to offer to the westerner.

Coal by night, and sand by day! That is Port Said. There is nothing anywhere around the town but water and the desert. All day long the wind blows a fine sand over everything; if this were not constantly brushed away the town would disappear. A few feeble palms are kept in the various resorts and gardens by persistent watering; but even these are coated with a sickly gray.

Along the canal, about thirty miles south from Port Said, is the highest ridge through which the canal was cut. From time immemorial this ridge has been the line of the caravan route between the continents. The

place is called El Kantarah, which means "the bridge." There is a real bridge there now across the canal; but the name refers to the far more ancient natural bridge over which Abraham once journeyed, and Joseph, and his brethren, and practically all the invading armies which have since marched from continent to continent. When we have crossed at El Kantarah we are definitely in Asia.

Beyond the canal the region of Sinai is a mere sand desert. Farther south it rises into rocks and rugged mountains. There is a good deal of scanty pasture land upon the upper levels. Here the Israelites sub-



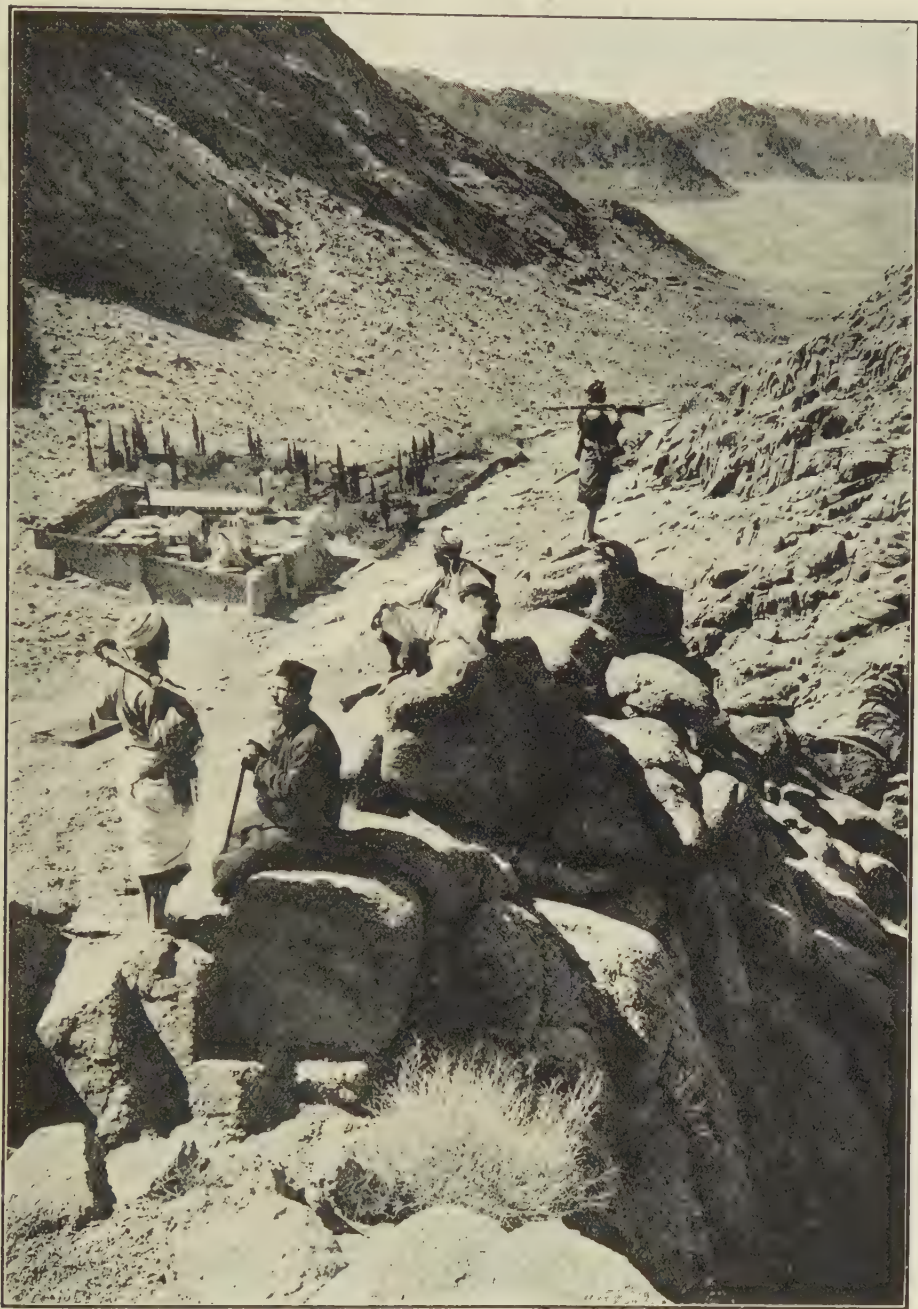
HOW PATIENCE MAKES EVEN THE SINAI DESERT BLOOM

sisted with their flocks and herds for all the years until they entered Palestine; and here the Egyptians at an even earlier date had copper and turquoise mines which they worked regularly. Their records and their prayers can still be read carved upon the rocks. There are even traces of the tools wherewith the miners worked five thousand years ago.

At the southern end of Sinai rises its celebrated holy mountain, Mount Sinai. There Moses received those Tables of the Law, the Ten Commandments, which are still the basis of our modern civilization. Mount Sinai towers over seven thousand feet above the sea amid a wilderness of tumbled rocks, great precipices and yawning caverns.

To penetrate to the heart of the Sinai wilderness there is no way except by camel journey. Here there are no roads, no houses, no civilization. A few fierce Arab tribes roam with their tents and herds even as the Israelites once roamed; but their few towns are set on the sea shore at the far eastern edge of the desert. This central mountain district extending over a hundred miles each way stands as naked as it has always been. Of course all the ages since Moses have thought of Sinai as a sacred land; and priests and religious men have always sought to dwell there. But nature and the fierce Arabs have been too hard for them. In the early Christian ages, especially, there were scores of monasteries here. Each monastery was erected close to some worshipped spot, the well of Moses, the rock from which water flowed at his stroke, the place where he destroyed the golden calf. But starvation was always close to the monasteries; or the Arabs plundered them and slew the monks. Today we shall find only one important one remaining, the celebrated Monastery of Saint Catherine. There are few older Christian buildings than this. It was built by a Roman emperor and has stood here for fourteen hundred years. Its burial chambers hold the ghastly evidence of this in the visible withered remains of all the generations of monks who have dwelt here. Its servants are reputed to be the descendants of the slaves whom the emperor presented to the first monks.

We shall reach this impressive old structure after three or four days of painful, heat-struck journey on our camels with much hard clambering over rock and through chasm. The monks will welcome us gladly. They see few strangers except the hostile Moslems. Indeed in recent centuries the monks preserved themselves only by building a mosque within their walls, and claiming to represent both religions. The monastery buildings resemble a great fort, and until our day their only entrance was by a door high up in the wall to which visitors were raised by a rope. Now, however, the fear of British punishment has penetrated even here. The Arabs are no longer a menace, and we may walk in through an ordinary door. The monks will furnish us beds also, though of the hardest, and food though of the plainest. They are helped now by European churches, so they have money to preserve their shrines and the old, old books which make their library a noted treasure. The walls of the church preserve quaint mosaics of the Roman age, pictures of Christ and Moses and Elijah. Elijah too, it must be recalled, fled to this wilderness of Sinai and was fed here by the ravens.



A CHURCH IN A HOSTILE LAND

The Monastery of St. Catharine is the one fertile spot on Sinai. It is guarded against Arab raids by the Egyptian soldiers. They are Moslems and do not love it.

Behind the main altar of St. Catherine is a chapel, the chief holy place. It stands, the monks will tell you, on the spot of the burning bush from which the angel's voice told Moses of his mission. The chapel is dark and so arranged that just once a year the sun shines directly in through a deep and narrow window slit, and lightens the spot to a sudden flame as if of the burning bush. For that one moment the monks watch and pray, in the faith that it brings an actual divine presence. If a cloud intervenes in the sky they must wait another year for the returning glory.

Our main interest now, however, will lie beyond the monastery. We will climb Mount Sinai itself. Just which is the stand whence Moses delivered the Law to the masses in the plain below is not quite clear. These tremendous cliffs offer many a marvellous amphitheatre and many a stupendous pulpit. A similar uncertainty clouds the particular peak which Moses ascended when he "talked with God." If however we accept the guidance of these monks, they will show us what they believe is the very spot.

With one of them as guide we ascend from the monastery into an even wilder region. We scale slopes almost too steep to climb; we cross what in a less sun-blasted land would be mountain water courses, but here are only dry clefts where water once has flowed. We mount what was once a builded way of three thousand steps though little trace of them remains to guide us now. At length exhausted from our struggle, dizzy from the high rare air as well as the threatening abysses, we find ourselves upon a narrow rocky shelf. There is a tiny mosque at one end, a tiny chapel at the other. Above us is only the sky. Far off to the west we get a glimpse of the Red Sea, beyond which lies Egypt. Around us is a mad confusion of rocky peaks sunk mostly beneath our feet, so that we look over them to rocky summit beyond summit, an empty world. Here on this little shelf so far above most mountains, so far removed from human thought and the business of living, here God Himself is said to have passed by when He bade Moses hide himself in a cleft of the rock lest the Glory burn him to ashes. Even the rocky cleft is shown us, a rough and narrow but complete shelter just big enough for a man to stand upright. I have stood in it myself, and however little you may trust these old monks' knowledge and tradition, the experience is strange and impressive. To the Christian who can accept the local tradition this may well seem the most stupendous spot on earth.



PALESTINE'S HARVEST GATHERING, NOW JUST AS OF OLD

CHAPTER XV—PALESTINE

ENTERING THE HOLY LAND

From Sinai one looks north to Palestine, the holiest of holy lands, revered alike by Christian, Jew and Moslem. Until the World War it was, like all of these adjoining lands, a part of the wretchedly managed, autocratic, plundering Turkish empire. Now it is a free land under a British protectorate. It has its chance, like all the rescued lands, to work out its own prosperity if it can. It is ruled by native "councils," upheld by British authority, and is already a very different land from the pitiful Palestine of the Turks.

It is a tiny land. Its whole breadth is only fifty miles. As to its length, the Bible phrase "from Dan to Beersheba" means from Palestine's most northern town to its most southern, a vast distance according to the thoughts of men in olden days; yet from Dan to Beersheba is less than a hundred and fifty miles. You could lose all Palestine in one of the counties of our larger American states. It is an old saying that jewels come in tiny packages. This land is the most widely worshipped on earth; because here the Jews first built their civilization and taught that there is but one God over all the universe, and here Jesus taught the religion of universal brotherhood and love.

Tens of thousands of pilgrims pass through here every year, and more come with each generation and from more distant lands. A half

century ago Americans were rare here, but in this era of swift ships and alert minds ours is today perhaps the wealthiest flow of visitors though by no means the largest. From the nearer countries come the poor, those to whom the pilgrimage is the purpose of a lifetime. Russian Christians are brought by filthy steamers from the Black Sea; Moslems come by caravan afoot even from as far as India; Jews gather from all lands. The number of the colonies which have been attempted in Palestine in the past, and which have failed because of the barrenness and bad government of the land, reaches a tragic figure. Of late years there has been a great new Jewish movement toward colonization, the Zionist movement; and this under the new government and new law may well prove a success.

Yet despite all efforts of Jews or Christians, Palestine is today a Moslem land. You will not understand our visit here unless you keep that fact in mind. The Moslems, whether Arab or Turk, have held sway here ever since Mohammed's time. Until recent years they would allow no Jew in the land, so almost all the Jews we meet have come here within two generations. Christians were tolerated only as monks or as temporary pilgrims until a century ago. Ninety percent of the natives are still Moslem, mostly of Arab blood, though there is in them all some strain of the old, old people of the land, the Canaanites who dwelt here even before the Israelites came. The latter, it must be remembered, were conquerors in their turn and never mastered the whole land, nor wholly destroyed even the tribes they mastered. So the folk of Palestine are an Arab stock, speaking Arabic, but with a Canaanite basis, a sprinkling of Christian priests throughout, and a superstructure of modern Jews and British officials.

The land itself may well be approached from the south in the old time way in which we have been travelling through Sinai, upon camels with Arab guides. Thus coming up from the Sinai desert, the first change we shall note, the first touch of green above the sand, comes as we mount the hills in approach to Beersheba. The name means, the Wells of Blessing. How much it must have meant in older days! The immeasurable blessing of water after crossing the desert! Abraham dug the first recorded well here; and so carefully are wells preserved in this dry country that we may be sure we drink from Abraham's wells today. Seven wells he established here; and there are not many more today. Beersheba is just a simple mud built town of peasants such as we saw in Egypt. Approaching Palestine thus across the desert we



THE WELLS OF BEERSHEBA

Beersheba is still, as of old, the last fertile spot of Palestine, a place of wells on the edge of the desert.

shall come to village after village just like this, the unchanged land of two thousand years ago.

We might of course have chosen a far swifter road. We might have come, as most Europeans now do, straight through from Egypt by rail. The railroad which took us to Port Said and the Suez Canal has been continued right on across the desert into Palestine. From Alexandria to Jerusalem is now but a short day's trip over the iron rails. The road runs close to the sea shore, so that you can watch the waters upon one side, the sands upon the other. There is naught else to see along most of the way.

You may note, however, the signs of that striking triumph of British effort during the World War, the carrying of a line of water pipes from Egypt all the way across the desert. Only thus could water be made secure for the advancing army which drove the Turks from Palestine and drove their leaders to surrender Turkey. There was an old triumphant saying among the Asiatic Turks, "Not until the Nile flows into Palestine shall the Turks be driven from Jerusalem." They meant to imply that the one event was as impossible as the other. But the old impossibilities are rapidly disappearing before modern science. The Nile flowed into Palestine through these pipes; and the Turk is gone from Jerusalem.

Entering the land by rail, we shall not get back among the hills where Beersheba lies. The first town we reach will be the old Phoenician sea port, Gaza. Here numerous springs rise from the soil and the town is set in the midst of a beautiful expanse of verdure. Flowers bloom everywhere. This is a true oasis on the desert's edge. Today Gaza itself is a mere shabby, country market town, but think of all the adventure that lies in its past. This was the city whose gate Samson carried off upon his shoulders. These Phoenicians were sea wanderers who came to Palestine even later than the Israelites, built themselves sea port cities among which Gaza was one of the chief, and there, through all the days of David and Solomon, remained Israel's chief opponents, a people few in number but shrewd, able, strong.

Their fortress city of Gaza was one of the last strongholds of paganism. When Rome became Christian and forced its new faith on its subjects Gaza resisted. Before its last old statues and temples were overthrown, it even invited the desert Arabs to its aid. Today it still holds the mosque and tomb of Mohammed's grandfather, a fierce and pagan Arab fighter in his day; but now of course regarded as a Moslem

saint by the followers of his grandson. Another quaint old Moslem shrine is erected to the "Father of Strength," which means Samson. The Moslems accept the Bible story as part of their religion, so worship all the old Testament heroes.

Beyond Gaza our train carries us north through fertile coast lands. British officials are using this as a tree nursery from which to reforest the desolate parts of Palestine. Hundreds of thousands of baby trees have been set out. North of these we come to Jaffa, the chief port of Palestine, from which the railroad runs up the mountains to Jerusalem.



THE TRADITIONAL "HOUSE OF SIMON" WHERE ST. PETER LODGED

In fact, as American tourists, we would ourselves be far more likely to enter Palestine by way of Jaffa. Until the war-railroad from Egypt was built, this was practically the only way of entering the land; and the great ocean steamers still make it their chief stop. The dusty railroad is only preferred as a means of reaching here, because landing from the ships is difficult and sometimes even dangerous. If the weather is bad, ships sometimes do not stop at all, but carry you on to their next port, from which you return as best you can.

As we approach Jaffa by ship, therefore, we shall watch the weather anxiously. If it is clear we shall see an abrupt rocky coast rising swiftly

from the shore to mountains, not great mountains like those of Sinai—nothing is on a gigantic scale in the Holy Land—but hills from one to two thousand feet above us. Next Jaffa itself appears, a charming sight, a cluster of old gray walls in a very bower of green, with rich orange groves all around. There is no harbor. Merely between our ship and the town there rises a ledge of rocks. In the far past when ships were tiny, these rocks sufficed to break the waves, and so form a shelter close to shore. But the water inshore from them is so shallow that modern ships must lie outside and send their passengers ashore by rowboats.

A landing at Jaffa is thus an exciting event indeed. First you must be lowered from the ship to a boat full of howling Arabs. The ship's officers will take good care of you and me, as "first class" passengers; but the large majority who here enter the Holy Land are poor pilgrims from Greece and Russia, "third class" folk. From most ships they are simply dropped overboard by the arms to fall a dozen feet and be caught by the Arabs below. The women pilgrims scream; the male pilgrims curse; the Arabs shriek. If a sudden wave comes, some unfortunate misses the boat altogether and must be pulled gasping and struggling from the water. Imagine the pandemonium! Then the boats race for shore, darting through passages between the jagged low-lying rocks. This is all very well in quiet weather; but in storm the fierce waves and swirling currents beat upon the rocks and make their passage dangerous indeed. Our captain may well prefer safer ports.

Look back now from the calm and sunlit shore to that scarce visible line of rocks. Tiny though it seems, it has its fame from the past, as have all things here. The early Greek mythology knew these rocks. To them, say the Greeks, Andromeda was chained; she was the princess of this country, and was offered as a sacrifice to be devoured by a sea-dragon, but was rescued by the hero Perseus, who slew the monster.

That is the oldest among several similar tales. The tradition of sea monsters at Jaffa is strangely persistent. From this port Jonah set forth to his famous exploit of being swallowed by the "whale," another sea-monster. The huge bones of some great "dweller in the deep" were shown here all through the middle ages; and a Roman writer tells of seeing sea-serpents here with long beaked mouths. Look at these low rocks again. Perhaps they were the last home of some of those prehistoric sea-reptiles who were lords of the early earth in the ancient "age of reptiles."

Jaffa is so old that the Moslems have a tradition that it existed



LANDING AT JAFFA

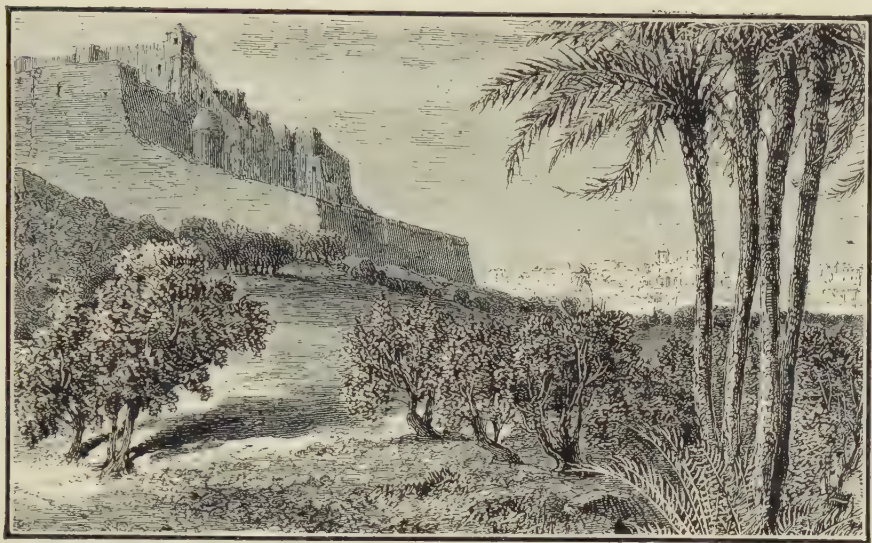
Jaffa has no modern harbor. Tourists approach the Holy Land by small boats, and in a storm cannot land at all; so getting ashore like this is just good luck.

before the flood. It was the chief port for which the crusaders fought under Richard of the Lion Heart, the English king. In the days of Roman upheaval it was a chief shelter of the eastern pirates, and way back in Solomon's time it was the port where he received the "cedars of Lebanon" to be dragged up the mountains for his holy temple.

It was here also that the Apostle Peter had his vision in which he was bidden to teach the new Christian faith to all the world, because all nations were accounted "clean" in the judgment of God. The very house where Peter lodged will be shown you and the flat roof whereon he dreamed. And, though we must learn to put little trust in the constant pointing out of ancient sites by crafty and enthusiastic Arabs, yet Peter must have come to just such a crude old house as this, with its outside stairway and its flat, terraced roof; and he looked out over just this sea, as he felt the wonder of the great inspiration that there came to him—that all men are equal in the eye of omnipotence.

Another doubtful shrine you will be shown is the home of Dorcas, the faithful female worker of the Bible, to whom Peter came, and after whom sewing societies have been named ever since. Some Roman antiquities were unearthed beneath an old house here some time ago; and among them was a mosaic which seemed to represent Dorcas being raised to life by Peter. So the Roman shrine may have been a church to Dorcas; and its builders may possibly have known where she once lived. At any rate, there is a modern Russian church above the cellar where the mosaic is shown, and a gentle old Russian priest will lead you to the shrine with earnest prayers.

A more modern interest lies in the present progress of Jaffa. All its splendid orange groves are the product of foreigners and of the present generation. A Christian colony from America was planted here some seventy years ago, and failed most sadly. On its foundation, however, later colonies prospered, chiefly German until the Jewish Zionist movement began. Now from all lands, but especially Russia, the Jews are returning to Palestine. They made the neighborhood of Jaffa their chief center, and they have several prosperous settlements. One close at hand is at Sarona, the fertile "plain of Sharon" of the Bible, rich with those "roses of Sharon" which may have been the poppies which here bloom everywhere. Tell Aviva holds another successful Jewish colony. These settlements are as modern and as clean as Jaffa is old and dirty. Even in the Holy Land, "the old order changeth, giving place to new."



THE WALLS OF BETHLEHEM AND ITS ANCIENT CONVENT

CHAPTER XVI—PALESTINE

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM

Palestine is simply the southern half of a ridge of mountains which bar the Mediterranean Sea from extending further into the east. The ridge runs north and south, rising from the low desert of Sinai in the south and becoming ever higher until, in the north beyond Palestine, it reaches its greatest height in the noble peaks of Lebanon and Hermon. Within Palestine the highest peak is Mount Gerazim, four thousand feet high, and the crest of the range is in general about twenty-five hundred feet.

Jerusalem stands magnificently upon the summit of this ridge, a mountain fortress, selected from prehistoric times as a place of strength, a high watch-tower quick to see any approaching attack and strong to resist it. So sharply do the mountains rise from the sea that Jerusalem is only thirty miles to the east of Jaffa, and fifteen miles farther east the ridge has fallen again into a valley so deep that it is a thousand feet below the level of the sea. Here lie the city of Jericho, the river Jordan, and the Dead Sea. From the crests around Jerusalem you can look down upon both seas and both cities, Jaffa and Jericho.

A little rickety railroad climbs from Jaffa to Jerusalem. It is the cheapest as well as the quickest way to get there, so all the poorer pilgrims mount by it, with much chatter and more odors. For us a more

pleasant and more inspiring way will be to hire donkeys and so climb foot by foot up the road, which is filled with ancient memories of all the holy tales we were taught in childhood. Here Samson was born and died, and here he did his fighting with the Philistines. Here David slew Goliath. Here dwelt the Maccabees who fought the great Jewish war against their Greek rulers. We shall pass Latron, the traditional home of the two thieves who died upon the cross with Christ. We shall pass Ramleh, the traditional home of Joseph of Arimathea the rich merchant who loved Christ. We shall see Emmaus where the resurrected Christ appeared to his disciples, and Bittir which the Jews under Bar Cochba defended for over three years in their last desperate war against the Romans. Some of these sites, like that of Bittir, are definitely known; others are vaguely guessed at; but these and a hundred other events of Biblical or later days all took place somewhere among these plains and mountain gorges which lead from Jerusalem down to the sea.

Here we shall begin to understand better what the ancient Israelites were like. Their eager delight in the beauty and fertility of their "promised land" of Palestine is only explainable because they had been living in the desert or in the slavery of Egypt. Really Palestine is bare and rugged and rock-covered. Only the plains close by the sea are truly fertile; and these the Israelites never conquered. They became a mountain people, who roamed among the hills where you and I are now journeying. Occasionally they ventured on short, sharp forays against Gaza and the other Phoenician towns along the shore; but they remained a "pastoral" people. Even now we shall see on every hill we pass the goats and sheep at pasture. Most of the land is fit for nothing else. Seldom do we see enough level space for a field, and only by constant fertilizing will this thin soil give crops. Wild flowers are plentiful and beautiful in spring, poppies especially leap up everywhere. These mountains offered a scene to please the tired eyes of Moses and his followers, wearied with the flatness of Egypt; but this was never a garden land, nor even a good farm land.

Yet such as it was the Israelites fought for every foot of it and watered it with blood. So also did the still earlier Canaanites whom they supplanted. Five miles outside of Jaffa we shall pass the hill Al Jazar or Gezer. Here our men of science have been at work as in Mesopotamia digging out an ancient town. In the Bible story the "King of Gezer" was defeated by Moses' successor Joshua, but his city was not



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THE GRAVE OF ABRAHAM AND SARAH

At Hebron in this Mosque of Macphelah is shown the cave wherein Abraham purchased graves for himself and family. Moslems, Jews and Christians make pilgrimages here.

captured. Now we find here ruins not only of this old Canaanite city but of other cities yet older. The mount reveals traces of seven cities, each built upon the buried remnants of the last. The Canaanite city disclosed skeletons of babies sacrificed apparently to some pagan idol, and the skeleton of a young girl who had been sawn in half. Below was an Egyptian city; below that a settlement of the old bronze age; below that the crude remains of "aborigines," men of the stone age who fought with chipped flint spear points and fished with hooks of bone.

The winding railroad that climbs the hills does so by swinging to the southward of Jerusalem. Our mounting road will swing also to the south away from the "Vale of Ajalon" where it is said Joshua stopped the sun and won his main victory over the Canaanites. This southward curve will bring us up the hills rather nearer to Bethlehem than to Jerusalem; and as the low roofs of Christ's birthplace rise into sight, we will turn aside to visit this southern section first. So shall our journey follow the life of the great teacher from the city of his birth, rather than from the city of his death.

Bethlehem is some five miles almost directly south of Jerusalem and some forty miles northeast along the mountain crest from Beersheba, the wells of blessing by which we first entered this hill land from the southern deserts. In all the forty rock-bound miles from Beersheba to Bethlehem, there is only one town we shall care to know; yet this one is so important that our visit to the Holy Land would be incomplete without it. To the Moslems it is the holiest shrine of all the region. It is Hebron, which means the city of Abraham, the patriarch who was the first and to Moslem view the greatest of the Hebrew race.

At Hebron also we shall see the common people of Palestine in their real character. At every other town we are so surrounded by beggars and guides and all sorts of folk who study to make a living out of the "rich" foreigners, that we have no chance whatever of seeing the genuine native life. At Hebron the people will avoid rather than seek you. Most of them are Arabs, devoutly fanatic Moslems. They will not even admit you to their chief shrines; and if you make one move which they regard as irreverent to their faith they will insult and even attack you, despite modern police protection. A few years back, just before the World War, the writer knew of a tourist who arrived upon a donkey to visit the mosque at Hebron. As he dismounted, the donkey gave a sudden start; the visitor's foot caught in its trappings, and he was thrown staggering against the mosque. His hand and, what was worse, his

foot in its leather shoe fell across the threshold. He had profaned the holy ground! The passers in the street rushed at him with wild cries. Two holy men who had been standing with welcoming bows within the temple, removed the tourist at once and violently into the street. A furious mob gathered. The tourist's guide discreetly disappeared. A Turkish official interfered. By an immediate public gift to the priests, the tourist convinced them the insult had not been secretly devised as such. They intervened in his behalf. He made public apology,



THE BETHLEHEM MART FOR BEADS BLESSED BY THE CHURCH

and was at length allowed not indeed to enter the temple but to remount his donkey and depart in peace.

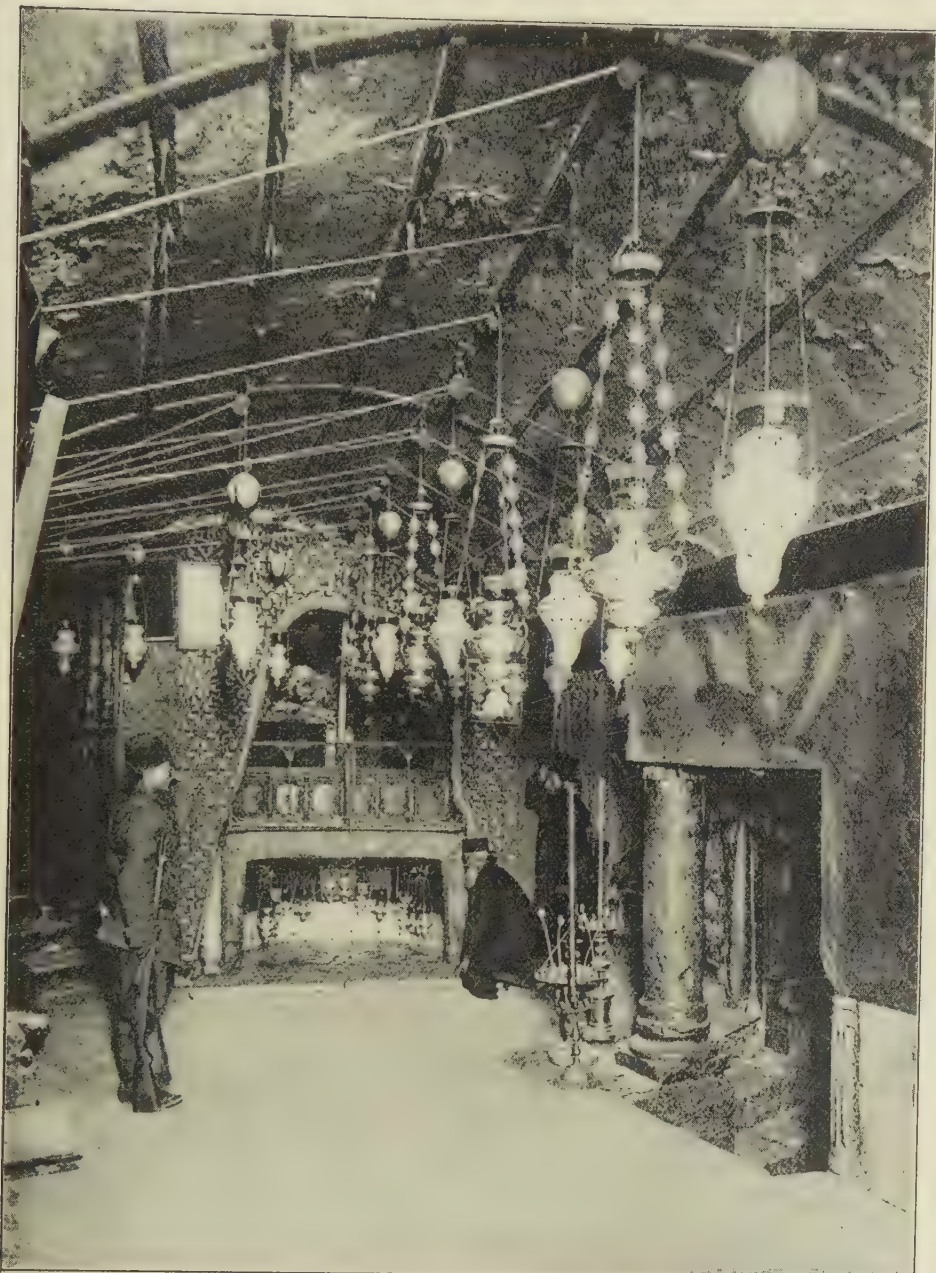
There are Jews also in Hebron, a few thousand scattered among the throng and easily picked out by their long, dark gowns and curling ear-locks of hair. To them it is a sin to cut the beard, and in cutting the hair in front of the ear the beard might be clipped; hence the ear-lock grows long and separate from the beard. These Jews gather here to wail at the tomb of Abraham. Every Friday evening a crowd of them in somber religious fervor lament with heads bowed against the wall which hides his grave. Their lament is for the departed glory of their race.

This tomb of Abraham is one of the two chief shrines of the city. Before his death Abraham, merely a wanderer as yet in the promised land, visited Hebron and purchased from its chief a burial grave, the grave of Macphelah. Here he buried his loyal wife Sarah; and here afterward he was buried and so perhaps were his successors, his son and grandson Isaac and Jacob, and their wives, though of Jacob's favorite wife, Rachel, we shall meet the better known tomb elsewhere. Over this solemn cave of Macphelah, the Moslems have built a rich and stately mosque, the one at which our tourist stumbled; and they will let you visit the mosque but not descend into its crypt to the actual cave. From this the Jews are also barred; but the Jews here will show you a hole in the rock outside the mosque, a tiny hole which they say leads down into the cave. By this hole they worship and lament. Inside the mosque, which is apparently an old Christian church remodelled, there are six gorgeous shrines to the three patriarchs and three wives. Those of the men are draped with green canopies brodered in gold, green being the Moslem holy color. The shrines of the women can receive no such high honor but are draped in gorgeous red.

The Arabs will tell you that Hebron was the site of Adam's creation, and that the first cycle of man's wandering from Adam to Abraham, ended with the latter's return here. It is a pleasant town wherein to end life's journeying. Its three thousand feet of height make it cool despite the burning sun, and the trees are green around it, and its fig and lemon orchards are rich and fragrant.

Driving back by carriage toward Bethlehem we shall see many fine mountain views. We shall pass the "Frank Mountain" so called because the Franks (the French and hence all Christians) made their last stand here in the old crusading days, until they too were driven out of Palestine. We shall pass the "pools of Solomon," the water system by which for three thousand years water has been piped to supply the city of Jerusalem. By this and many another storied scene, we shall at last reach Bethlehem the city of the Nativity.

Bethlehem is a town of flat limestone houses from one to three stories high. Perhaps fifteen thousand people dwell here and throng its narrow close built streets. In the day of Christ it was a mere village, and its greater size today is wholly due to the fact of his birth there. This is the one town of Palestine which is mainly Christian. Here there are all manner of houses of monks of every nation; and all the rest of the people exist by selling relics of some sort to the pilgrims who come



JESUS' BIRTH SHRINE

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This elaborate shrine is in the cellar of the church which covers the site of the manger where Jesus was born. Each Christian sect takes its share in adorning the ancient grotto.

by thousands from Jerusalem. The "business" made of religion here is offensive indeed to the thoughtful believer, relieved only by the sincere and rapt devotion of the visiting pilgrims. The resident monks are mostly fanatics, those of each different Christian sect quarrelling violently with the others and each seeking to increase its own privileges. Some years back two sects disputed so long and bitterly as to which had the right to wash a certain triple window in a shrine, that at length the Turkish officers intervened and forbade either to attempt washing it. This "feud of the unwashed window" continued until the new British officials stopped it. It typifies the unhappy spirit of Bethlehem. Some of its Christian sects have adopted our modern calendar and celebrate the Nativity on what we call December 25th. Others cling to the Russian calendar which is eleven days behind ours and so brings Christmas on what we call January 6th. The still older Armenian sect asserts that our January 15th is the proper date. So Bethlehem has three separate Christmases, and the partisans of each strive to outdo the others not only in honor of their own date but also in contempt of the others.

In the public square of the town stands the large church which is said to cover the stable grotto of Christ's birth. The cellar or grotto beneath is elaborately decked. Around its shrine hang fifteen lamps carefully divided, so that six are to be tended by the Greek monks, five by the Armenians and four by the Latins. Within the shrine is an ornate cradle with a life-size image to represent the Christ. The whole appeal of the place is intended for the very ignorant pilgrims, who are awed and thrilled by it. Americans usually turn from it sadly. If this be indeed the stable and the manger of Christ's birth we would like it preserved in its native, grave simplicity.

There are a thousand such cave-stables in Palestine today, which will show you better what the Christ story means. Or you may find among the women of the land a thousand sweet faced, soft eyed mothers who might stand for Mary's picture. The Bethlehem women wear a simple appropriate garment, a single long white robe with full skirt and V shaped neck. They bind their hair with strings of coins and over it they throw a linen shawl. The rank and wealth of each is shown only by the rows of coins and the amount of embroidery upon gown and shawl. One could wish the rest of Bethlehem would copy their gentle kindness. But, alas, it is a town of men, loud voiced and fierce of eye. Bethlehem is one of those places you can love much better in your dreams of its great glory, than you can ever love it by visiting it today.



HEZEKIAH'S ANCIENT POOL AMID THE HOUSES OF MODERN JERUSALEM

CHAPTER XVII—PALESTINE

THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM

Jerusalem is unlike any other city on earth, so unlike that one faces it as a constant strangeness. It should be a holy city; instead it is, like Bethlehem, a city of warring sects where hate and scorn and all uncharitableness find bitter vent. It should be a beautiful city; instead with the single exception of the site of Solomon's temple it is poor and mean looking, utterly without trees and flowers, with low and crumbling houses and unkempt lanes. It should be bright and bustling for its seventy thousand residents, though not for its earnest pilgrims; instead it is the blankest and most empty of towns, with no cafés, no entertainment places, no shops worth mentioning. The hotels are poor and silent as the rest; after nine o'clock at night you might take this for a city of the dead. It should be a semi-tropical city; instead you will shiver in its chill night air, and sometimes there even falls a heavy snow. It should be the center of the world's high faith; instead it is the abode of endless superstitions, sometimes beautiful, but often so absurd as to make us wonder that adult human beings can still be so childish and so blind.

It is the chief shrine of Christianity and of Judaism, and next to Mecca, the chief shrine of the Moslems. Yet for many centuries strong Christian Europe let weak Moslem Turkey hold it in her grip. Even

now, though under a British mandate, it is still officially a Moslem city, the capital of an Arab kingdom. Moreover the intelligent Moslems of the city have strong excuse for the contempt with which they look upon the great majority of their Christian and Jewish townsmen. It is known to all the world for two great sites, that of Christ's death and burial in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and that of the Temple of Solomon. The first, kept by Christians is a painful, crowded, smothered place of confusion; the other, kept by Moslems, is at least open and beautiful though perhaps equally marred by the well-meaning ignorance of its protectors.

The Christ of our knowledge, the great teacher and lover of mankind, has to be found in the open spaces of the Holy Land, in the fields and mountains where he lived and taught, not in this modern city which he never saw. For Jerusalem has been reduced to utter ruin time after time. Only the deep devotion of Jew and Christian has raised it again from all of these destructions, and there is scarce a stone left upon a stone that Christ or David knew. Only the greatness of the ancient Bible stories can lift our minds above the meanness and the misery so that we can still see the true Glory of Jerusalem.

Let us approach the city and try to understand its teachings. The little railroad from Jaffa, as if exhausted by its steep climb from the coast, stops at the foot of the last crest, on which Jerusalem stands. Passengers must take a carriage or automobile up the steep and dusty half-mile that leads to the "Jaffa Gate" of the city. The mass of pilgrims climb it afoot, chanting in deep-toned ecstasy as they ascend. To them this is the long dreamed of goal of their life's greatest effort. They will see everything within the city in the glamor of the earnest faith they have brought with them.

You and I, coming along the mountain ridge from Hebron and Bethlehem to the southward, will find ourselves at last on this same road and will move upward with the multitude. The city lies on our right but shut from view by its high wall, which towers above our heads and bars us out until we reach the Jaffa gate. Here the crowd divides, for the majority of pilgrims find shelter outside the walls in one of the suburbs, each used by a different race or sect. The modern European suburb is just outside the Jaffa gate but on beyond us to the north. Perhaps we had best go there first to a hotel. The Russian pilgrims will go that way too; for their suburb is on beyond ours on the mountain ridge to the north of the city.



GOING UP TO JERUSALEM

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This modern road winds up from the railroad station climbing the hill. It passes along by the ancient walls of the city and so leads us to the Jaffa gate.

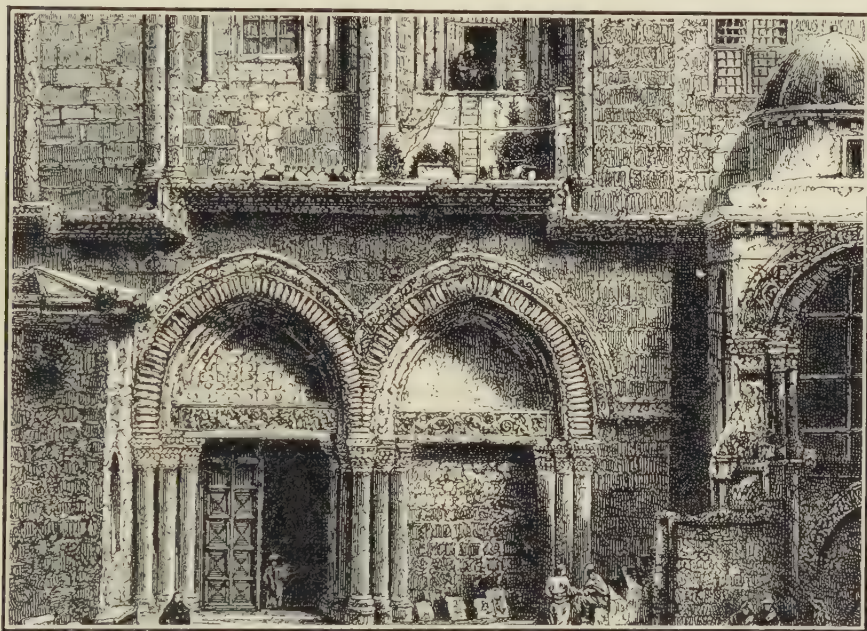
Within the city walls there are really four quite sharply separated cities; they are the Moslem, Jewish, Armenian and Latin quarters. Two main streets, if streets can be called main which are so narrow, empty, winding, overarched, and leading up and down by steps, cross each other at the center of the city. Crossing at right angles they divide the city into four not unequal sections, each of which is intolerant of the others and has as little association with them as possible.

Let us enter by this Jaffa gate. It is a typical medieval structure, for these impressive city walls were built in the crusading days some seven hundred years ago. Within, the sides of the gateway turn suddenly at an angle so that no besieger's battering-ram could smash a way through. To the south of the gateway towers the Citadel, the city's last and chief defense in medieval days, though now as out of date and useless as the wall itself. As though in frank confession of this, the wall just beside the frowning Jaffa Gate has been pulled down to make another and undefended entrance. This second entrance stands to our day as a symbol. It was made as an honor to William II the German Emperor of the World War. Way back in 1898 as a first step to world leadership he visited the Moslem East and promised it his protection. Many of the ignorant eastern folk still believe that William was a Mohammedan. When he came to Jerusalem on that pompous progress, the Turks to show their support of him leveled this piece of wall to enable him to make a gorgeous triumphal entry into the Holy City. A picture of his entry is preserved in one of the churches, and shows him garbed in white and splendid steel as a crusader and conqueror. His spectacular appearance did much to influence the East. Today, with quiet efficiency, a British sentry holds both the Jaffa Gate and the breached wall.

Entering we proceed along the one main street which from this gate runs eastward to the Temple of Solomon, so dividing the city into north and south. On our left, to the north, we pass a big European hotel, the Grand New Hotel, which, alas, is neither new nor grand. On our right we pass the citadel, which is huge and grimly old and dark. In its walls we can trace bits of the far older fortress which preceded it, perhaps of several of them. We know that in Christ's time, King Herod had his palace here and that it was fort as well as palace. The Jews had little love for this foreign king, and the Jews of that day were fierce and ready fighters. Beyond the citadel our "main" street descends by steps to a lower level. It leads, like most Jerusalem streets, between

blank walls, and presently we see a tiny opening to the north. This is the "Street of the Christians." Taking this, we leave the dividing main street and advance into that northwestern section which is the Christian quarter and holds the Church of the Sepulchre.

There is much doubt among Christian scholars as to the actual site of Christ's crucifixion and burial. These of course occurred outside the walls of the old city. But when the Romans under Titus stormed and destroyed that city, they left it in such utter ruin that no one knows just where it really stood. Perhaps most of the northern half of the present



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

city is beyond the older line of walls, and so the Church of the Sepulchre may really stand where once arose that dread hill of Golgotha. When Rome turned Christian, the Roman Empress Helena restored Jerusalem and marked out as best she could all of the holy sites; but as she was guided in this at least in part by her own dreams and "visions," we can not unreservedly trust the places she selected. And even these have some of them become lost again by the later desolations of the city under Arabs, Crusaders and Turks.

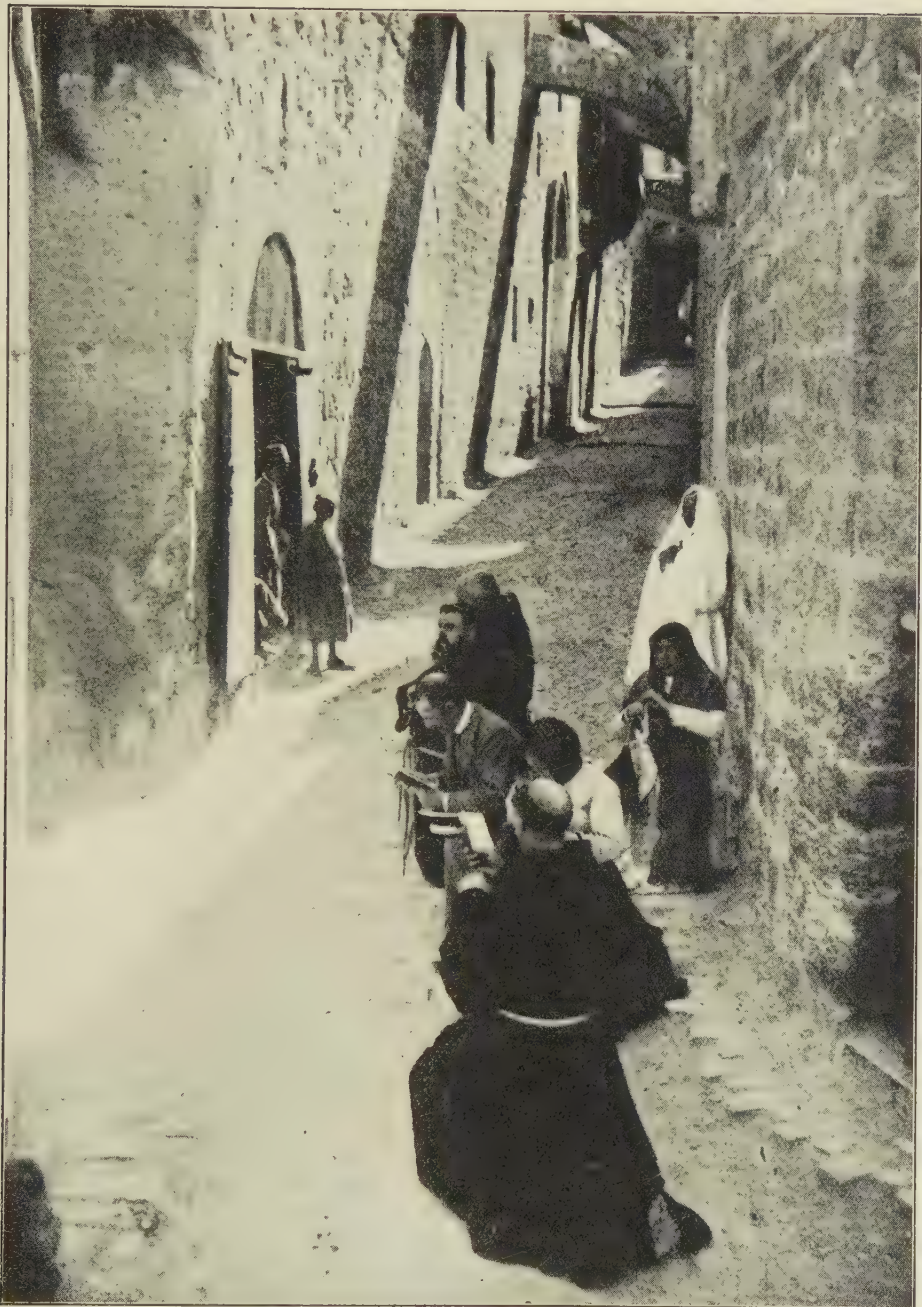
The present Church of the Sepulchre was built in part by the Crusaders, was repeatedly restored, and at length after a fire in 1808 al-

most wholly rebuilt. It is a big and, when seen from within, an impressive structure. From outside it is almost invisible because of the quantity of other buildings which crowd about it in true eastern style. These are chapels, monasteries or just plain dwelling places, so heaped together that in more than one place one shrine is built upon the roof of another. For example, we may worship downstairs in the chapel devoted to the Archangel Michael, the defender of the sepulchre, and then go to the floor above to the shrine marking the site whereon Abraham first saw the lamb which he was commanded to sacrifice instead of his son.

This conglomeration of buildings is not approached directly by the Street of the Christians. You must turn aside from this into a little niche, pass under an arch and down another flight of steps—for Jerusalem you must remember is all built upon the ups and downs of forgotten hills—and then by another turn you come out upon a tiny square, walled in by all the little chapels. Across this you see the single unimpressive door of the great church.

Entering you cross a vestibule into the main church. All around it are chapels, some reached by steps leading down, some high above the main church floor. Each chapel marks some supposed step of the world's great tragedy. One represents where Christ was scourged, another where he was stripped of his garments, another where his dead body was tenderly bathed and wrapped. The main chapels are usually classed as three, that of the "raising of the cross" or actual site of the crucifixion, that of the sepulchre and resurrection, and that in which the Empress Helena is said to have found the buried cross. The latter chapel is in a natural cavern far below the church. The chapel of the "raising of the cross" is above the level and reached by ascending steps. If we accept tradition this was the actual Mound of Calvary, the saddest, bravest spot on earth, the place of that noblest uplifted cry that explained all sin as ignorance and asked forgiveness, enlightenment, and thus redemption for all mankind.

The third chapel, the "chapel of the sepulchre," is made the main shrine in the center of the church. It is approached by an antechamber, the "chapel of the angels." Beyond, stooping through a low door, we pass into the burial chapel itself. This is small, some six feet square but high roofed and lit with forty-three hanging lamps, mathematically apportioned between the clashing Christian sects. In its center stands a marble altar enclosing the burial slab. The name given this chapel is perhaps sadly typical of the entire place. The chapel marks or at least



THE VIA DOLOROSA

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This is the "road of sorrow" along which Jesus walked to his execution, carrying his heavy cross. The road is now marked with shrines before each of which pilgrims stop to pray.

symbolizes the site not only of the burial but also of the resurrection and the glory of Christ. Here was the chief preaching and teaching and demonstration of eternal life! If you *believe*, then it was the most triumphant spot on earth. And it is known within these harrowing walls as the place of burial.

Beyond the Church of the Sepulchre lies the Via Dolorosa, which means "the dolorous road," the road by which Jesus reached Golgotha, climbing upward from his city prison under the weight of his cross. This present "Way of the Cross" can have no assured agreement with the original road but may well serve as a symbol of that road. It starts now in the narrow street at the supposed prison-site in the north eastern or Moslem part of the city, and passes under the noted arch "Ecce Homo" which means "Thou art the man," the words wherewith Pilate here pointed out Christ. Thence the Way of the Cross descends to the former valley where now runs the main north and south street of the city, the road to Damascus. Then the Way ascends by another street to the Church of the Sepulchre with little shrines marking each stage of the piteous journey. This Via Dolorosa is now traversed daily by groups of weeping pilgrims who pause for prayer at each of the shrines. The more impassioned crawl upon their knees along the whole road, or at least that final portion which lies within the Christian quarter.

Beyond this there is little within the present city walls that even tradition has connected with Jesus. The Temple where he prayed and taught has been definitely replaced by a Moslem mosque. Few of the streets even follow the lines of ancient streets. The houses are all new. Only the reservoirs still retain their old positions. Of these the best known is that "Pool of Hezekiah" which lies close to the Church of the Sepulchre. It is an oblong basin about a hundred yards long and with houses built solidly around it. In the rainy season it forms a pleasing picture, but in dry times it becomes a mere pool of shallow muddy water, which is only used as a holy water for certain religious ceremonies. The Jewish King Hezekiah built it as Solomon and the other kings built their similar pools, to protect their city from thirst in time of siege. The sieges have passed, the kings have passed, the very stones of the city have passed, as we have seen. Only these pools remain, filling themselves full from rain or springs just as when Christ passed through the Sacred City's streets.



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF DAVID, SHOWING THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

CHAPTER—XVIII—PALESTINE

THE SCENES AROUND JERUSALEM

Outside of the strictly Christian portion of Jerusalem, the main shrine within the walls of the city is the celebrated "Dome of the Rock," sometimes carelessly called the Mosque of Omar. It occupies the site of the ancient Temple. The original Temple of Solomon was completely destroyed by the Babylonians in old Jewish days. Then there arose upon this site a second Temple built by King Herod just before the birth of Christ. This was accounted a marvel in comparison with all the finest temples of the Greeks. It was this Temple which Christ knew in its unfinished beauty. It was this Temple that the Romans reduced to utter ruin. The great oblong platform or base on which it rose occupies the whole south eastern corner of the city. This platform was raised and made level in this city of hills by vast substructures, truly giant walls which still exist. They are almost unseen, except where they show from outside as part of the city's walls. The Arabs have nicknamed these huge half buried arches "Solomon's stables"; and they may in fact date back to that earliest great temple.

Long even before Solomon, there was a shrine of some sort here. When first David won this fortress city from an earlier race and made it the capital of the Israelites, he found this hill already marked out as the holy place of the earlier city. Here he worshipped and perhaps set

up the Hebrew "Ark of the Covenant." Indeed the Jews of the city will tell you to-day that the holy Ark still lies buried here. For that reason they refuse to walk upon this ground, lest they might by chance be treading over the Ark, a sin unthinkable.

The Moslem explanation of the holiness of the spot is that it is that Mount Moriah whereon Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son, and was stayed by the direct command of God. That Jewish sacrifice, regarded by many Christians as the incomplete forerunner of the perfected sacrifice of Jesus on the cross, makes this a holy spot to all three religions. The Arabs go still further. They show the great rock which crowns the summit of the spot and tell you that this is not merely the site of Abraham's sacrifice but the center of the universe. Beneath this rock is shut in the underworld. From it Mohammed rose to heaven—and the rock would have risen with him had not an angel held it back to save mankind from being overrun by the djinns (jins) and demons from below. Some trustful Moslems will even point out to you on the rock the mark of the angel's restraining hand. When the Moslems captured Jerusalem they built a temple over this sacred rock to hold it in its place lest it again be tempted to soar heavenward. On the roof of the temple they will show you the mark made by Mohammed's head as he ascended to heaven. The fact that the temple was built long after his death seems in no way to shake their interest in the mark. They will only shrug a shoulder. Are not all things possible with Allah?

More than once this Moslem temple, like the older Jewish ones, has been overthrown and re-erected; but the "dome of the rock" of today is probably at least a thousand years old. The Christian Crusaders thought it was the original Temple of Solomon, and carefully preserved it. Many churches were even built in Europe in imitation of it. Its style is that of Arab architecture at its best, and there have been noted judges who ranked it among the most beautiful buildings of the world. It is octagonal in shape, with a brilliant greenish copper dome rising high above its eight sides. These sides are gracefully arched and gorgeously decorated in many colors. Wide doors open to each of the four points of the compass, and outside each door is a tall screen of columns and arches. These four screens are called the scales; for they are to be used to weigh men's deeds upon the Judgment Day. Within the building the walls and floors are of marble; gorgeous eastern rugs spread under foot to make a silence; and under the central dome lies the "rock" in all its simplicity, a solid stone about fifty feet each way and rising at its



AT THE TEMPLE'S GATE

The Jews will not enter the modern enclosure where once Solomon's temple stood. They feel the spot has been defiled. So they stand in the dark alleys outside, and gaze and mourn.

summit six feet above the marble floor. It may have been the rock on which blood sacrifices were made in the old Hebrew temples here.

This "Dome of the Rock," though it is over a hundred and sixty feet broad and long, fills only a small part of the flat empty temple space. Most of this is left in simple bareness. Steps lead down from it to the surrounding streets. Its few trees are the only ones within the city. At its southern end rises a very ancient mosque which seems to have been originally a Christian church, probably built in Roman days. The Moslems call this the Aksa mosque which means the "most distant"; for they say that Mohammed was transported by an angel from Mecca to this "most distant" spot in a single night, before he rose from here to visit heaven.

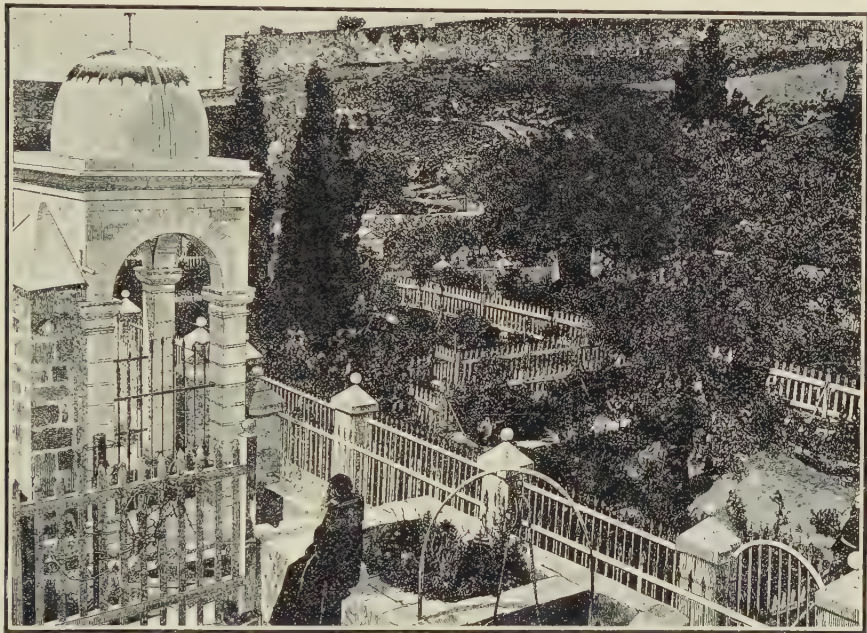
Outside of this broad temple space, the south-east quarter of Jerusalem is given over to the Jews. They are all Jews whose people have come from other lands within a century, for formerly the Moslems permitted no Jew within the city. These Jews are all very religious; otherwise the city would scarce attract them. Their only occupation in former years was to descend to those underlying foundation walls of the temple which they feel sure are Solomon's. Against these they lean wailing and tearing their beards for sorrow. Pious Jews in other lands even pay them to dwell here and wail for those who cannot come.

Many of those we meet are Spanish Jews, dignified, learned, reticent, but somewhat over-filled with the sense of their own religious excellence. They will stop an American Jew upon the street to ask him sarcastically how much pork he has eaten in his western home of freedom. Some elderly Jews settle here with a little money. These, as they come daily to the wall to pray, are besieged by hundreds of Jewish beggars. To save themselves from the sin of refusing a "brother of the faith" in need, yet to escape beggary themselves, they have hit upon the device of a paper money of their own, slips redeemable at the Jewish shops at an infinitesimal value, less than a tenth of a cent apiece. These they distribute with a kindly air as they pass along; and you can see beggars who have gathered a big bunch of these benefactions buying with the lot some tiny scrap in a Jewish shop.

Of recent years, of course, the Zionist movement has brought a new type of Jew, a far more energetic though still somewhat mystic and visionary Jew who hopes to rebuild the Jewish kingdom here. Most of the newer comers however do not live in these miserable streets of the Jewish quarter; they have a fine suburb of their own outside. The Jews

of Jerusalem today form perhaps a third of the people of the city and this proportion is rapidly increasing. So Jerusalem may indeed become again a Jewish city.

Of shrines outside the city walls there are many to draw both Jew and Christian. The so-called tomb of David lies just south of the walls. It is an attractive low white-domed structure, most of it being an old Christian church. It stands at quite a height above the valleys, and this peak was probably the Mount of Zion whereon David's first city stood. It is even possible that in its sanctuary, which no Christian is permitted



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AS KEPT BY THE MONKS TODAY

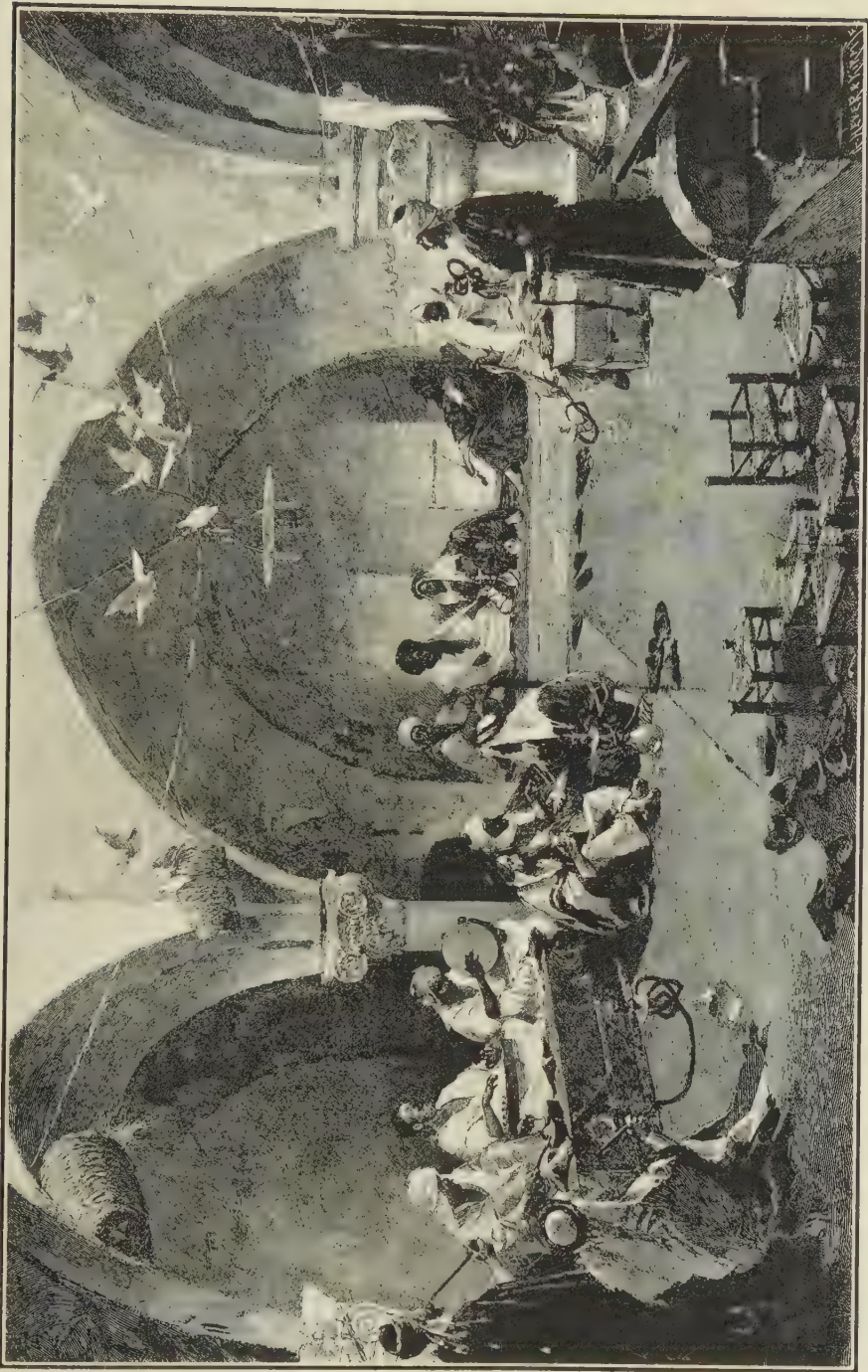
to enter, the Moslems have found some genuine traces of the graves of the earliest Hebrew kings. Zion is fast becoming another new Jewish suburb. Here too, in the building around David's tomb the "Last Supper" of Jesus is said to have been held. And close by is the traditional site of the High Priest's house where Peter denied Jesus while the cock crowed thrice. Beyond, toward Bethlehem, lie the graceful tomb of Rachel and the pools of Solomon.

The chief Christian shrines, however, lie to the eastward of the city. On this side the huge substructures of the Temple platform overhang the valley of "the brook Kidron." There is no brook now except for a

few hours after rain; and so the "pool of Siloah" of whose beauty David sang, is now only a muddy well. The people drink its waters, because they have no other easily at hand; but no one accustomed to our cleaner living would willingly touch the slimy much betrotten water. Nothing could be more desolate than the dreary bottom of this valley, two hundred feet below the level of the city on our left. From old Jewish days there has always been a tradition that this was the "Valley of dry bones," the seat of the final judgment when all men are to rise from their graves to be dealt with as they have deserved. Hence many Jews and many Moslems too have chosen to be buried in this valley, to be ready for the final call. If you have been buried elsewhere, say the Arabs, an angel will drag you by the hair of your head rushing you swiftly through the lower world and up through that hole in Abraham's rock in the Dome of the Rock above us here. This somewhat unpleasant journey might just as well be avoided by laying ourselves away here in the first place. In this Valley of the Kidron we shall see the so-called Absalom's tomb and many others which are ascribed to various Bible figures, but for which no sure identification is possible.

As we ascend the valley northward, we come to pleasanter things. The Mount of Olives rises on our right, and the Temple walls continue on the left. From one of these to the other, the Moslems say, each human being will have to cross on the Judgment Day. A bridge no thicker than a single hair will stretch across the valley. Mohammed will stand at the Temple end where a huge rock is thrust out like a horizontal pillar, extending some fifteen feet beyond the body of the wall. From this Mohammed will encourage and uphold his followers so all will pass across the bridge in safety; but all unbelievers will slip from the hair bridge and crash down to a second death in the valley where we stand.

And now above us in the city wall we see the "Golden Gate," the most famous of all the gates of the holy city, for through this Jesus passed again and again. By it he went up to the city on Palm Sunday with all the people singing Hosanna! to the new king of men. Out of it he went to his mourning night at Gethsemane, and through it he was dragged back again after Judas had betrayed him. There must always have been a gate here giving entrance to the Temple enclosure, so that the present location of the gate cannot be very different from its place of old. Probably it is the very same. The gate has long been walled up, probably by the Turks when they held Jerusalem as a fortress. The



A COFFEE-HOUSE IN JERUSALEM

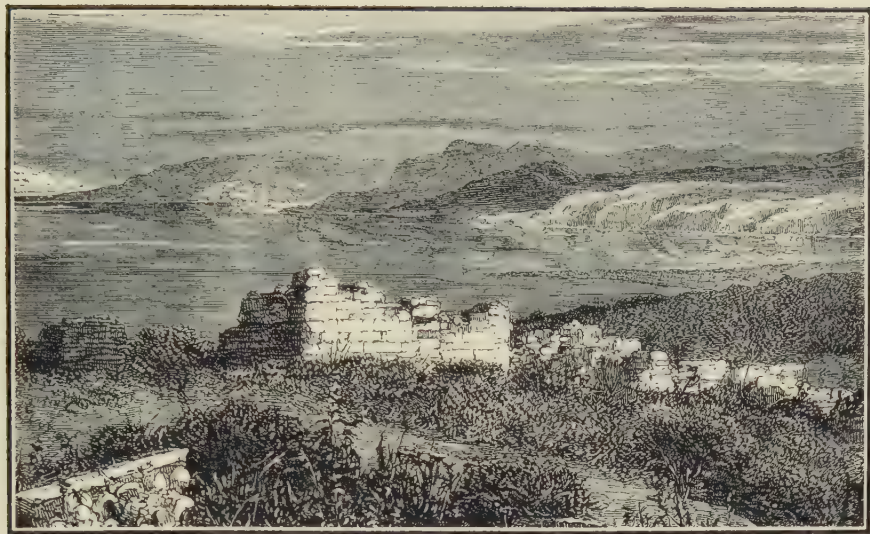
Here the natives gather to drink syrupy coffee, chat and doze. These seem to us dark and somber as places of entertainment.

Arabs are ready as always with a legend of explanation. They say that they had to bar the gate to prevent the return of Jesus. It is his gate, and when it is opened he will come back again. So, as he might then re-establish the Christian power in Jerusalem instead of the Moslem, they feel safer with the gate walled up.

Hence to re-enter the city we should have to keep on in our walk till we reached farther north, the Gate of St. Stephen, where that martyr is said to have been cast out and stoned. Or going on still farther to the northern side of the city, we could get in through the Damascus Gate. For the present turning our backs upon the city and the Golden Gate, we will climb out of our Kidron valley to the eastward. We are thus following in reverse direction the road along which the singing multitude followed Jesus, waiving their palm branches, on his last journey to Jerusalem. We are ascending the Mount of Olives. On its summit glows the golden dome of a great Greek church. From there we can look down to Bethany, where Jesus often visited; and beyond that again we look down on the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea.

For the moment however we will stop on the upward slope of the Mount of Olives to see the shrine which must mean most to Christians here, the Garden of Gethsemane. Nearby the guides will point out to you what they say is the spot where Judas kissed the Lord in betraying him, and the spot where Judas was paid his thirty pieces of silver, and the very tree whereon he hanged himself.

Descending from the Golden Gate on that last night, even as we have just descended, Jesus led his chosen disciples up this road to Gethsemane. There he bade them watch while he went aside to pray. Foreseeing the agony of betrayal that faced him, he grieved in tragic sorrow at the selfishness and stupidity of man. And while he prayed, these men whom he had chosen as the best, even they forgot his command to watch; and they selfishly slept. Then came Judas with the betrayal. So Gethsemane was the garden of sorrow. Today it is carefully kept and tended by the Franciscan monks. They have made it a garden of beauty. The Mount of Olives in general, like all the hill tops around Jerusalem is bleak and barren. Little green can grow among its rocks and sands. But Gethsemane has been lovingly watered and tended by the monks so that it blossoms almost all the year. Its great olive trees are so old, you could almost believe they had watched with Jesus on that night. Gethsemane is kept as such a shrine should be. Let us preserve this gentle garden as our final picture of the Holy City.



LOOKING DOWN UPON THE SEA OF GALILEE

CHAPTER XIX—PALESTINE

THE OPEN SPACES OF THE HILLS

North of Jerusalem we reach the open spaces of Palestine where Jesus lived and taught. Even in his day Jerusalem was the sacred city to which all men journeyed once a year; but outside of these journeys required by the law, the life of Jesus was spent in these open spaces to the northward. As we leave Jerusalem by the Damascus gate which points our way into the north, we clamber by slow stages along the crest of the mountain ridge which is Palestine. The fresh, high air is like the voice of life; the wild flowers are all about us. A few patches of tilled land show among the stones. The sun shines and life is good.

Here there is only the faintest of paths over the bare fields, a path that climbs up hill and down but is never very steep, until soon we see ahead of us a long slow rise. Its summit is crowned with the stones of a ruined village and the inevitable mosque and minaret. This is Mizpah, the highest point to which the mountain ridge rises between Jerusalem and the great peaks of the north. From Mizpah we can look back and see Jerusalem, our last view of it, the first view that one gets in coming from the north. From Mizpah, the crusaders under Richard of the Lion Heart first saw the Holy City. Their terrible journey had left them so exhausted and enfeebled they knew they could not storm its walls; and Richard their leader knelt here weeping. He re-

fused even to look at the city, praying God not to let him see it if he could not rescue it.

From Mizpah, too, must Jesus in his yearly journeys have looked down on Jerusalem. Its chief fame, however, is associated with the still earlier days of Israel. Here the prophet Samuel summoned the people and blessed them before sending them forth in their great revolt against the Philistines. Here he selected for them their first king, and here the grand old prophet died. The Moslem mosque upon the summit is named for him, as was the older Christian church which preceded it. The village too is Nebi (prophet) Samuel. This was the watchtower of ancient Israel. Its minaret gives the finest view in Palestine. To the west it looks down on Jaffa, on the plain of the Philistines, and all the little seaport towns along the coast. To the east it peers into the more abrupt and wilder valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and all the green lands beyond. South, across wheat fields and olive orchards is Jerusalem. North and northwest a stony slope growing ever more fertile as we descend will lead us away from the crest of the ridge toward the lower hills of Samaria and the valley of Armageddon.

Following this route we approach Mount Gerizim, held by some Jews to be the mount from which the Lord first gave commands to the chosen people. We pass Jacob's well, where Jacob dreamed his celebrated dream of the ladder of the angels; and we pass Joseph's tomb, to which he had himself carried after he had died in Egypt and been made into a mummy in the usual fashion for Egyptian rulers.

Here too we pass a legendary home of Adam. Jewish tradition, as we have seen, sets Adam's creation at Hebron the town of Abraham. Christian legend sets his tomb beneath that of Jesus inside the Church of the Sepulchre. Arab fantasy represents him as dwelling in his age in the region we are now traversing, and tells a legend of him which Arab story tellers often repeat. They say that in his old age Adam had but one daughter. A suitor asked for her hand and Adam told him he should have her if he made a proper home for her. The suitor agreed, but was so long gone Adam thought him dead. A similar promise was then made to a second suitor, and he too disappeared. Hence when a third suitor came, Adam declared that the marriage should take place at once. Then suddenly the first suitor reappeared to claim his bride. Adam in much shame delayed the wedding, for he had never yet broken his word, but he could not give his daughter to both husbands. He appealed to Eve for advice and she suggested that they had a good dog



MIZPAH

This is the "place of peace," the mount to the north of Jerusalem whence Jesus and millions of his followers since caught the first glimpse of the holy city against the distant sky.

which they could spare, so he should ask the Lord to turn the dog into a daughter. Adam prayed and his prayer was granted. Then as the two daughters were about to be wedded, the third suitor returned. This time Adam got the family donkey turned into a daughter; and as the three daughters looked exactly alike, the three weddings were rejoicingly carried through. But ever since then, say the Arabs, a man may get for wife a descendant of the dog woman who will snarl and bark and fight, or of the donkey woman who will be as stupid and obstinate as possible. Even today they will remark to each other of such a woman, "She is the donkey daughter," or "the dog daughter." So a man must seek carefully for a descendant of the true daughter of Adam, who made the only really human wife of the three.

By now we shall have passed the "good mountain" Gerizim, and we approach Ebal, the "mount of evil." Appropriately situated between them lies Nabulus, the ancient Shechem, now the largest town of northern Palestine, the market for the wild region beyond the Jordan river. Here we must pause to visit a little group of people much observed of recent years after having been neglected and forgotten for centuries. These are the Samaritans, a tiny sect of less than two hundred souls who still cling to the Samaritan form of the Jewish faith. By the other Jews, the Samaritans were regarded, even in Christ's time, as a traitorous and ignorant sect beneath contempt. Yet through all the centuries one little ever dwindling group of Samaritans have maintained their faith. They have even a copy of the opening books of the Bible older than any of our Bible manuscripts and rather different from them in style. Many scholars now visit the Samaritans to study this text, and thus the patience and endurance of the sect has become known. Their neighbors at Nabulus are all Moslems who still visit upon them the contempt that has been theirs for ages. They are poor. Their strict interpretation of the Jewish law compels them to marry within the sect; but it also prevents them from marrying within the forbidden degrees of kinship. So marriage becomes increasingly difficult. The sect seems now doomed to extinction and accepts this fate rather than change its laws.

Beyond Nabulus, descending ever lower toward the sea we come to Samaria itself, the ancient capital of the Samaritans in their day of power, the city whose position and trade have been taken over by Nabulus. Samaria is an utter ruin today, a picturesque ruin of great columns and broad amphi theatres in which sheep graze and lizards a foot long lie basking safely amid the desolation. The splendid ruins repre-

sent the palaces built in Roman days. Here stood one of the several palaces of Herod; and tradition says that it was here that he imprisoned John the Baptist, and here Salome danced for the prophet's head. Here are the broad terraces for the dance, and here too the underground prison cells that fit the story. The traveller who moves slowly as we are going, may rest here in the Palestine moonlight and fancy he sees the old story reenacted, the dancing heedless girl, the sullen brooding mother, the drunken tyrant and the sternly defiant prophet. Salome did not die of remorse, as modern dramas usually insist. She wedded a prince



THE RUINS OF SAMARIA WHERE SALOME DANCED FOR HEROD

near here and lived to be over ninety. So she may often have come back to wander here alone, long after all the others were gone.

Beyond this city of Salome come the ruins which lie in the valley of Megiddo, that ancient city which the Bible calls Armageddon. Here, according to the Hebrew prophets, was to be fought the last great battle of the world, in which the new forces of light were to overthrow the established powers of darkness. And here was fought that final battle of 1918 in which the British army of General Allenby completely crushed the Turks and drove the remnant of their troops in hurried flight from Palestine. Perhaps it is too much to expect that that battle should prove

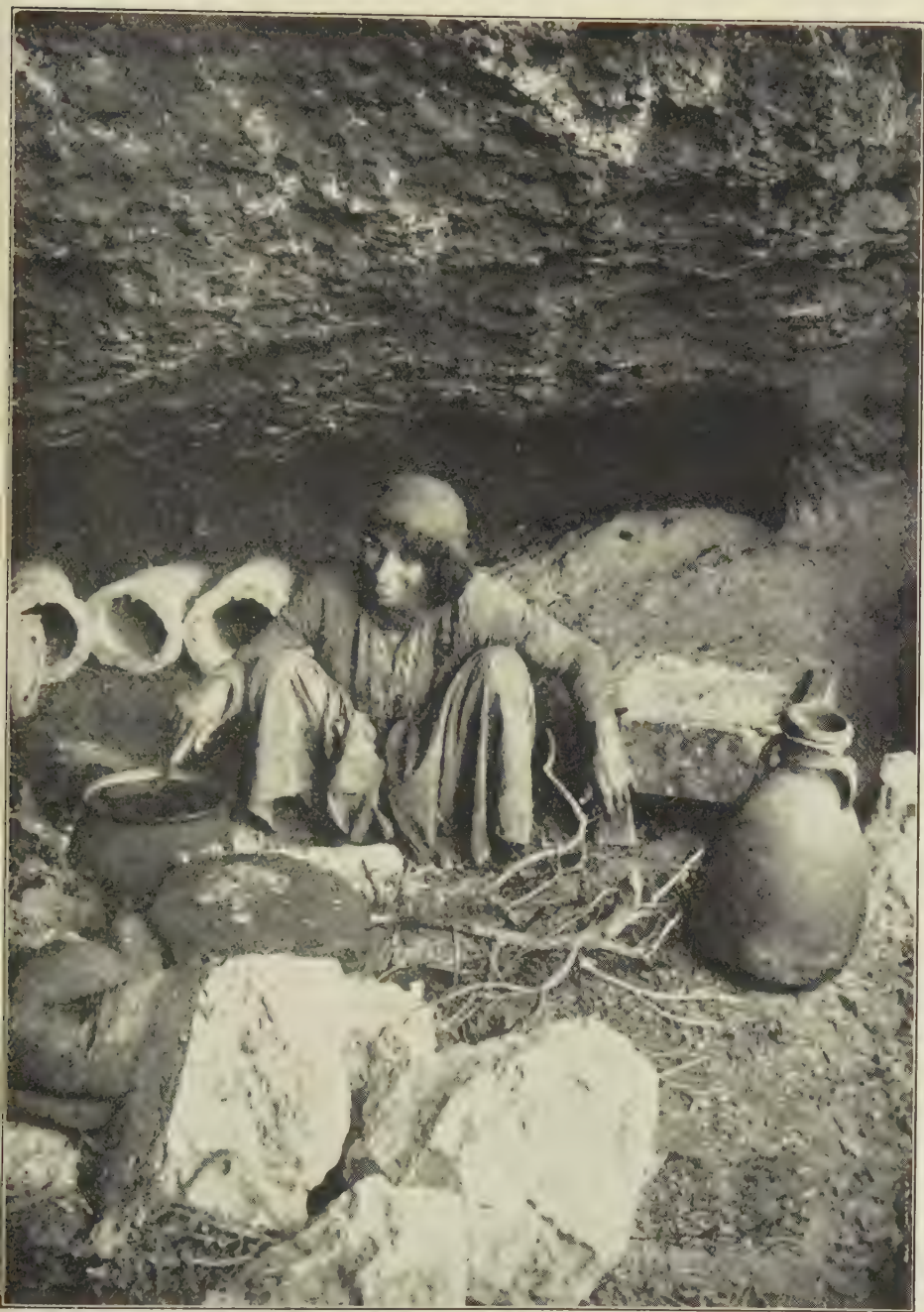
indeed the final victory of light over darkness; but the folk of Palestine seem quite hopeful on the point. The Arabs are now independent and infinitely better off than before. The Jews, protected now by law, are flocking back to Palestine. The British are carrying out extensive improvements. Everywhere the country progresses as it has not done for centuries.

This plain of Megiddo, or Esdraelon, as it is more commonly called, is the deepest valley which cuts through the Palestine hills. It ascends slowly from the coast, reaches a height of only four hundred feet above the sea, and from this drops sharply into the Jordan valley. It is thus like a knife cut separating the part of Palestine we have already crossed from the still more rugged portion to the northward. There the mountains rise rapidly again to even greater heights, until they reach the huge mass of Mount Lebanon. Through Esdraelon's plain flows the river Kishon; and at its mouth stands Mount Carmel, celebrated in the Bible for its beauty, and the port of Haifa, which ranks next to Jaffa as the chief port of Palestine.

Haifa seems destined under British rule to become an important city. It is the natural outlet of all this region and has a little Turkish railroad climbing into the hills. The whole Esdraelon valley is a fertile farmland composed of rich earth carried down from the surrounding mountains. Some day one of the world's great canals may be cut through here to the Jordan valley. It will be used to give access to what is now the unapproachable desert of Arabia and to the Red Sea to the southward.

North of Esdraelon, two famous sites look down upon its plain. These are Mount Tabor and Nazareth. Tabor is an abrupt rock rising sharply high above the plain, and tradition has set it as the spot of the Transfiguration, when the Christ seemed to all the watching people below to rise up toward heaven and be worshipped by Moses and Elias, the chief prophets of their past.

Nazareth is the main Christian shrine of the north of Palestine, as Jerusalem is of the south. In Nazareth Jesus passed all his boyhood and young manhood, from his third year to his thirtieth. The Nazareth of those days was, however, only a tiny hill town of the rough region of Galilee. It was looked down on by the more cultured Jews of the south, who had even a scornful saying, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" As later centuries passed, this hill town became as wholly desolated and changed as many another, so that the shrines now pointed



A MODERN WITCH OF ENDOR

This shows the caves of Endor, where King Saul visited the terrible witch of the Bible story. The caves are as gloomy now as ever, and still shelter poor native outcasts.

out express merely the opinions or hopes of modern times. A Turkish Sultan permitted some Franciscan monks to settle here in the seventeenth century. After that other monkish orders were admitted; and each as it came selected and built upon some site which it regarded as the place of some holy event. Sometimes more than one sect claimed the same event, and there were bitter quarrels.

Today the most assured site seems the "fountain of Mary"; for wells, as we have seen, do not change their places in Palestine, though all else may. Here in the public square of Nazareth stands a low arch over a little pool, much as the same arch may have stood two thousand years ago; and the poor folk of the town come there now for their water and pause to chat or exchange at least a kindly greeting, even as Mary must have done then. There is an old, old synagogue here too which may well have been that one into which Jesus went to preach his first sermon, at which his town-folk ridiculed him.

Outside the town two different cliffs are pointed out as the one from which the fierce townsmen of Jesus threatened to cast him down to death. Either of the cliffs might well be the real one; this is a land of cliffs. A little further afield we come to the dark gorge of Endor, where dwelt the "witch" whom King Saul came to see. Here there are still caves, yes and poor old women living in them, well fitted to represent the witch of Endor and call up spirits from the depths today. Endor is to the south-east of Nazareth, looking out like it upon the plain of Esdraelon.

Almost any of the hills about us here might be that "Mount of the Beatitudes" whereon was preached the beautiful "Sermon on the Mount." One mound has been selected by tradition; and from its summit we can see all the widely spreading "Sea of Galilee" whereon Jesus sailed and stilled the waters, and from whose fishermen he selected his first disciples. Let us pause upon this summit to look around over the "sea" and the hill land of Galilee which we have crossed from Nazareth. This land was populous in Jesus' day; it is almost empty now. Outside of the monks and other religious folk of Nazareth the dwellers here are few and poor. Around the sea beneath us some Moslem peasants make a scant living as fishermen, just as the Apostles did. But most of the once populous cities here have disappeared; even their location is uncertain. Galilee has become an almost empty land, a wilderness dreaming of that one brief wondrous generation when it was the home of the "Light of the World."



TIBERTIAS, THE LEARNED JEWISH CITY OF GALILEE

CHAPTER XX—PALESTINE

THE JORDAN VALLEY AND THE DEAD SEA

We are ready now to descend and look more closely at this strange and tiny "sea" of Galilee. It is part of that amazing Jordan valley which is the one section of Palestine we have not yet visited. In one respect at least the Jordan valley is the most remarkable spot on earth for it lies, almost the whole of it, below the level of the ocean. Much of it lies more than twelve hundred feet below that level. There are a few other spots, deep in the interior of continents, where the land is some few feet below the sea. The depths of some of those sunken Egyptian oases are so. But nowhere in the world is there another such gorge as this. Here the sunshine and the free air penetrate a full thousand feet nearer to earth's center than anywhere else. So solid is that rocky ridge of the Palestine mountains that the waters of the Mediterranean have never been able to break through or seep through and flood this gorge beyond.

We shall expect to find this strange cleft different from other parts of earth. Let us follow it down from the source of the Jordan, which flows southward to this Sea of Galilee, and then on south past Jerusalem through the ever deepening valley to the Dead Sea. The upper Jordan is in part fed by the little mountain streams that flow down the sides of Mount Hermon; but these sometimes dry up or partly lose them-

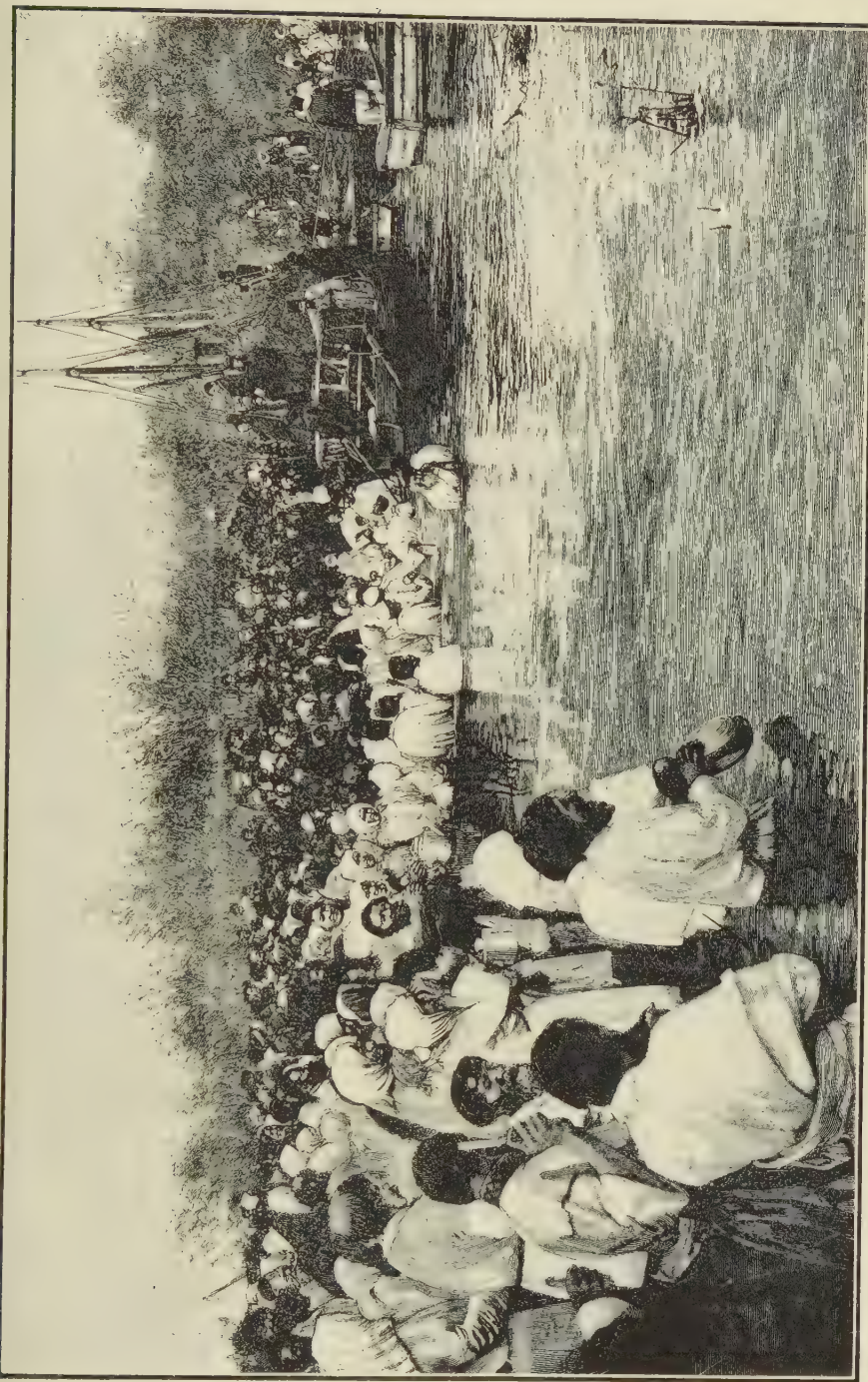
selves among the woods and marshes of this wild region. Two main sources never cease. One of these is the copious spring which forces its way out from under the mound which was once the stronghold of Dan, the most northern of the twelve tribes of Israel.

Here the river and the Holy Land and the Israelites had their northern boundary together. Doubtless this spring once formed the well which gave its water supply to this ancient city; for other older cities stood here before the tribe of Dan stormed the last of them. Now Dan has perished in its turn. All the ruins are but one broad mound of earth. Only the spring, though choked again and again with house hurled down upon house, has struggled its way upward through them all and still lives on. There are no Israelites here now, only a few wild, wandering Arabs, with their sheep and goats. Of the history of this swamp land they know nothing. It furnishes them good grazing and a few fish, so they linger here in idle poverty.

The other main source of the Jordan lies in this same region less than five miles further east. Here stands the little Arab town of Baniyas; and beside it a river suddenly leaps full grown out of the side of Mount Hermon. The stream is shallow but some sixty feet wide as it bubbles joyously forth into the sunlight from a sort of crack or low cavern in the rocks. It forms a most beautiful flower lined pool, and then rushes away to join the waters of Dan and continue with them its southward course.

This pool has a past to make men remember it forever. Its beauty caught the artistic fancy of the Greeks, and both pool and cavern were by them dedicated to Pan, the god of wild nature. Here men came to worship at his shrine, often no doubt with the wild orgies which were thought fitting for the half-goat Pan. The modern name of Baniyas is but an Arab twisting of Pan's name. His claims upon the dainty pool have never been quite forgotten. In Christ's day the Romans too had felt this region's charm and built beside the pool their city of Caesarea Philippi, well known to every student of the Gospels.

Caesarea (sē zah rē' ā) was the most northern city of Christ's travelling. Just before he journeyed down to Jerusalem to meet his death, he came here with the most beloved of his disciples. Here he was in the world of the Gentiles; he might at will have passed on into that outer world and escaped forever from his earthly enemies. Instead, after a little time of preaching and of intimate converse with his friends, a little resting with nature by the pool of Pan, he turned back to face



A PILGRIM BAPTISM IN JORDAN

Every year thousands of poor Christians journey from afar to be baptised in the Jordan River. This shows a group of Russian pilgrims.

his fate. Pan, the symbol of the body, lingers forever beside the pleasant places of the earth. Jesus, the symbol of the spirit, journeys on forever, seeking a nobler destiny.

When the waters of Pan have joined those of Dan, there is no outlet for them toward the sea; though already they are almost as low as the sea's level. Instead, there yawns to the southward the beginning of that mighty chasm in the earth down which they start with a mad rush. By a series of rapids and noisy falls the stream plunges rapidly deeper into the pit. It drops almost seven hundred feet in a dozen miles, then at this depth reaches the plain of our little Sea of Galilee. This famous lake gives the rushing Jordan a moment's pause.

The lake is only some seven miles broad by thirteen long, not very impressive as a "sea" but with a sufficient basin to be able to rest quietly within its shores and absorb an even larger river than the Jordan. The lake has peculiarities of its own. It is so far below sea-level that we seem to be approaching central volcanic fires. Sudden gusts shake the waves of Galilee from underneath. It has sharp and fierce little storms of its own, such as the storm which made the disciples in their terror awake the sleeping Christ and call on him to calm the waves.

Of all the cities that Christ knew around the shores of his lake only one still stands, Tiberias (tī bē' rě äs). It has been preserved as an official Turkish city. Yet Tiberias, sadly enough, was the one city of this region which Jesus probably never entered. It was another of the Roman cities founded shortly before his day by King Herod. Tiberias was intended to be the local capital; but Herod, ignoring Jewish law, built the city over an old graveyard. No Jew would tread upon such holy ground, and so no Jew would enter Herod's city. It had its Roman palaces and temples, but could not prosper without people. So Herod, in defiance of the Jews, welcomed to Tiberias every chance wanderer. It became a city of beggars and thieves, wild, turbulent, ungrateful to its founders.

Yet in a later age, when the Romans destroyed Jerusalem, this lawless Tiberias became the chief refuge of the stricken, hiding remnants of the Jewish race. In time it became the chief center of their reviving strength and learning, the city where one celebrated version of the Jewish Talmud was prepared. It was the one city of Palestine in which Jews were permitted to dwell through all the Moslem ages. Thus by an irony of fate the once rejected Roman city is today the one truly and permanently Jewish city of Palestine.

Beyond Galilee the Jordan assumes again its rapid downward course. You will recall that as we travelled along the mountain ridge of Palestine, we looked forth to broad plains upon its western slope. The mountains descended slowly toward the Mediterranean, and Esdraelon and Sharon and many a smaller plain carried a rich and smiling vegetation. The ridge descends toward Jordan in no such gentle, leisurely fashion. It plunges down in steep cliffs and sudden descents. This lower Jordan valley is indeed a rift in earth's surface, a chasm which has yawned deep and savage as a road to hell. There



THE ARABS WHO NOW DWELL AMONG THE RUINS OF JERICO

are no nestling villages here, no noted historic spots, except those of some dark and sudden deed of violence. For fifty straightaway miles, while covering almost three times that distance in its winding course, the Jordan brawls and stumbles along the bottom of its wild and gloomy chasm. Then having reached the lowest level, thirteen hundred feet below the sea, the river slacks its speed. It pauses as if exhausted; its valley widens into the quiet plain of Jericho, and ten miles farther the river spreads out slowly into the Dead Sea.

That plain of Jericho, weighed down, remember, by over a thousand feet more of air than we know even at sea-level, is hot and muggy

but very fertile. It is the only part of the Jordan valley below Galilee which comes largely into Scripture narrative. Here we are again in a pilgrim region. Let us look at the people gathering about us. We might, of course, have descended direct to Jericho from Jerusalem. That is the way the mass of pilgrims come. It is only some fifteen miles and as the drop in height is almost a mile, this will suggest how rapidly the road descends. Automobiles are much used for the trip today. And even the poor Russian pilgrims often pay for them rather than attempt the heavy climb—almost as difficult in going down as in returning to the summit again.

Two main religious events draw the pilgrims to the Jordan. There the Israelites first entered the "promised land," crossing Jordan by what they accounted a miracle as its waters were held back for them; and there in a later age Jesus was baptized by John. The latter event is what mainly occupies the minds of the mass of pilgrims. They also wish to be baptized in Jordan's waters. Such is the eagerness with which thousands of them press forward for this purpose that drownings have not been infrequent. There is still a current here swift enough for any ordinary river, and the banks are steep. The main baptismal crowd comes down at the Greek church's Christmas. The torches light their camps all night until the Christmas dawn, when priests and people, all in long white robes and chanting a tremendous chorus, descend together into the stream. The usual place of baptism is now at an Arab ford called Mahadit Hajleh. This is said to have been the spot of Christ's baptism and also of the Israelites' crossing. Here, too, the gigantic St. Christopher, or Christ-bearer, once carried the child Jesus across the stream.

When the plunge of the pilgrims has been successfully accomplished they turn back, singing, to Jericho. There is little left of Jericho except ruins today, though once it was obviously an important town. It must always have been a lazy town; for the heat there is almost unbearable in summer. Its people have always had the repute of being idle, and you will recall how quickly its walls fell in Joshua's time.

From, Jericho, or for that matter from the heights of Jerusalem we look across the Jordan to Mount Nebo. This was Moses's mountain, the stand from which he was permitted to look across to the promised land, which he was not to enter.

Between Mount Nebo and the Jerusalem ridge the Dead Sea extends southward. It is not so very much larger than the tiny Sea of Galilee.



GOING DOWN TO THE DEAD SEA

The desert from Jerusalem to the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea is so abrupt that it is often descended, as here, clambering from ledge to ledge.

being about ten miles broad by fifty long. The two have often been called the Sea of Life and the Sea of Death; for while Galilee was the scene of so much of Christ's teaching, the events which have occurred around the lower sea have all been of a tragic sort; and the sea itself is one of the wierdest, most unpleasant and even offensive places upon earth. Physically the Dead Sea is one of the saltiest bodies of water known. Its waters have no escape except by evaporation; and as the sun draws out only fresh water and leaves behind all the salts which the Jordan has carried down here, the result has been a steady accumulation of salt within the sea. Now it is almost saturated; probably a fourth part of its contents is solid salt.

Tourists talk much of the odd experience of bathing in this sea; but few of them really attempt it. There are no facilities. You will have to wander off somewhere along the shore, and there are sharp cactus thorns all around. What little vegetation survives here is that of the tropics and the sands. If you do plunge into the water, it will hold you afloat with a quarter of your body out of water. It will also cover your skin with a crust of salt, and if you get the slightest scratch from the cactus the salt will burn in this severely. From any real cut you will suffer agonies. Farther south the whole shore of the sea is salt crusted, and salt plains extend far back where the sea once covered them. Mosquitos and flies of a dozen different kinds, each worse than the others, assail you everywhere in this hideous gulf; and perspiration fairly drips from you in the intense muggy heat.

Abraham saw down here the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Perhaps the valley is worse than it was four thousand years ago for no cities could possibly be built in its deeps today. The cities are supposed to have stood on Jericho's plain; but the Arabs confidently point out one of the many salt mounds at the south end of the sea as being the pillar into which Lot's wife was turned as she fled from Sodom. The Bible description suggests that the cities may have been destroyed by earth's inner fires. There are hot springs here and sulphur springs and volcanic activities extend all around.

In short, the Dead Sea region is such a place as having seen once you will never want to approach again. It is an accursed land. Let us follow the example of the other pilgrims and speed back to Jerusalem by automobile as quickly as possible. There we shall at least be on those splendid life-breathing hills which are the present glory of Palestine.



THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON VIEWED FROM THE SEA

CHAPTER XXI—SYRIA

THE MIXING PLACE OF THE NATIONS

Northward from Palestine lies Syria. The two are just the south and north halves of the one high mountain ridge which blocks the Mediterranean at its eastern end. The northern or Syrian half of the ridge is much the higher. Indeed, the range here is double. Close to the sea towers Mount Lebanon, which rises twelve thousand feet in air. And behind Lebanon, running parallel to it north and south, towers a second almost equally gigantic ridge. The southern end of this inner ridge is Mount Hermon which we have seen looking down on Palestine. Both Lebanon and Hermon carry snow crests throughout the year, despite the tropic regions at their base.

Syria, after the World War, was made a French protectorate, as Palestine was made a British one. Thus there has perhaps come a permanent division between these two lands so often united. Under Turkey they were both reckoned as part of the one province, Syria.

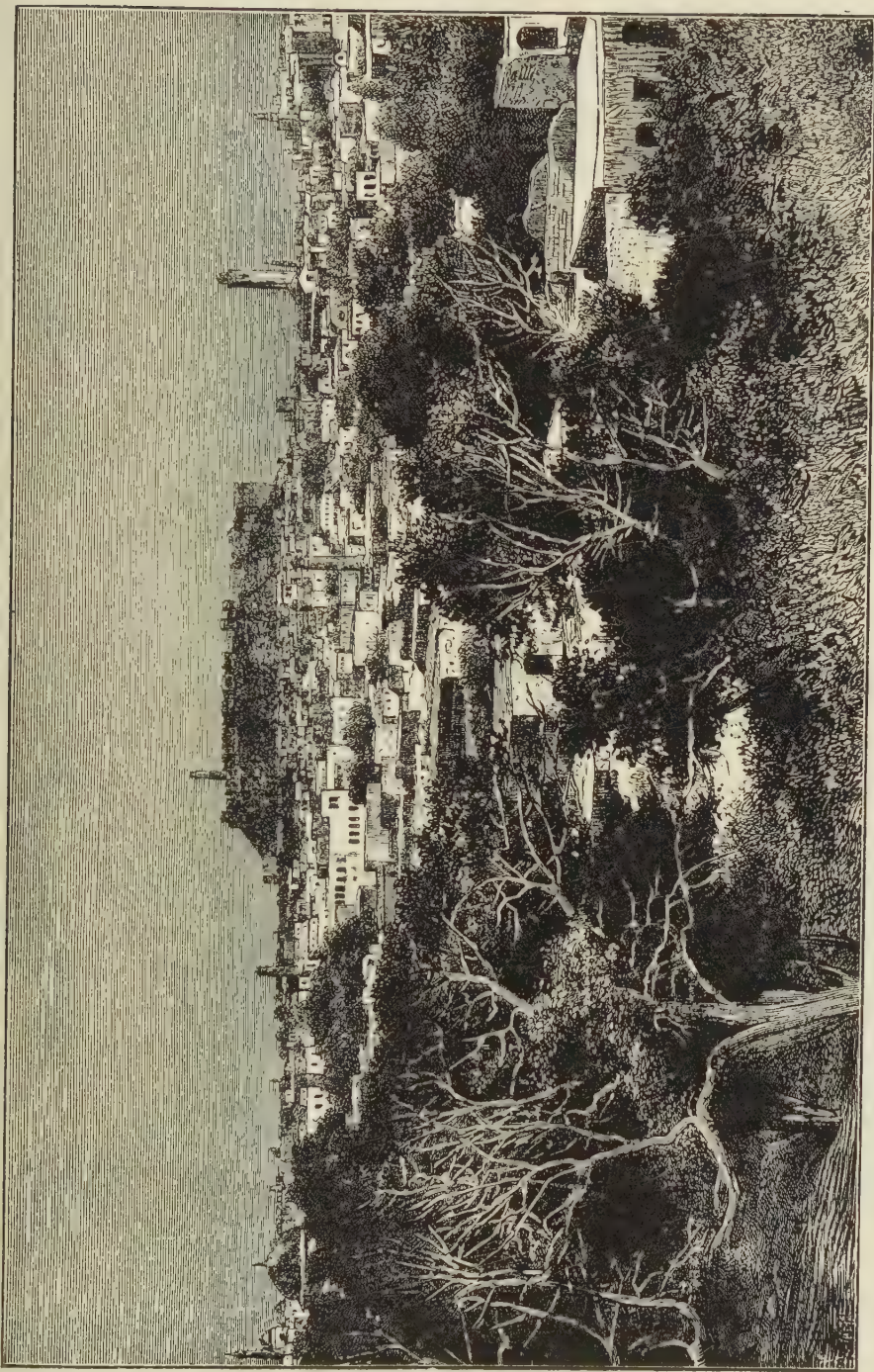
Ever since time began, this northern or French Syria has been a mixing-ground for all the nations, far more so than Palestine. East of Palestine lies the barren Arabian desert; east of Syria lies the rich Euphrates valley. Hence Syria, not Palestine, has been the chief center of caravan trade between East and West through untold ages. If we sail north along this Syrian coast we shall come also to far better har-

bors than those of Palestine. We shall pass Tyre and then Sidon, those two greatest of the cities of the old Phoenicians. We shall pass Beirut, directly under the shadow of Lebanon, and so on up to the far north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean, where we shall find Antioch and Alexandretta, all of them once famous ports. There are few modern seaport towns so interesting as Beirut, and few ancient cities once so famed as "Antioch the great." From these ports we shall visit Baalbec, the seat of some famous ruins, and Aleppo and Damascus, which are among the most noted great cities of the East.

Approaching these places in their order from the north, we shall land first from a steamer at Alexandretta. This is a mean and dreary little town. It must always have been an unpleasant place to live; for it is surrounded by marshes which breed constant fevers. The few folk who dwell there now do so only as a matter of business. On its shore there still stand two ancient columns which give opportunity to the fertile Arab imagination. They say these are Jonah's pillars, erected in his honor, because here Jonah was cast up by the whale. This was the nearest seaport from which he could reach Nineveh. He had been swallowed by the whale for refusing to go to Nineveh and prophesy its doom; so when he repented the whale landed him at the proper spot, and the prophet at once set out upon his journey.

The legend emphasizes the fact that Alexandretta is and always has been nothing but the port from which merchants hurry onward to the East by way of Aleppo. The mountain range at Lebanon is here at its lowest and easiest to cross, and the great Euphrates river is here scarce a hundred miles to eastward. Hence the caravan trade to all eastern Asia has ever found the Aleppo route the easiest, when hostile nations did not bar the way.

Aleppo itself when we have ridden some fifty miles across the rugged hills to find it, is a city of a quarter of a million people. This is an earthquake region and Aleppo has suffered from earth shocks too often to show much of remote antiquity. It is just a garden spot, with a charming climate, because of the surrounding mountains, and with a pretty mountain river flowing through it, a river that loses itself like so many in this region, finding no outlet to the sea but wandering off into marsh and desert where it is all absorbed by the sun. We are almost out of the semi-tropics here. Orange trees will not grow. Instead you will find maples and ash and walnut trees. The pistachio nut has always been a famous product of Aleppo. We also hear



THE CITADEL OF ALEPPO

The modern town of Aleppo lies in an oasis with the desert beyond. The town encircles its famous ancient citadel.

much of "Aleppo dates"; but Aleppo is only the market that gathers, not the soil that produces them.

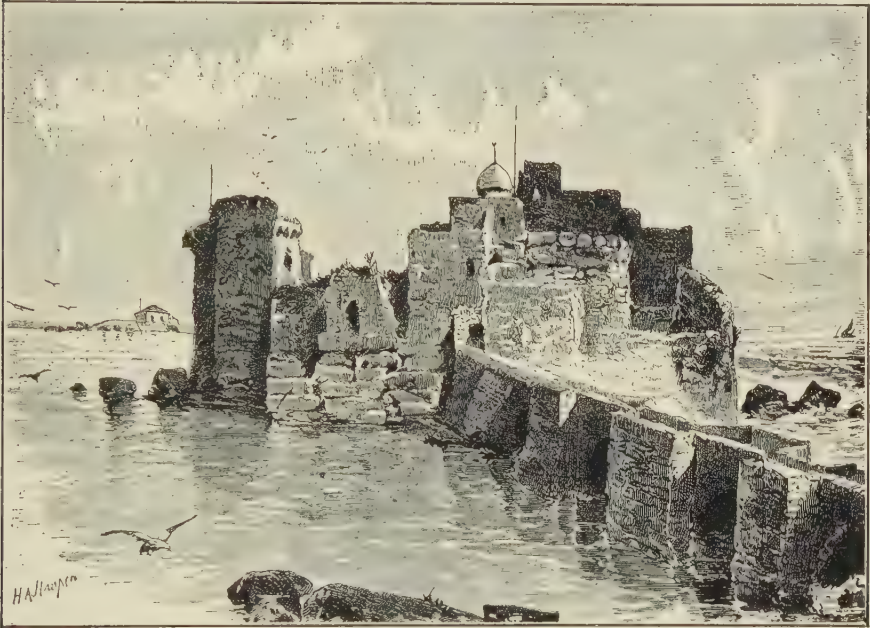
Aleppo is a busy place of endless bazaars and visiting traders from all over Asia. The bazaars will surprise us mainly by being full of European goods. This is not a market where our wandering tourists buy; few of them ever reach Aleppo. There are Europeans here, but they are business men, the managers of the trade of modern Asia. Aleppo is a truly Asiatic market where all the traders of the East buy what they mean to sell again to their neighbors nearer home. So there is an eternal bustle of caravans coming and going. If you would really know the East you should watch it at Aleppo.

The city is picturesque in appearance. It centers around an ancient citadel, an artificial hill so old that no man knows its origin. This was well constructed at some time, its entire slope being lined with heavy slabs of stone, while around it circles a moat into which even now the waters of the river could be turned as of old. The Arabs say this artificial hill is supported from within by eight thousand columns. The present fortifications on the summit are of Moslem building, but are wholly ruinous; and the native Syrians live in streets of hovels where once palaces must have stood.

From Aleppo we could quickly reach the Euphrates and so back to Mesopotamia, the land of the beginnings. Instead we will turn back almost as we came, and cross the river Orontes flowing between the two Lebanon mountain ranges. We will follow it as it breaks through a romantic looking gorge down to the sea not far south of Alexandretta. Here still stands a pillar pointed out as that of the strange early "saint" Simon Stylites, which means Simon of the pillar. He is said to have dwelt for the last thirty years of his life upon the summit of this pillar, a stand so narrow that comfort and even rest were impossible. Here he endured the sort of life of torture which was supposed to make him superior to all human weaknesses and so better fitted to the life beyond. Admiring worshippers raised food for him to the top of his column, and all the world came to gaze upon the ever-visible "holy man" of the pillar.

In sharpest contrast to Simon's life of self-deprivation, we find here, too, the remnants of the ancient pleasure city of Antioch. Here, on both banks of the Orontes, just before it reaches the sea, was built this famed Greek-Roman city. Antioch was the first town in the world outside of Palestine to receive Christianity.

Antioch was famed indeed in those old days. It ranked after Rome and Alexandria as the third of the great cities of the Roman world. It had once been Greek, and retained much of the Greek culture. Then it was later adopted as the shrine of Daphne (dăf' ně), the Roman goddess of idle pleasure; and its "Grove of Daphne" then became the most noted center of earthly pleasures and pastoral beauty that the world has ever known. Indeed Antioch, though a mighty metropolis itself, was often named simply as "the Daphne gateway." Earthquakes repeatedly desolated the city; but the Daphne grove was naturally less



THE REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT PHOENICIAN CITY OF SIDON

injured by these than were the great buildings of the town; and always the town was rebuilt for the sake of the grove.

Imagine the struggle in this pleasure city, when Paul began preaching Christianity there. Antioch remained a chief center of dispute among conflicting ideas for over five hundred years. Then the most tremendous of all its earthquakes killed a quarter of a million people. Two years later another earthquake checked the feeble rebuilding that had been attempted; and then the Persians stormed it and carried off its people as slaves. Tradition says that the citizens were all watching a favorite dancer at the theatre, and so intent on her that they knew

nothing of their fate until suddenly she pointed behind them with a look of horror. Turning, they saw the Persian warriors who had crept secretly into the city and now stood lined at the back of the theatre with raised spears. As each man turned to look he was slain by a hurled spear. Yet Antioch was again revived in the Moslem days; and when the European crusaders came it was once more a great pleasure city. It almost conquered the crusaders by its vices; but at last they conquered it and slew its people in a terrific massacre. It remained the crusader's stronghold, until they, too, were overthrown; then Antioch went back into Moslem hands.

The Modern Antioch is a mere ordinary Syrian town built up in one little corner of what we can still trace as the enclosing walls of the ancient city. They make soap in Antioch now, and licorice. As to the Grove of Daphne we cannot even be quite certain where it lay. The laurel was the sacred shrub of Daphne, and the site usually accepted is on a mountain side where a few laurels still grow. There is a bright little stream here which dances in waterfalls down the valley, a deep grotto, now full of stalactites, and a few scattered broken columns. That is all.

When from Antioch we go south by sea to our next port, Beirut, we are in a wholly different world. Beirut is as modern and as crowded as Antioch is ancient and empty. Almost two hundred thousand people live at Beirut. It is the chief port of all this coast and has been made by the French the administrative capital of their protectorate over Syria. These vigorous and numerous Syrians did not accept French rule as readily as the few scattered natives of Palestine accepted the British protectorate. There were uprisings and even pitched battles; and the French held the land only by a considerable display of military force. Hence, Beirut is filled with French uniforms. It is an administrative city as well as a commercial one and busy officials are seen everywhere. Beirut has its gayeties, its cafés, and a great European hotel almost as well known as Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo.

Beirut has also a nobler fame. Here there was planted over a century ago a colony of American missionaries who aimed to fit the Syrians for this world rather than the next by training them in the practical affairs of life. From this effort there developed in 1866 the American College of Beirut, which has been second only to Robert College at Constantinople in training the youth of the East to a broad and generous citizenship. Under the lead of this college, Beirut has



THE PLAIN OF ANTIOCH

Standing on the rocks above the famed "grove of Daphne" one may look down on the ancient valley of the Orontes spreading on beyond modern Antioch to the sea.

become not only the most modern but the most intellectual of eastern cities. The percentage of natives who can read and write is higher here than in any other formerly Turkish city.

Beirut, as we have said, lies under the shadow of Lebanon. A few miles outside the city at the mouth of the Dog river, the rugged edge of the mountain comes fully down to the sea, the only place along the coast where sea and cliff meet with no beach or fields to make a passage-way. Hence this cliff has become famed as the "gate of the south." Every invading army, marching along the easy road of the coast, has had to pass this cliff. Successive military roads have been cut around it, and a long series of commanders have here left inscriptions boasting of their work. There are old Egyptian tablets carved in the cliffs, later Assyrian ones, Roman ones, and last of all a French one of 1860. Each record recalls anew the pompous vanities of men.

From Beirut a railroad takes us up the slopes of Lebanon. It was from these heights that Solomon got the famous "cedars of Lebanon" for his Temple. These cedars were rated as the richest building wood in all the world. We can see the one remaining grove of these tremendous cedars. The rest of the upper Lebanon region is barren today; but this one grove, officially protected now, still stands to show us what mighty trees and mighty forests must once have grown here.

We can also take a little branch railroad which leads up the valley lying between the two Lebanon ranges and can there visit the world-known ruins of Baalbec. These are Roman ruins of about the time of Jesus, famed, therefore, not as being of any extreme antiquity, but for their size and beauty. The Romans here built a city to their sun-god Apollo; and as the Syrian god of the Sun was Baal, the city became known to the East by its present name which means Baal's City. This was in some respects the most gigantic of all the Roman efforts at building in the East. The walls of the sun god's temple here are built of stones twelve feet square and sometimes over sixty feet long. These huge blocks are piled high up on one another and so perfectly smoothed and fitted that there are no open cracks whatever between their edges. The columns that rise beside these walls are as stupendous as the walls themselves. Yet all this giant work carries carvings as delicate as those we might carve upon a boudoir ornament. Every detail of the carved work seems to have been a labor of love; every stone must have taken a man's lifetime. These ruins had almost fallen into utter decay; but they are now carefully preserved by the French government.



A WEALTHY JEWISH HOME IN DAMASCUS

CHAPTER XXII—SYRIA

DAMASCUS, THE PEARL OF THE DESERT

Returning from Baalbec's mighty ruins to the railroad, we shall circle around the second Lebanon ridge, and then there will lie to the east of us only the slowly descending mountain slope. This, if we follow it somewhat toward the south, extends for endless miles across all the Arabian desert; if we turn more to the north the slope extends along the edge of the desert through a half-desert region back to the Euphrates Valley. Below us, just at the parting of these ways, lies Damascus, the most celebrated of all desert oases.

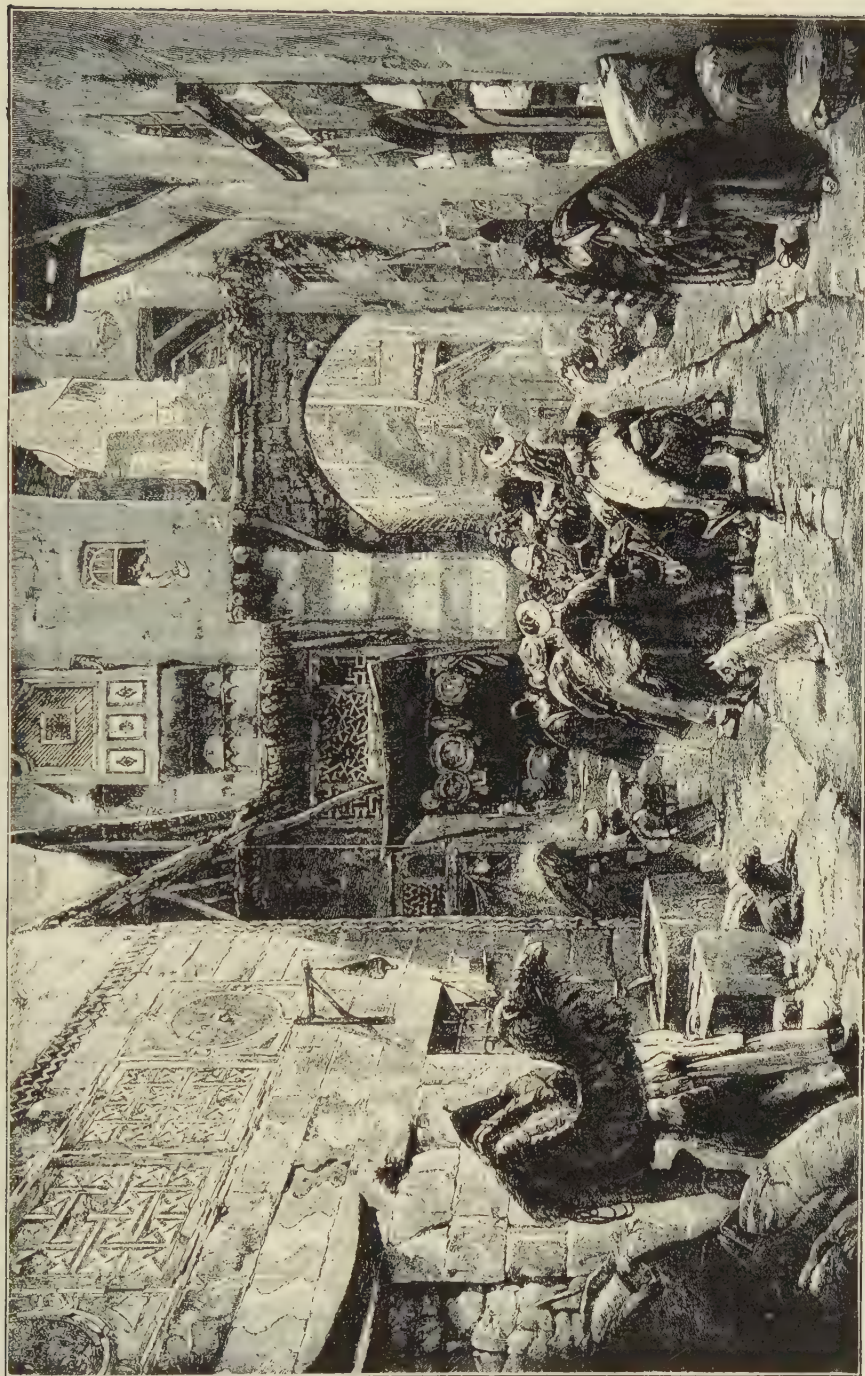
Damascus has often been called a "city without a country." It has no surrounding lands on which to draw for support. Yet in it there dwell some three hundred thousand people. Many of these are traders; for there is money to be made in the eager bargaining which fills Damascus. Many are just rich idlers; for almost always when an Arab or a Syrian has made money he comes to dwell in Damascus. Many are farmers; for Damascus is indeed the pearl of oases. It is a vale of some twenty miles long kept green in the midst of the desert by two rivers which flow full and strong from the mountain slopes. They rush out from deep gorges not far above Damascus, water its fertile fields, and then lose themselves, or what little Damascus has left of them, in the sands beyond.

Of these rivers the Barada, which means "the coolness," is the largest. It is the Abana river of the Bible, deeply beloved by Damascus folk even in that day. Now, it supplies the city's public baths; it waters all the gardens; it divides into a network of artificial channels and so brings its coolness to every corner of the city. Seen from the mountain slopes in springtime Damasucs is a white gem embowered in pink rose gardens. Its low white walls are topped with pink roofs and high above these leap the slim minarets of over two hundred mosques. Mohammed gazing down upon it refused to enter its gates. He said that no man might hope to have two visits into Paradise. Perhaps this was his way of warning men against the lazy pleasures of the city. There is an Arab saying that there are three beautiful things, a tree, a stream, and a woman. Damascus is so well supplied with all three that to the desert-dwelling Arabs it must have seemed a paradise indeed.

The city is at least as old as Abraham's time; and no man can say how much older, for the pleasure-loving town has kept no records of itself and has no ancient monuments. The oldest thing in it today is a fragment from an early Christian church which has been built into the city walls and still carries a Greek text declaring that the Church of Christ will never pass away. That is the one Christian fragment of the now thoroughly Moslem city. Older still in a way is the "street called straight," the main street which runs from end to end of Damascus. It is mentioned in the Scriptures, but every building on it must have been replaced many times over, since the days when the Apostle Paul dwelt here and escaped from the city by being lowered from the walls in a basket.

In the East if you haven't a history of yourself you make one; and the Damascus folk, backed by the Arab admiration of their city, have had no trouble in inventing a most lordly past and having it accepted through most of the East. They will tell you that theirs is the oldest city in the world, that here Adam was created out of the good red earth—the name Adam means red earth—of which a large part of the Damascus oasis consists. Nearby they show you where Abel was slain and where Cain built his city. To be sure Beirut makes much the same claims as to its vicinity, and so do other Syrian and Arab towns; but Damascus makes the most noise about it.

Of more convincing character is the city's Moslem record. When the early caliphs captured Damascus, they set up their capital here until a later war shifted the center of their empire to Bagdad. Damascus,



IN THE STREETS OF DAMASCUS

No city in the world offers street scenes more strange, and rich and varied than these of the Damascus bazaars.

in its lazy way, has never either forgiven Bagdad or forgotten the power that was once its own. In the crusades, Damascus was the center of resistance to the Europeans, and was never conquered by them. Their great adversary the Sultan Saladin made his headquarters and was buried here. His tomb is the oldest assured monument and genuine glory of the city.

Damascus was long famed for its metal workers. A "Damascus sword blade" was the ambition of every mediaeval youth. But five hundred years ago the Tartars captured the city and carried off every metal worker to central Asia. So the blades of Damascus are now made in Turkestan, and Damascus has forgotten the art—another grudge her people have against fate. As a matter of fact our modern steel is much superior to the once famous "damascene."

When the Turks in their turn won possession of the Moslem world, they made Damascus their second capital, submissive only to Constantinople; and the people have repaid this with a vehement devotion to Mohammedanism. A terrible massacre of Christians occurred here in 1860, not the only one but merely the last big one. Very recently a western gentleman who in a Damascus book shop picked up a copy of the Koran, had it snatched from him by the proprietor who declared vehemently that he would not sell the book to an unbeliever or allow it to be touched by one. When told that copies of it could be purchased by the hundred in New York, he disdainfully dismissed this as just another falsehood of the crafty Christians; for surely "Allah would not allow it!"

Such a Damascus as this would naturally not take kindly to its "French protectorate." If the city were not so strangely placed "without a country," it might well have led a great Moslem revolt. Even as matters stand, the position of the French is not easy; and they resent deeply the support which Britain gave to various "Arab kings." Each one of these has had a faction in Damascus.

It is time we entered this shadowy, secretive, old "Pearl of the Desert." By the pleasant flower bordered road along the singing Barada, we approach the western gate. We pass through long orchards of apricots and almonds, long lines of poplars and walnut trees, fields of tobacco and grain. Birds sing everywhere. We are on a broad, well-made road beside the river, with herds grazing on the farther shore. We pass troops of camels or of horses, the latter as gay and jingling as the former are slow and solemn. Water carriers go by with brass cup and leather bottle or clay jar, calling on all to

purchase. Cafés begin to show along the river bank, all open and with low stools set out under the trees. Idlers sit there puffing at water-pipes. Women, more frequently unveiled than veiled, ride by on donkeys, the women each with a bright parasol, the donkeys each with a bell and a bustling donkey boy behind. There is little of the usual Moslem woman's severity of dress and glance. That we shall see later when we reach the shops, where women walk rather than ride. There they are shrouded in all-enveloping black robes, so that only their eyes are visible. Here in the suburbs Moslem severity seems relaxed.



OLD DAMASCUS AS SEEN FROM THE QUARTER OF THE CHRISTIANS

Houses begin to crowd around, just plain mud houses most of them, that would dissolve in too heavy a rainstorm, and can last but a few years at best. Damascus, seen from within its streets, is not a pretty nor even an impressive city. There seem endless miles of these hovels; but through them at last we reach to the city square, the old horse market, and find a hotel and a few other buildings of larger size and built of stone. As a matter of fact there are many beautiful homes in Damascus. It is famed for them. But the owners are careful to keep them as poor looking as possible from the outside. This was needful in a land ruled by the Turkish Sultan. Display would be an invitation

for taxation. The tale is well proven of a rich citizen who shortly before the World War decided to have a beautiful home. He spent ten thousand dollars in building the first or entrance court next to the street. Other rooms were to be even more gorgeous but were never built. The Sultan got wind of the first structure and sent word to the owner that such ostentation was contrary to the spirit of Moslem faith; and thereon the Sultan threw the man into prison and confiscated his property.

There are said to be five hundred beautiful palaces in Damascus, all hidden behind these mean looking blank walls that line the streets. If you can secure entry to one of these carefully secluded homes you will find it to consist of a series of courtyards, each open to the sky in the center and bordered by rooms or open colonnades. The open courts are paved with small many colored stones like a mosaic. They have each a fountain at the center from which the water of the Barada, the "cool one," bubbles forth. Around the life-giving water are grouped flowers, and orange and lemon trees. Within the colonnade there are soft couches, and the walls are decorated not with pictures or statues, which the Moslem faith forbids, but with stone or painted patterns in bright colors and those Koran texts which in the Arabic lettering are so gracefully decorative.

In some such court your host receives you. Perhaps his women are there; but if so their veils have all been pulled down at the announcement of a visitor, and very shortly, finding you a stranger, the veiled figures will silently depart. The host will be gravely courteous. He will call negroes to serve you, negroes who are no longer slaves in name but are very definitely so in fact. You will drink coffee, black, syrupy, wholly unlike our western coffee, and you will eat sweet candies, "Turkish paste," of which our western candies are but the faintest echo. Your talk will be mainly of the beauty of the city and of the bargains to be found in its bazaars; for if you mention politics or religion your host will be silent and suspicious and soon bow you to the door. They have learned discretion, these gentlemen of Damascus.

Of public buildings in the city we shall care to visit only one, the great Mosque of Omar. Omar was that early Moslem caliph who made Damascus the capital of his empire. Hence the citizens here are sure he was the greatest saint and leader of all the successors of Mohammed. They have built him a shrine which covers seven acres of ground. Its outer walls are smothered among the surrounding houses; it is still approached from the west by an arch of triumph and a long



WORSHIPPERS IN THE GREAT MOSQUE

This noted Mosque of Omar is the chief shrine of Damascus and is visited by Moslems of every race and nation. Here all classes are equal in prayer and submission.

row of columns, but even these are almost buried. The arch is part of the bazaar of the book-sellers; and the columns are lost in private courtyards or built into the walls of houses.

The central court of this mosque was once a mass of jewels with golden vines running as a decoration around all its columns and arches. These columns marked the steps of Moslem victory, being taken one by one from captured Christian cities. Now only a few faint traces of this splendor remain. The mosque has been repeatedly plundered in its turn. Some fine mosaics still adorn the walls; there is a finely wrought bronze door, some beautiful bits of stained glass, and a great dome. There is also a most elaborate shrine which is said to hold the head of John the Baptist; for it is important though always a bit confusing to remember that the early Christian saints are Moslem saints as well.

The Moslems believe almost all that Jews and Christians do, and then a great deal more. John the Baptist and Jesus were both divine prophets to them, only not to be quite so honored as Mohammed who brought the final revelation. The Moslems look on Christians as having received the early "Law" but having been too blind and prejudiced to accept its latest and highest teaching. They will show you here not only John's tomb but the minaret, a tall and graceful one indeed, whereon Jesus is to take his stand at the final judgment and plead for those who accepted him but failed to accept Mohammed.

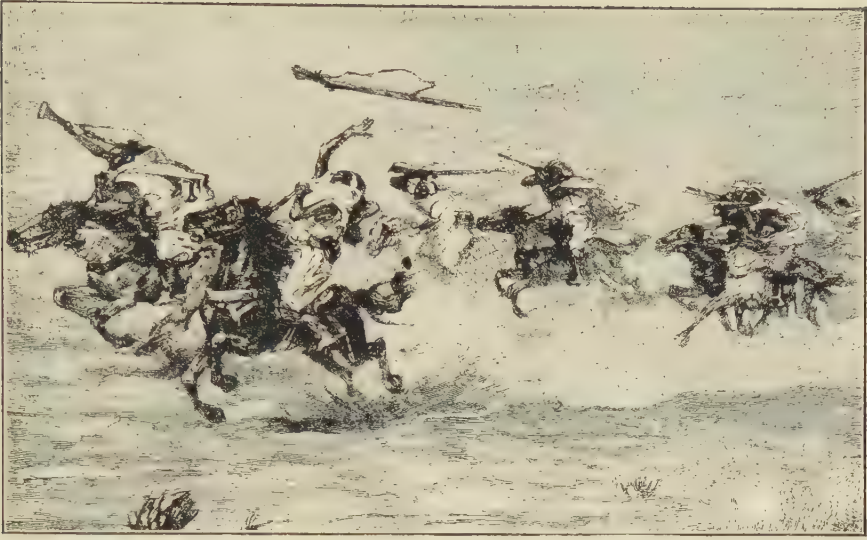
From this mosque sets out a great annual pilgrimage to Mecca, Mohammed's own city. You can go by railroad now, but many still prefer to travel by caravan, that being the ancient and holier way.

All around the mosque are scattered the famous bazaars of the city. The most noted collection of shops lined that ancient street of St. Paul's "called Straight." This is in the southern part of the city now, cutting straight across its older section from west to east. It has a city gate at either end, and was probably once the central street of the town and even the old, old caravan route across the desert. It is all roofed in now, and has thus become a sort of arcade, with its shops lighted only dimly. You buy, if you are so reckless as to buy, in mystery. In truth, the Syrian, ever an expert trader, has now learned that Europeans are his easiest customers; and the Damascus shops are filled with antiques new made, often in European factories, for the fascinated tourists. Syria is becoming very modern in some ways, though it clings to ancient customs where it can.



EVENING IN AN ARAB VILLAGE

The Arab villages which lie along the low coast of the Persian Gulf are primitive, and are often and easily destroyed.



THE DESERT RIDERS OF ARABIA AT PLAY

CHAPTER XXIII—ARABIA

THE GREAT DESERT

In all the ancient lands we have so far visited, we have had to speak of the Arab population which, having at some time overrun these lands, now mainly occupies them. It is time we turned to look at the original homeland of these Arabs, the desert of Arabia.

Arabia is a huge peninsula, as big as the eastern section of the United States. It extends southward from Asia, with the Red Sea to its west, the Persian Gulf to its east and the Indian Ocean to the south. But the seas on either side are narrow. They do not dominate the neighboring deserts, but rather are dominated by them. Thus Arabia is really the central part of that vast strip of tropic desert which extends across Africa as the Sahara, and on across Asia through Sinai, Arabia and the Persian deserts into further desert lands in central Asia. This is the vast barren rainless strip of the world; and Arabia lies in the very heart of it.

If you ask how could so barren a land have supported enough people to make up the many armies which have come out of it, the answer is in a way a paradox. It has supported them by sending them forth. The thin green patches of oasis around the few water spots to be found in the vast deserts have never been capable of supporting any great masses of people. The Arabian desert today holds perhaps half a mil-

lion inhabitants and can never have held many more. But all around the edge of this desert lies the fringe of greener lands which the Arabs have seized at one time or another, lands left empty by other folk because of the constant Arab raids. The half settled Arabs of these regions have always been ready to join their wild-riding desert kinsmen in some foray into other lands. Thus the process of capture has been the same ever since the early Arabs seized on Babylonia and on ancient Sumer six thousand years ago. A few Arabs settle in a neighboring land among the laborers; a few more follow. They prove the ablest of the poorer classes, and more of them are welcomed. Then comes a rush of fighting Arabs; their kinsmen already in the land join them eagerly and show them the way to victory. And the land is theirs.

The desert itself does certainly breed able men. Its clear, dry atmosphere invigorates the body and stimulates the brain. The hard life teaches self-dependence. The poorest desert Arab is a man, and wholly unlike the helpless peasantry, submissive and down-trodden, whom we meet in so many lands.

While Turkey held the religious headship of the Moslem world, she could claim some sort of lordship of all Moslem lands; and hence the Turks spoke of Arabia as part of their empire. But the desert Arabs knew little and cared less about such claims. Not more than twice did a Turkish army penetrate central Arabia, and these armies were glad to get away again. There is no way to hold possession of such an empty land unless you choose to stay and starve with it. Naturally the Arabs called these Turkish withdrawals Arab victories and became more than ever proud of their lawless freedom.

An Arab gives allegiance only to his "sheik," the head of his tribe; and some of these tribes consist of but a handful of men, perhaps only a dozen "tents" or families. Thus there has never been an Arab kingdom, but only some loose confederation of tribes, from which any tribe would separate at will and start off on some private raid of its own. Within the past century there have been two such tribal confederacies developed in desert Arabia; and since the World War there have been determined British efforts to build up Arab kingdoms on the European pattern. These semi-independent kingdoms, however, have all been built up around that outer fringe of only half Arabic lands. None of them have reached the real central Arabia; for there the Europeans have no power. Only one of all the modern newly invented great weapons of war has proved able to reach the Arabs. That is the bomb-



SALUTING THE LORD OF HAYIL

The Emir of Hayil is the last remaining lord of the old style Arabs, the fierce robbers of the desert.

dropping aeroplane. Solid French armies checked the advance of the Arabs and drove them back from Damascus, when they tried to claim dominion over Syria. But only British bombing planes have established any slightest influence over them within their own deserts.

Of the little semi-Arab kingdoms which Europe supports we will briefly visit four. They are, first and most important, the Hedjaz or holyland of Arabia which contains Mecca, the original city of Mohammed; and second, Transjordan, the land immediately east of Palestine across the Jordan, and so close to Damascus that the French regard Transjordan as a deliberate Arab-British menace to their protectorate over Syria. We shall also visit the Sultanates of the south Arabian coast, Yemen and Oman.

These four little kingdoms will, however, all of them be clearer to us if we visit first the original, wholly independent Arabs in their central desert. These center chiefly around two of the less bleak portions of the land. One of these is in northern and one in central Arabia. In northern Arabia there now clusters around the ancient town of Hayil what is left of a confederacy of the Shammar tribes which was formed, solely for purposes of plunder, about a century ago. In central Arabia, with its capital at Riyadh, there has developed the increasingly powerful government of the Wahabis, which is rather a religious than a tribal confederacy. The Wahabis (wah hah' bēz) are Mohammedan reformers, very earnest in their warlike faith; and from them the world may expect at any time some such vehement impulse as has so often before driven the Arabs wildly forth upon the world to spread their faith or die.

To visit the homes of these two chief Arab groups we must, of course, travel by camel. Camels, by the way, are the only article of export from desert Arabia. Its tribes sell camels to Syria, to Egypt and even to the Turks in distant Asia Minor. Everything else, guns, clothes, tents and the greater part of their food, they now purchase—or plunder—from their neighbors. We can not make our trip alone or with a single camel. In the first place, there are no hotels and not even a hovel till we come to far off Hayil. We must carry tents and food, and of course water even more carefully than all the rest. In the next place, there are no police there either. A desert Arab has absolutely no idea of property rights, and will take from us everything we possess—if he thinks he can.

We might hire an escort, but not one large enough to be of use if

we chance to meet some tribe out on one of its plundering raids; and hired escorts have a bad habit of running away when the fight gets hot, if they do not actually join the other side. It is always right to plunder an "unbeliever." Hence, men who have ventured into central Arabia have usually done so by disguising themselves as Moslems and joining one of the great religious caravans which cross the desert every year to Mecca. With the recent changes, however, it is now possible to secure the protection of some sheik who has interests in Europe. If he will accompany you, not for money but as a friend, or even if he will



THE DESERTED RUINS OF PALMYRA

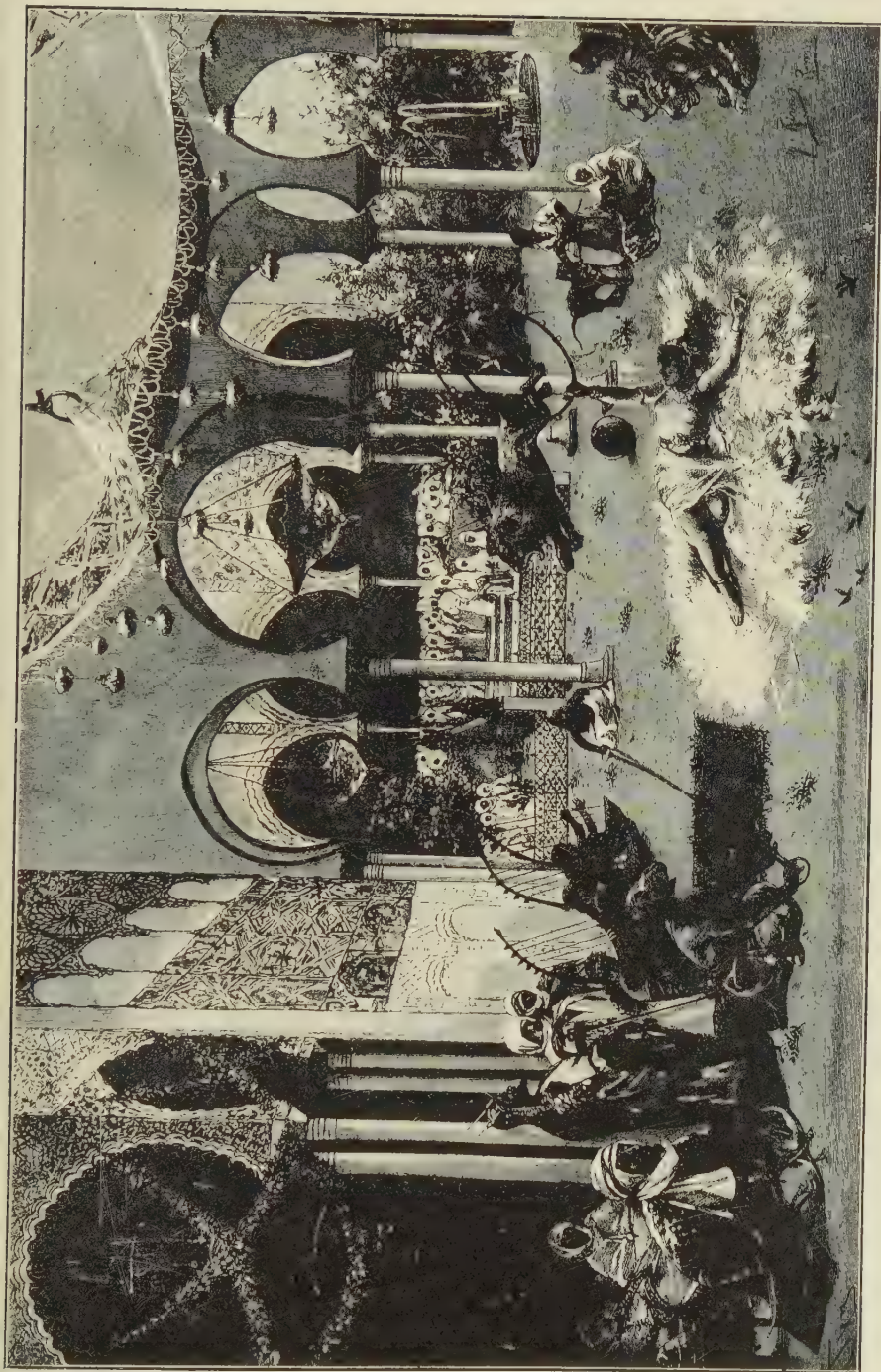
send one of his people to represent him, then his honor is pledged and you are safe. At least you are as safe as he himself would be. There is always the remote chance that some other sheik may choose to make war upon your friend and may announce it by robbing you, or worse.

As for the religious caravans, the one from the east starts in Mesopotamia at Bagdad or rather from the holy city of Kerbela and cuts straight across the desert making Hayil its main resting place on the way. The other great yearly caravan is from Damascus and journeys south along the desert's western rim through Transjordan. Each one

sets out with mighty preparations. At its head is borne some holy emblem. Then come the priests in constant prayer; then soldiers; then the pilgrims; then more soldiers. Some Arabs are so wicked they will even plunder the holy caravans; and it is done almost every year. The attack is not made by some large tribe, which would thus be publicly disgraced; but at night a few Arabs rush down on some unprotected point of the long line of camels. There are a few shouts, a few fierce blows, a tumult of belated shots by the soldiers; and the marauders are off again. The victims, who have lost everything, are taken care of by the other pilgrims. They accept their lot cheerfully enough, if they have not been foolish enough to resist and so get badly hurt. "It is the will of Allah!" In former generations these great caravans marked their path by dead men left all along the sands; for many fanatics came crazily unprepared for the terrible journey. They truly expected Allah to take care of them. Now, the pilgrimage is a government affair; and if the pilgrims can not be wholly sheltered from the Arabs, they are at least protected from themselves.

You and I will join neither of these caravans; for our destination is not Mecca but the almost wholly unknown region beyond Hayil. At first, on the far northern edge of the desert, we shall be quite safe. We shall start from Damascus; for in this northern desert there is one famous set of ruins we shall care to see. It is Palmyra, the once famed city of Odenatus and of Zenobia, the Arab queen. Odenatus lived in Roman days. By winning the support of the desert Arabs he became very powerful. He died, and his widow, Zenobia, made alliance with Rome and ruled all Syria and most of Egypt. Her city, built in an oasis on the edge of the desert, was so enlarged and beautified by her that the world talked eagerly of this new wonder of the East, and a Roman Emperor felt called upon to prove his greatness by crushing this half-independent kingdom. Zenobia was overthrown after an heroic resistance and was compelled to walk in chains in a Roman triumphal procession. Her ruined city was left empty in the desert. So it stands today. Whatever water once made the city possible has disappeared, choked up perhaps by the heaped up ruins. There are few sites so impressive as this wilderness of fallen walls and battered carvings and lonely columns. They stand here apart where no thing can live, and none would wish to live. The Arabs say the place is full of ancient ghosts. If so they have it wholly to themselves.

From Palmyra we strike directly south across some two hundred



THE PALMYRA OF THE PAST

In old Roman days the Arab chieftain Odenatus made Palmyra a splendid city. His court had a fierce barbaric gorgeousness.

miles of desert to Hayil. As we advance the land rises. Arabia is not flat; along its western edge the mountains rise sharply from the Jordan valley and the Red Sea's shore to a height of often seven thousand feet. Then instead of dropping as abruptly to the east, the heights slope slowly. Most of Arabia is uplifted some two thousand feet.

Neither is the desert we are now crossing made up wholly of sand. It is more of barren rock and sun-baked clay. The sand which covers so much of Arabia comes from the decomposition of the rock and clay through the constant driving of sand against them by the wind. Thus the mountain ledges are worn down, and the sand constantly increases. Some day, unless the climate changes, Arabia will be all sand; but that day is still many long ages off. The rocks and hills still maintain their share of the great empty land. We shall even find at this northern end of the desert a rough vegetation. Sand grass and low tamarisk trees grow in spots and form a shelter for the marauders who may be watching us each day as we advance.

With each day we ascend a little higher. We escape the close heat of the Palmyra district, and though the sun is hot, blazingly so, it is a dry heat that brings life with it. The nights, too, bring full rest. They are cool and bracing. The stars come out with a wonderful clearness, and our Arab escort chant little songs to them as we lie in our cloaks upon the sand.

After a dozen of such days and nights we see far ahead a strange and jagged line of mountains, the northern range of Shammar. The sands blown by the fierce north wind have searched every cranny here and dug away the softer clay and rock so that the towering range seems as if carved by hand, a madman's hand, into jagged pieces and curling crests. The mountains draw a little rain and so have a vegetation of their own, as gnarled and twisted as the rocks. There are no paths here, and crossing these stubborn rocks seems quite impossible. But as we approach our guide points out the spot he has been heading for, a single broken place in the wall, where sand has drifted in and formed a road through the rugged pass. By this we reach a valley sheltered between the mountains we have passed and another range to the south. This valley is the home of the Shammar tribes, or such of them as deign to have a home. It has enough water not only to carry a thin herbage throughout, but at times to blossom into a few sparse oases of palms and dates. Along this valley passes the Mecca caravan route from the East. Here we shall meet a desert prince in his own capital.



A PROFESSIONAL STORY TELLER IN RIYAD

CHAPTER XXIV—ARABIA

THE ARAB CITIES WITHIN THE DESERT

The Emir of Hayil makes rather a point of welcoming visitors, once they manage to reach him. Mainly, of course, these visitors are whatever important persons come with the pilgrim caravan; but exploring Europeans are equally accepted. The Emir has a special "palace" in which his guests are lodged, and his annual item of "expense for entertaining" was recently stated at seven thousand dollars. That, in so poor a land as Arabia, means considerable money. If, however, we came to Hayil expecting splendor, we should be sadly disappointed.

Hayil (hah-ēl') holds only about four thousand people, and is merely a "mud city." That is, it is built of clay, and of clay that can not be very permanent even in dry Arabia. If a modern fire hose could be turned on the city, it would disappear in a day. It is encircled by mud walls some fifteen feet high. Each larger building within it has a tower rising some ten feet above its roof, as a fortress and watch tower; and the highest tower of all, the citadel, which is the Emir's stronghold and the main part of his palace, is only some forty feet tall. Even the minarets of the mosques seem built for a toy town.

At sunset each of the six gates of the city is carefully closed and barred and a watch is set. Then darkness closes in. There are no lights in Hayil and of course no night life. None of our modern con-

veniences exist. The Emir is recently reported to have brought in some kerosene lamps, but he knows such modern innovations are little likely to please his conservative people. The palace is shut off from the rest of the town by an inner wall and a heavy wooden gate; so the Emir is doubly guarded against a surprise attack. Yet despite every precaution the lords of Hayil seldom reign for long. If not in tribal wars, then in family quarrels or in the frenzied assault of some victim of a fancied wrong, they usually die fighting.

About half the people of Hayil are slaves, negro slaves, and of these the Emir forms his guard. The rest of the populace are his most trusted followers, by whose warlike aid he asserts his dominion over the other towns of the Shammar. The women in Hayil are never seen at all; they are kept in the strictest Moslem seclusion, though among the wandering Arabs of the desert the women usually live almost as freely as the men, with faces uncovered and with a vigorous public voice in all family affairs.

When we are admitted, with all precautions, within the Emir's palace, it will remind us of a public inn or "caravanserai." In some ways, of course, it is just such a caravan pausing place. It has a bare public coffee hall, in which all the loyal tribesmen in town gather for their daily gossip. It has the more formal reception room of the Emir, which contains rugs and colored walls with arabesques, and other faint attempts at splendor. Also there is a square court or cloister with two stories of rooms around it, intended for the visitors. In one of these bare unwindowed cells you must supply your own fire at night and your own food, except on the stated ceremonial occasion when the Emir invites you to eat with him. Then you will see much gorgeousness of waiting slaves; but the food will be little beyond what every tribesman eats in the Shammar valley, mutton and dates and fruits, with plenty of milk and curds. Few foods except grain are carried here over the long journey from the outside world.

If now we leave the Shammar mountains and continue our route to the south we find ourselves again in an empty desert, but one never wholly sand covered; and before much travel the thin desert grasses and tamarisks appear. The region becomes capable of supporting wandering sheep flocks. Still farther south it grows enough vegetation to support a thinly scattered but permanent population. This is the region called Nedjed. It is central Arabia, the main Arab home. The Shammar mountains probably do not contain fifty thousand people all told;



THE SIMPLE LIFE AMONG THE ARABS

An Arab home in the heart of Arabia is primitive indeed. The man is master and the women serve him.

the Nedjed supports at least a quarter million, perhaps more, as no census has ever been attempted.

The vegetation here is kept alive by an occasional slight rain; and also by those queer desert rivers called "wadies." A wady is a depression where a river might run and sometimes does. There may be a rain to the westward on the mountain heights which border the Red Sea; and the water on these mountain slopes gathers in gulleys and runs down to the desert, sometimes in good sized streams. These struggle on eastward across the sloping sand dunes until one stream after another becomes exhausted and loses itself in the sand. The gully that it thus makes is a wady, a river without an ending and with visible water only when the season is wet. There is always water underneath these wadies; so there are Arab villages all along their banks. Occasionally we find quite extensive oases; and in one of these lies Riyadh, the chief city of the Nedjed.

The name Riyadh (rē ahd') means green hollows. It describes the town, which is in a green hollow or a series of them which drop a hundred feet below the level of the desert with a wady at their foot. Riyadh contains only about ten thousand people. The Arabs have neither the means nor the desire to live in cities. But here lies the home of the Emir of the Nedjed, who is quite the most important person in Arabia today; for he is a chieftain wholly independent of artificial European support. He is the freely chosen leader of the Wahabis.

Wahabism is a religious movement of reform which began in Arabia over a century ago and now dominates almost the entire country. The Wahabis insist on a strict return to the practices taught by Mohammed. They forbid all drinking and even smoking; they believe in eternal war against "unbelievers," and refuse all dealings not only with infidels but with Moslems who stoop to associate with infidels. The Emir receives a considerable subsidy from Britain to enable him to keep peace within Arabia. Naturally he represents this to his people as a tribute paid him by the infidel world. His people realize that this world is too distant and too large for them to conquer, but they are pleased to be so feared and to receive this payment of homage from a supposedly terrified Europe.

Riyadh is much such a town as Hayil, mud built and mud walled, except that Riyadh fills a considerably larger space. It is like a country town. Its main street is a wide strip of sand; and the larger houses have palm gardens around them. They present to the street only a

long empty wall, but the palm tops bend above these and give grace to the scene. There is a big central square which holds the Emir's palace and the chief mosque, and which divides the town into its four quarters. These are sharply and somewhat arbitrarily assigned. In one live the important people, in another the middle classes, in a third the poor, while the fourth is for the "unclean," that is, any one who is not strictly Wahabite or is even suspected of such spiritual weakness.

Five times a day the people of Riyad are summoned from their minarets to come to prayer. All the shops are closed while the prayers



THE CLIFFS OF JEBEL SHAMMAR, WORN BY THE DRIVEN SANDS

continue, and any one who fails to attend the service is beaten severely with rods. The Emir recently came near to having a revolution on his hands because he introduced a phonograph into his palace. These luxuries are now flatly forbidden. Mohammed had said nothing about phonographs.

This stern Wahabite sway reaches out over all Arabia. Even the lax and often unbelieving coast towns must bow to it. Two Wahabite Arabs lately rode into such a town, where the people were accustomed to Europeans and their ways, and where some workmen were lazing idly through the midday heat smoking their pipes. The Wahabites were

shocked to see the smoking. They snatched away the pipes. "Brothers," said they, "shall we break these on the ground or on your heads?" That is, will you obey or fight? And the workmen, fierce enough fighters as a rule and possessing much the strength of numbers, humbly submitted to watching their pipes broken in peace. It is worth noting that, despite Wahabite severity and sincerity, there is a small but steady importation of tobacco into the Nedjed itself.

The only occasion on which these Wahabites seem really to relax is at the annual holy day called the Great Bairam or great feast. This day of feasting follows after Ramadan, the month of fasting. Every Moslem watches eagerly for the evening when the new crescent moon shows that Ramadan is over. Then his religion commands him to rejoice. If he is a Wahabite, he takes this seriously and rejoices with a grim intentness startling indeed to one unaccustomed to the wild feats of these reckless desert dwellers.

Beyond the Nedjed in southern Arabia lies the most empty desert of all. This region is utterly unknown to any but the Arabs; and they picture it as mere blankness of sand and killing heat.

Beyond this main desert come the southern mountain slopes which lead down to the Indian Ocean. These are fairly fertile. They support perhaps two million Arabs in the two "sultanates" of Oman and Yemen. The beauty of these slopes was so praised by ancient Arabs in contrast to the barren central deserts, that the old Romans conceived the idea that a perfect paradise lay here beyond the sands, and they named this far southern land Arabia Felix, Arabia the Happy. It does not at all justify its title. In the first place the whole eastern coast along the Persian Gulf from our old friend the Euphrates river all the way to the Indian Ocean is hot, terrifically hot and muggy. All the dampness which is denied to the higher regions of Arabia concentrates on this low coast and no one lives there who can help it.

As we reach farther south we come to Oman which is mountainous and hence, on the heights, cool. Nominally Oman is ruled by a Sultan whose capital is at Muscat; but practically the land is ruled like central Arabia, by its tribal sheiks. The power of the Sultan scarce extends beyond Muscat itself; and rival sheiks would long since have seized on Muscat if it were not protected by the British. This whole south coast is practically a British dependency; but even British power stops, like that of the various sultans it upholds, at the line of hills that shut away the desert from the sea.



THE BAIRAM FESTIVAL

The Bairam or feast of the new moon is kept by the wild Arabs of the Wahabite sect with solemn ceremonies.

Muscat is a quaint old semi-barbaric town of about ten thousand people. The Portuguese seized upon it some four centuries ago, in the days when Europe first discovered the sea routes to the East. Britain long since took it over from the Portuguese; but the old Portuguese forts still stand as the town's only seaward defense. Steamers touch at Muscat; and as you enter the harbor you find yourself in the semicircle left by some ancient volcanic outburst. The walls rise rugged and abrupt behind the town and form its best defense against the sultan's unruly "subjects" from the desert. At each end of the encircling wall of rock, where it comes down to the sea, there is a narrow pass leading along the beach; and these are blocked by strong walls and great wooden gates which are barred every night. Muscat sleeps like a medieval stronghold.

The city has also mud walls of its own; and these have their set of barred gates. Outside these walls the suburbs consist of little houses built of mats. Inside the wall there are stucco houses and some of stone, as many as three stories high. The people are many of them foreign merchants, especially from India. The native Arabs have a distinct negro tinge. In fact all south Arabia has absorbed so many negro slaves that these have blended with the older inhabitants.

There are several little sultanates along the coast similar to that of Oman, notably Hadramut which was probably the land of Solomon's "Queen of Sheba." The most fertile district of the whole is that of Yemen. This is the region around the mouth of the Red Sea. Here Britain has built its own port of Aden, by far the most important and populous of all the coast towns, "the Gibraltar of the East." It contains about forty thousand people and is like Port Said a medley of all races and conditions of men. The Arab lands for which it is the trading center, cover all of Arabia south of the great desert.

Yemen has a religious leader, the "Imam," who resides in the high mountain town of Khamir which no European has ever visited. The Imam's authority depends not upon his personal character but his race, as he is regarded as a direct descendant of Mohammed, and hence himself a prophet and to some extent divine. Many of these Imams have so abandoned themselves to idleness as to be much despised by their Arab followers; but with a vigorous and worthy Imam, the Arabs of Yemen might easily become as powerful as the Wahabis of Nedjed or even as the "Sherif" of Mecca, that main holy city of the Moslems, which we have next to visit.



A SACRED CARAVAN WHEN HOMEWARD BOUND FROM MECCA

CHAPTER XXV—ARABIA

THE MOSLEM HOLY LAND

Mohammed was born at Mecca, a city of the Arabian desert, some fifty miles inland from the coast of the Red Sea. The old temple at Mecca where Mohammed worshipped in his boyhood was afterward declared by him to be the holiest spot on earth. It contained a black stone, a meteorite, which the desert dwellers had perhaps once seen fall from heaven, for they had worshipped it for ages before Mohammed came. In the old days, however, this sacred stone had only been one among many "gods" which the Arabs of Mecca gathered in their temple. They had a fondness for idols and a habit of constantly adding new ones to their collection.

Mohammed swept away all the more elaborate images but declared that the stone should indeed be worshipped. The Arabs regard themselves as the descendants of Abraham's elder son Ishmael, who was rejected in favor of the younger Isaac and was driven out into the desert with his Egyptian mother Hagar. The Arabs say that the well Zem-zem in Mecca was the spring by which the angel saved Hagar and Ishmael from perishing in the desert; and that as they lay there on the ground this black "stone from heaven" was cast at Ishmael's feet with the promise that his children should at last exceed those of Isaac in power. It was this pledge that Mohammed brought to ful-

fillment; and it was this stone that he bade his people turn to in their prayers. All the pilgrimages to Mecca center on this stone.

These pilgrimages are the great event of the Moslem world. At the holy season pilgrims from every Moslem land come to Mecca. Some of the most distant wanderers have been two years upon the road. Vast official caravans start, as we have seen, from various gathering places, Bagdad in the east, Damascus in the north, and Cairo in the west, and journey to Mecca. No unbeliever is permitted to join these, or indeed to enter the holy city at all. Venturesome Christian explorers have more than once made the pilgrimage in disguise; but if detected they would have been slain. In fact even today scarce a holy season passes in Mecca without more than one person being slain on the charge of being an "unbeliever." There is little pause to investigate. If the stranger has no one to testify to his previous life and true faith, he is likely to be killed for surety sake. If the charge turns out to be a mistake, why the man has been a holy martyr. He has died for the Faith and hence is now in paradise.

Let us in imagination follow one of these pilgrim crowds. We have seen the Christian masses on pilgrimage at Jerusalem; these are different. Rather than join the long and deadly desert caravans, we will go by steamer to Jiddah the port below Mecca on the Red Sea. Here the pilgrims from central Africa and the south and west are landed. There is no harbor and all are dumped roughly into boats and then upon the shore. The sufferings of the pilgrimage are supposed to increase its merit. So nobody protests and Jiddah grows rich on all the profits it makes from the pilgrims. Mecca does the same. In fact all this "holy land" depends now wholly on these pilgrims. Two hundred thousand are said to visit Mecca every year.

Just outside of Jiddah lies the traditional tomb of Eve, which you will be urged to visit. The Arabs say that Adam and Eve were such giants that Eve would hold a pet lion in her lap and play with it as women now play with a little kitten. The visit to her tomb has been described by Burton, the most famed of early venturers into Arabia. He says: "Whitewashed and conspicuous to the voyager and traveller from afar, is a diminutive dome, with an opening to the west; it is furnished as such places usually are in the Hedjaz. Under it, and in the center, is a square stone, planted upright and fancifully carved, to represent the omphalic region of the human frame. This, as well as the dome, is called El-Surrah, or the navel. The cicerone directed



THE MODERN PILGRIM WAY

Many pilgrims today are brought to the Moslem holy land by big modern steamers. The pilgrims regret the increased easiness of the journey and seek to make up for the ease by extra prayer.

me to kiss this manner of hieroglyph, which I did, thinking the while that, under the circumstances, the salutation was quite uncalled for.

"Having prayed here and at the head, where a few young trees grew, we walked along the side of the two parallel dwarf walls which define the outlines of the body. They are about six paces apart, and between them, upon Eve's neck, are two tombs, occupied by Usman Pasha and his son, who repaired the Mother's sepulchre.

"I could not help remarking to the camel boy that, if our first parent measured a hundred and twenty paces from head to waist and eighty from waist to heel, she must have presented much the appearance of a duck. To this the youth replied flippantly, that he thanked his stars the Mother was underground, otherwise that men would lose their senses with fright."

Camels have been gathered from all Arabia to take the pilgrims up the fifty miles of sand and rock that separate Jiddah from Mecca, though most of the pilgrims will prefer to walk. We shall see among them the same eagerness of faith that marked the poorer classes in Palestine, but there will be no women here, at least none visible, and the men will show a much more fiercely combative spirit than in Palestine. Arguments enliven all the way. A few years back there would have been knife fights and even killings between men of rival sects; for the Moslems are divided into four or even five sharply antagonistic sects, and they are hot-headed in their religion.

And now we are in sight of Mecca. It is built on a medley of hills and is impressive for an Arab city; for its houses are of stone, dark and tall. They often rise several stories, almost every house being used as an inn during the pilgrimage. We are told the city holds seventy thousand people of its own beside the pilgrims. If so it is the largest city in Arabia. Its houses, as we enter the streets, are plain and even mean in appearance. The folk of Mecca are said to be rich; but as this wealth has been gathered from the pilgrims, the men of Mecca do not boast of it or display it. Instead they leave their outer walls drear and shabby; and only rumor speaks of the gorgeousness of some hidden rooms within.

The Grand Sherif of Mecca, or "Emir of the Hedjaz" as his own people call him, has a modest home to the north of the city. Under British encouragement he in 1916 declared the holy cities free of Turkey, and assumed authority not only as their chief priest but also as the political ruler, King Hussein I, of this western section of Arabia, the

Hedjaz. He, however, avoids any splendor which might offend his people. In 1921 the Wahabite Emir of Nedjed did start a raid against Mecca on the plea that its wealth was offensive to Moslem law. He was driven back by British bombing planes. These were careful not to fly directly over Mecca itself. The holy city is supposed never to have been trodden or touched by unbelievers; and a war-plane that flew over might be regarded as polluting the sacred place. A revolt against the Sherif could start from a lesser thing among these fanciful and vehement Arabs. He can lead his people by persuading them; he can



A HAJJI OR RETURNED PILGRIM SURROUNDED BY HIS WORSHIPPERS

not command them. Hence he makes little outward show in Mecca.

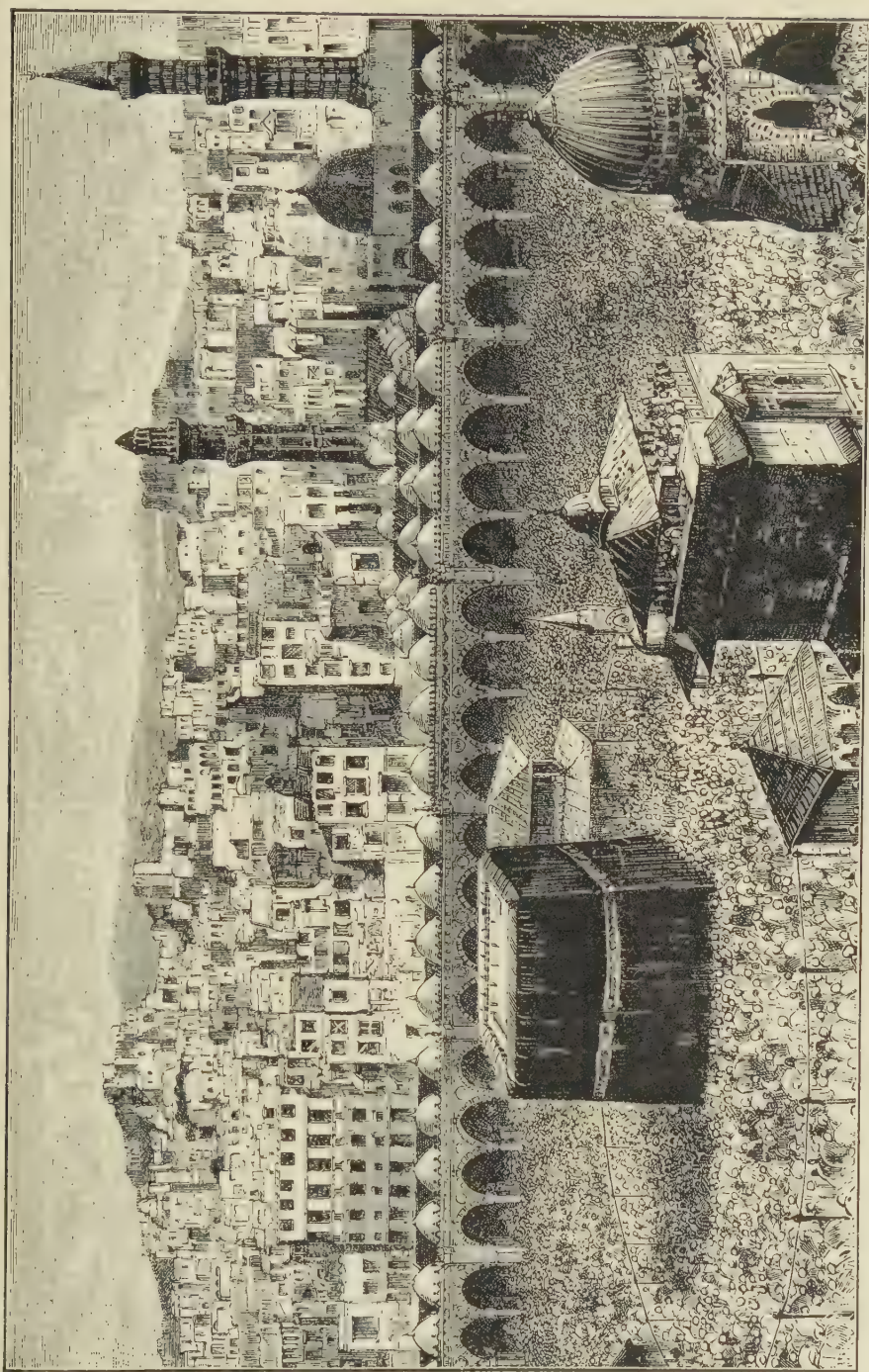
Outwardly, therefore, the whole interest of Mecca is centered on its mosque. This is an immense square court in the midst of the houses. It stands in the lower part of the town; and, on the rare occasions when a rain storm sweeps the higher ridges, a torrent of water rushes through the town and gathering in the lower streets, sometimes floods the mosque several feet deep. That is another reason why splendor is here impractical. So the mosque is just this vast court with corridors around it, and in the center the holy building, the Kaabah, which is supposed to be a model of the house in which Adam

and Eve lived in Paradise. The word Kaabah means the Square; and that is just what the Kaabah is, a plain and very ancient building, older than Mohammed's day, shaped like a cube and measuring about thirty feet in height, breadth and width. Its antique formlessness is hidden during the pilgrim season by draping its whole four sides with a single straight falling, solid curtain, wrought with all the beauty and elegance men have been able to conceive. Such a curtain used to be sent afresh each year by the Turkish Sultan, a magnificent gift. Now, for independent Arabia a simpler curtain suffices.

Around this Kaabah all the pilgrims gather in the great open court and kneel in prayer. To prevent trouble they are separated, each of the four chief sects being assigned to one of the four sides of the court. As a climax of the ceremonies the door of the Kaabah is opened and the pilgrims enter in single file, kiss the holy stone and pass out. At the Last Judgment the stone is to be given a voice, and it will then testify to the righteousness of each man who has kissed it, provided he did so with complete faith.

In a corner of the great court, under a rich canopy is Zem-zem, the well of Ishmael. All the pilgrims crowd to drink its waters, for these purify from sin. Garments are also wetted in the well and carried home by the reverent pilgrims to be used as shrouds. The water is also bottled and sold in the streets; and costly though it is, most pilgrims will bring home a small bottle of it as a precious gift to some loved relatives that they too may share its purifying effect. Some of the water has recently been analyzed. It proved to be exactly what you would expect from a well at the bottom of a big undrained, unsanitary town. Water could scarce be, in a merely natural and scientific sense, more poisonous. Indeed epidemics have often started in Mecca and been carried by the pilgrims to every Moslem country. But it is no use explaining this to the average Moslem. He merely lays the whole responsibility on Allah, and changes his own customs and methods not in the least. "It is Allah's will!"

The ceremonies at the Kaabah continue seven days. In the intervals of prayer the pilgrims find time to visit the shops. There is one long street of these cutting across the city just above the mosque. Here the less religious folk walk and chatter and drink coffee; and here the more religious perform one of the oddest of their ceremonies. At either end of this street rise two hills. Mohammed said in his Koran that these were holy and a man would "not be blamed" if he ran around



THE KAABAH AND ITS PILGRIMS

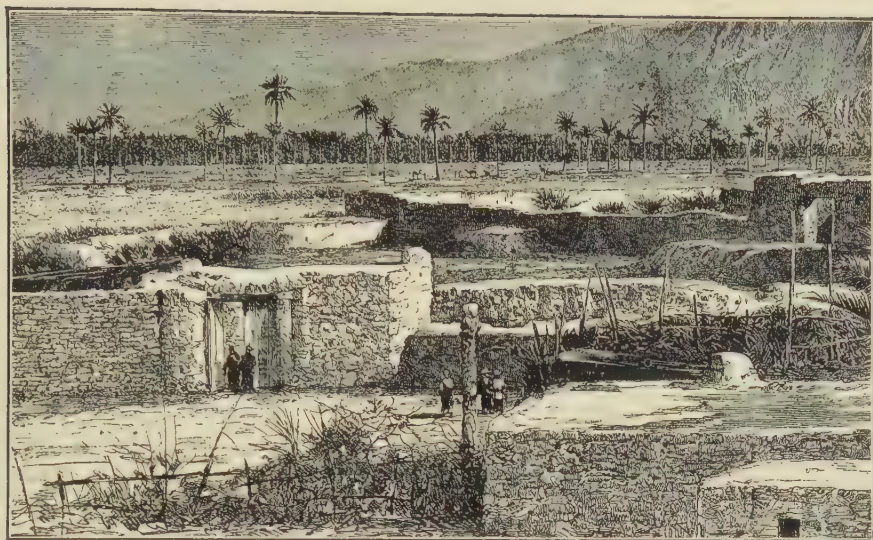
This ancient square building in the midst of its court in Mecca is the goal of Moslem worship.

them. The faithful take this as a command. On each of their seven days they race along this street from hill to hill.

After seven days of this purification, kissing the stone, drinking from the well running between the hills, the pilgrim is ready on the eighth day for the final and highest ceremony. He journeys a few miles outside the city to the bare valley of Mina. There he spends the night in the open desert so as to be ready to continue at sunrise his march nine miles further east to Mount Arafat, a granite hillock rising some two hundred feet above the desert. At Arafat a spring, probably Mecca's earliest water supply, gushes from the rock; and here Adam is said to have made his first prayer and so begun all the religion of the entire world. Not only the pilgrims but all the home people of Mecca make this annual march to Arafat. The day is spent there in preaching and in prayer. This is the "Day of Sacrifice" held on the same date everywhere in the Moslem world. The throng then returns to Mina for a grand final feast. Three pillars are set up here as representing three devils and at each of these the pilgrim throws seven stones to show his hatred of all devils and his defiance of these three in particular. He is now an established "Hajji" or holy man who has accomplished the Mecca ceremonies. As a Hajji, if he succeeds in returning safely home, he will be honored all his life.

Many, though by no means all of the pilgrims will also visit Medina, the second holy city. Mohammed's own family, the Koreish tribe who ruled in Mecca, refused to follow his teachings. The people of Medina upheld him and with their aid he defeated the Koreish and compelled them to accept him. Hence the prophet resided and was buried at Medina. Unlike Mecca, which is an ancient shrine set in an utter desert, Medina is an oasis city girt with gardens and supporting itself.

Medina offers an attractive view amid its palm trees. It is walled and has a strong citadel, well capable of self-defense against any reckless Arab raid. Its celebrated El-Haram mosque is rich with marbles, tiles and gilded carven texts. It holds not only the very simple tomb of Mohammed but also those of his two next successors and of his favorite daughter Fatima. Space has been left for a fifth grave, and Mohammed is said to have directed that this be kept for Jesus who is to come to earth and suffer and die a second time, as the great final sacrifice for mankind. Indeed so much not only of Christian but of Jewish thought runs all through the Moslem faith that many Moslem teachings are based upon the Bible, both the Old Testament and the New.



AMONG THE PALMS OF GILEAD, THE BIBLE LAND NOW RULED BY BRITAIN

CHAPTER XXVI—ARABIA

TRANSJORDANIA

Transjordan is the rather cumbrous name which Britain has given to the newest of Arabian kingdoms, a kingdom that she made all by herself in 1921. The name means the lands across the Jordan, and applies to all the region east of Palestine, reaching out indefinitely eastward into the Arabian desert. This was the land over which the Israelites travelled before reaching Palestine, and when we recall the fact that rugged Palestine appeared to them as a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, we would suppose that this land from which they came must have been barren indeed. Yet parts of it are at least as green and fertile as Palestine itself.

The northern region of Transjordan, the part next to Damascus, is called the Hauran; it is the Biblical land of Bashan, a mountain mass, cold for this zone of the world, but green and well-fitted for pasturage. South of the Hauran comes the region of Gilead famed in the Bible for "Balm of Gilead," a really fertile land where once the Ammonites ruled. South of this again come Moab, the rough region east of the Dead Sea, and Edom the stony desert reaching south from the Dead to the Red Sea. These are chiefly remembered from the childhood of most of us for the stern and bewildering Bible text "Moab is my washpot, and over Edom will I cast out my shoe."

Viewed from the Jordan valley, Transjordanian rises sharply upward in hills and crags, sometimes of bare red rock but more often green, mounting rapidly until many of the peaks, especially in the Hauran, are over six thousand feet high. From their summit the land slopes more slowly eastward, a rough pasture land of many rocks becoming ever more barren as it extends into the desert. The Jordan slope of the land is broken by hundreds of wadies, a wady as we learned in the great desert, being a place where a stream would run if there were any stream to run. Here the wadies are deep rocky clefts fitting the stern scenery of the Jordan gorge. Through a dozen of them the rough roads which have plunged down from Jerusalem into the Jordan valley, climb up again to this still higher ridge of Transjordanian.

That name, of course, is wholly of British manufacture. The natives themselves call this the "land of Kerak," from the Arab tribe of the Kerak (kě rahk') who have been the most prominent among its recent nomadic wanderers. In old Roman days this land supported a large population and held many handsome cities; but for a thousand years men fought back and forth across its mountains until the ancient Biblical races, the Moabites and Ammonites and all the rest, had been wholly wiped out. Five hundred years of Turkish plundering destroyed even the remnants of ancient settlements; and life only began reviving here when, at the opening of this twentieth century, Turkey built her pilgrim railroad to Medina.

The road runs from Damascus south across the whole length of this region, a strange railroad indeed, passing for all its length of five hundred miles through empty lands, often through blank sand desert, just to reach the one small shrine beyond the desert. The railroad brought a new life with it, the life we find in these regions today. In each of the ancient provinces the Turks set down a station, a single shed in the vast emptiness. Little villages grew up around these, or old cities feebly revived. There was Derat, the ancient Edrei, for the region east of Galilee; Amman, ancient capital of the Ammonites for Ammon and Gilead; Ed-Daba for Moab, Maan for Edom. To secure a populace for its railroad towns, the Turkish government turned to the persecuted people in another part of its empire, Circassia. Circassian mountaineers were deported and settled here. The wandering Arabs, Keraks and other tribes, objected. They raided Circassian villages when they could; but the new comers proved sturdy fighters, and so by degrees new towns, tiny ones, grew up on old ruins, as has long been the way of the east.



THE DEEP GORGES OF PETRA

© Underwood & Underwood

Petra is a city hewn out of the rock in the depth of dark ravines. The ancient temple known as Pharaoh's Treasury is here shown as it gleams in the sunshine amid the ravines.

When the Turk was driven out in the World War, Britain took up a mandatory rule over Palestine, and took also a vague control over all Arabia. Her ally, Hussein, the Emir of Mecca, she made King of Hedjaz with a nominal religious rule over all Arabia. Hussein's son Abdullah planned an Arab kingdom at Damascus; and when the French expelled him, the British created for him, just across the French border of Syria, this newest of kingdoms, Transjordan. Here Abdullah set up a government, supported on British funds, and made up of all the Arab and Syrian "patriots" who had fled from the grip of the French. The modern village at ancient Amman was taken as the capital and there, since the town afforded no better shelter, Abdullah made his royal home in a tent. A "tent city" of his followers sprang up around him looking for all the world like one of our newest Western towns, a long main street with a row of shacks and tents and even a few pleasure halls to complete the resemblance. The wandering Keraks somewhat dubiously accepted the new kingship, so long as it demanded no taxes. And so a new effort has begun to make Arabia civilized and self-governed.

If now we enter this new kingdom from our last visit at Mecca and Medina, we shall come by the pilgrimage railroad from the south, and we will get off at Maan, the station for that southern region which once was Edom. We have thus as it were completed a circuit of Palestine, Syria and all Arabia; and in reaching Edom we are back at the top of the Red Sea, beside the isthmus of Suez and the desert of Sinai from which we first entered Palestine. Only, this time instead of travelling north along the Palestine ridge we are to travel up the other side of the deep Jordan cleft in the earth.

That cleft as seen from the other side is equally remarkable. The Dead Sea fills its middle and deepest part; and, corresponding to the Jordan flowing down to that sea from the north, we must now note the southern end of the cleft where also the ground slowly ascends to sea level. This southern gorge is called the Wady el-Aribah, and would hold another Jordan river only the desert lacks water; so we have instead this weird and mighty gorge occasionally with a little water in its farthest depths but more often dry, utterly dead, part filled with drifted sands. It plunges down to the salt beds which spread to the south of the Dead Sea, the most desolate, salt crusted utterly lifeless region in all the world. This Wady-el Aribah extends practically all the way to the Red Sea, separating ancient Edom into two parts. The western half is that sand desert which we have already crossed to the south of Palestine.

The eastern half mounts sharply from the depths of the wady and is just a wild jumble of tumbled rocks and cliffs. Sand has small place among these great rocks, and vegetation has less. It is a nightmare world.

Yet even here a people once lived. Edom, which means "the red" so named from its red rocks, once had every terrace of its mountains cultivated by a prehistoric people. They have left their tombs cut into the rocks everywhere; and from these rock cuttings a later generation learned the strange art of building cave cities, dug out of the rock in-



ARAB HUTS IN THE ROCKY LAND OF MOAB

stead of reared upon it. We will visit the most impressive of these rock cities. It is called Petra, which means "a rock." It was a famous city in Roman times, the capital of this region; but afterward so completely lost and forgotten in its hidden cranny that it was discovered anew about a century ago as an unknown and most amazing find.

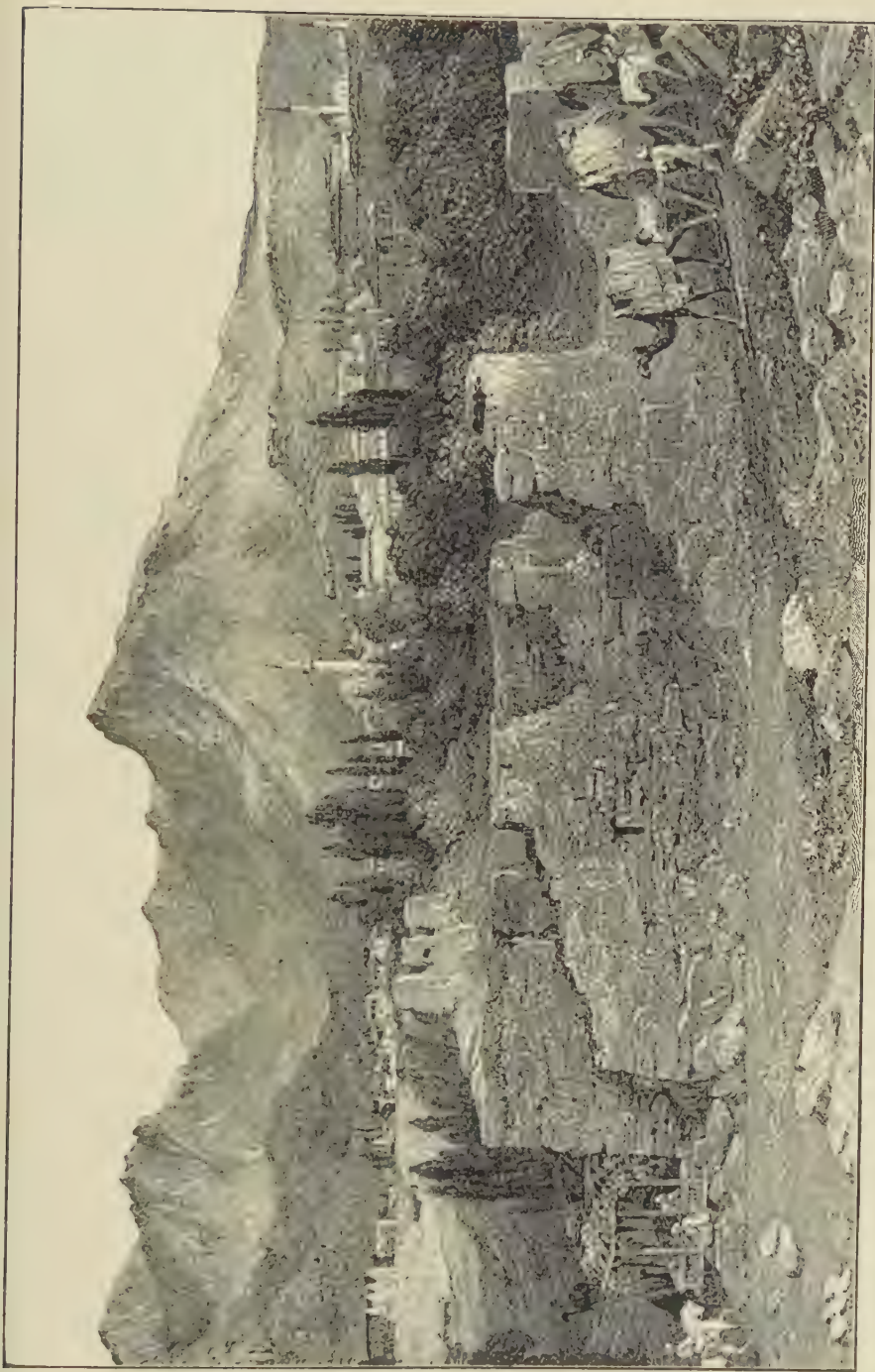
We travel, by sure footed asses now, for even a camel would scarce attempt this scrambling, from the railroad village of Maan straight into the rocky wilderness. After some thirty miles of the worst traveling we may ever do, we find ourselves ascending a wady so narrow and so deep that it is more like a tunnel. We could almost touch the rock walls

on either hand, and they tower straight above us like great houses with only a little slope of fallen stones at their foot. In this winding gorge we come suddenly on an arch, the remnant of an ancient gate that once blocked the passage absolutely. Again at another turning we come suddenly upon a cleft through which we see a temple. Its face, carved in the solid rock, rises ninety feet above us, and the summit of the cliff is still above. Light comes only feebly down the deep ravine and our eyes are almost dazzled as we look from darkness upon the sudden brightness of this temple. The natives call it Pharaoh's Treasury; but this was not really an Egyptian city.

Petra was carved out by the ancient Edomites, an independent people much like the Israelites. When Edom perished in its endless wars, an Arab tribe took possession of Petra, and made it in Roman days the capital of northern Arabia. Its rule even extended over Damascus and Syria; and Rome did not feel its power secure in the East till it had crushed Arabia by destroying Petra. This therefore is a native architecture at which we gaze. The interior of the cave temple holds three deep chambers utterly empty now. The outer front shows a row of great columns, and above these a second columned story, and above again two guarding eagles rough hewn from the stone.

Beyond this temple we find others, an open-air theatre also carved from the rocks, and then an open plain perhaps a mile across, on which the main ancient city stood. Ravines, similar to that by which we entered, open all around this natural amphitheatre; and each ravine is filled with the carven rock-tombs or what must once have been cave dwellings. A stream, a rare thing in Edom, flows away down one ravine. Its noisy tumbling makes the one sound in this world of death. The Arabs say this stream is accursed and plunges into an abyss and is lost forever. Its waters have given life to such a thick growth of oleanders and other bushes that the gorge is at least impenetrable, so that no one really knows where the stream rushes to. Most probably, before the waters lose themselves among the thirsty sands, the stream reaches almost to that final gulf of all things here, the Wady el-Aribah.

If from Edom we go north to Moab and leave the railroad at Moab's station, Ed-Daba, we find ourselves in a land still stony, but with lesser stones and much good pasture land, as fair a land as Palestine itself. The Moabites used their stones as altars or as monuments for the whole country is dotted with stones carefully reared upright and supported, often carved with rough symbols or language, which no man



THE PHILADELPHIA OF THE EAST

This ancient city has been revived as the capital of the new state of Transjordan.

now can read. Moab has no cities nor even remains of cities such as Petra. We shall wish chiefly here to climb Mount Nebo, or Pisgah, the summit from which Moses viewed the Promised Land which he was forbidden to enter. Nebo gives us indeed a splendid view over all the Dead Sea and the mountains of Palestine beyond. South from Nebo the valleys along the Dead Sea shore are more or less volcanic. Hot springs bubble up, and were used by the Romans as health baths.

Of all the gay Roman resorts nothing remains; only, almost at the southern end of the sea on a mountain that towers abruptly higher than Nebo, stand the wretched remains of a town, Kerak, which has given its name to the Arab tribe and hence to this whole kingdom. Kerak was the ancient stronghold of the Moabites, Kir (which means fort) Moab. As such it was the main foe of ancient Israel. Its natural strength led to its being used as a fortress by the crusaders; and they and the Sultan Saladin fought here many a desperate battle and withstood many a siege. So strongly was its citadel built that it still offers one of the finest examples of a great medieval fortress, though in a region where scarce a human being will ever see it, except for its own poverty stricken people. These are mainly Christians, sharing the protection of the town with the Kerak Arabs. Within its walls now are only rude huts, a mosque, and a couple of ancient Christian churches. The people gain a scanty living from the fields far down the mountain, and retreat each night to the safety of the ancient walls. Every man is his own policeman in Transjordan.

This is true even when we visit the new capital Amman. In Roman days this was made into a splendid city called Philadelphia; but its older name of Ammon was always remembered by the Arabs. Now in addition to its new tent colony and its fairly new Circassian colony, it retains a few Arab houses and some impressive ruins of its Roman splendor. It has a huge citadel set on a steep hill and rising terrace above terrace. The town lies in a wady and its valley is lined with a noble "Street of Columns," such as graced many of these Roman cities. Back among the hills you may still find the caves and rock tombs of the ancient Ammonites. In no place can one more sharply realize than here how many differing eras, kingdoms and races have come and gone in this long disputed land. Perhaps this new built Arab kingdom has come to stay; but as yet one doubts whether it may not hold even briefer lordship than any of the rest.



MURZUK, THE SHELTER OF CARAVANS, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE SAHARA

CHAPTER XXVII—NORTH AFRICA

TRIPOLI

We must now follow the region of Arabia's Moslem conquests a little further afield. After Mohammed's successors had conquered Egypt they rapidly spread their power along the entire southern coast of the Mediterranean Sea. They thus became masters of all North Africa. They almost exterminated the older peoples who had dwelt there under Roman rule; and today this long strip of seacoast is more positively Moslem than Arabia itself. In Egypt and in Asia Moslemism has become intermingled with a score of other religions. North Africa is like a section of the early Moslem Empire preserved as in a museum almost exactly as it was in the days of those earliest conquering caliphs.

Of the four Arabic states which now compose this strip of seacoast, the most easterly one, the one nearest to Egypt and to Asia is Tripoli. The word Tripoli was first used to indicate the joining of three Roman cities on the pleasant spot beside the Mediterranean Sea where the comparatively modern town, the only one of any size in the whole country, still stands. These three cities became Tripolis, the "triple town."

The name is now used to describe a large country, with a seacoast of over a thousand miles, and a depth extending back into the desert nearly the same distance. Much of this land is sandy waste. A strip about forty miles wide along the coast, and a few scattered oases in the in-

terior, are the only parts habitable; and even these have little verdure.

Tripoli is nominally a Christian province at present, for in the latter part of the year nineteen hundred and eleven, an impressive Italian warship steamed up and bombarded the capital city in dashing style. After a little dramatic but hopeless fighting, the antiquated Turkish warship in the bay and the Turkish officials in the town were captured. So Italy had one more province; and Tripoli had one more tongue added to her polyglot streets without subtracting any. As for Turkey, which had formerly claimed some vague lordship here, she had lost her favorite place for sending political exiles from Constantinople.

There is no way for us to reach Tripoli except by ship. Early morning arrival in the sparkling harbor is an almost theatrical vision of strange craft flying Greek, Italian, Turkish and French flags; for these are the countries actively interested in Tripoli. Beyond, is the white, mysterious city herself, her striking domes and minarets of sun-goldened copper. With her feet in the blue Mediterranean, "her head in the fire of heaven," and her back against the eternal sands of the Sahara, Tripoli seems to await her further destiny. On her unshadowed terraces at night her chiefs still dream amid their harems as they did a thousand years ago. Possibly with Italian occupation, the oriental, half-medieval city so long asleep, will be stirred to life.

Today in this travelled world Tripoli is one of the last regions still unnoticed by tourists. It has an unconscious charm peculiarly its own. It does not pose for visitors at all. From the bay, fascinating buildings stand out: the old wall, the castle of the former Turkish Pashas, up-standing minarets holding aloft their pinnacles and crescents, and two exquisite, domed tombs reared alone on a little point. Feathery palms line the beach on either side the city; among these palms are the primitive grass huts of the Soudanese negroes brought here across the desert from Central Africa by the now abolished slave-trade. The ancient "lighthouse of Tripoli," so long a landmark, was destroyed by the Italian bombardment.

We leave our ship by means of a lesser boat. We pass small native fishing craft, and the boats of the Greek sponge divers; we go through the official sea-gate, the Bab-el-Bahr, and disembark at last. As we leave our boat and enter the exotic city, we are amazed by the variety of the nationalities, complexions and languages of the people in the sun-baked streets. We are in a veritable Babel. A great many of the inhabitants are Berbers, the original swarthy desert sons of the land; but



ON A TRIPOLITAN TERRACE

The night life of the ancient orient still survives in northern Africa and especially in Tripoli.

Arabs abound and also Italians, Greeks, inky Soudanese from upper Egypt, Maltese from the nearby isle of Malta, and Tuaregs, strange veiled men of the desert whose women rule them. There are Jews too, to the number of ten thousand, about a fifth of the population of the city. Even the small boys of Tripoli's narrow streets can use interchangeably most of the languages current there; it is a whirlwind of dialect.

The dazzling sun makes Tripoli seem white, but the walls of the houses are really painted after the Turkish fashion with pale pink, lavender or yellow tints. Between these walls, men and animals walk together, on a common roadway of powdery white. Tiny, overloaded donkeys trot by patiently and pathetically, long ears wagging to and fro, always humble, always sad, with woes that cannot rise to the dignity of real sorrows. Famine stalks Tripoli at least once every five years, and beggars abound. In corners and niches of the streets we see bundles of rags which appear to have been thrown there carelessly—until these rags sit up, peacefully adjust themselves, and walk away, dignified Arabs! The barracan, their enshrouding costume, is apt to be costume by day, and bed, pillow and cover by night.

In front of their open shops, cross-legged merchants read the Koran devoutly; never so far removed from this world's affairs, however, as to forget the additional price reserved for Christians. Ladies completely veiled in white go by, with just one vivacious black eye showing. Over every shop is painted, carved, or otherwise indicated, the hand which averts the "evil eye." The wares disposed for sale are strictly for native custom. Tripoli is still run for Tripolitans, not for tourists. Yet dusty shelves and unsuspected corners can be made to reveal beautiful old Greek lamps of brass, or Roman pottery dug up in the environs, things that in more sophisticated oriental cities would be alluringly displayed. The mosques of Tripoli are even more carefully guarded against the profane unbeliever than is usual, and the most we can fathom of their interiors is dim grandeur and the luxuriously cool tinkle of running fountains. Now there is a new Roman Catholic church to offset them, and numerous Italian schools.

For centuries, Tripoli had almost a monopoly of the caravan trade across the Sahara, but recently the opening of new water routes, combined with the increasing number of desert pirates, has reduced the yearly number of caravans from hundreds, to four or five! The trade is now almost purely local, and is centered about the great Tuesday

Market. This is held on a large open space outside the city, along the wide beach. Tents arise here in a night, forming a weekly nomadic city. Every native industry and edible is represented, while on the outskirts animals are crowded for sale; camels, with perhaps a white one or some baby camels among them, goats, sheep, donkeys, and ponies. The oddest sight is to see some of the camels bathing in the sea, which they do with a lofty dignity such as might become a monarch in a bathing suit.

Upon the white beach, no less than ten thousand various Tripolitans assemble for this Tuesday barter. Here are apricots and mulberries,



THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI BEFORE THE ITALIAN BOMBARDMENT

gaily dyed baskets of woven straw, coarse cotton bonnets for babies, bars of red coral, lovely rugs. There an ancient negress is telling stories to a group of fascinated children; and well they may be fascinated, for the ancient negress has bars of coral thrust through her ears and nose, and her fuzzy wool is dyed a vermillion red. It seems that nothing is so much dreaded by these negro women as the first streaks of white in their hair. They immediately resort to the dyepot, crowning their black faces with orange-scarlet wool. With all its polyglot life of silversmith, wine merchant and ivory seller, camel market and carpet bazaar, these hot Tuesday mornings on the sands are perhaps the very essence of the

white city's singular charm. By noon the crowd disperses, tents are taken away, animals are gone, nationalities scattered, and the beach is left once more to its normal white blankness.

Of Tripoli's architecture and monuments, the most interesting Turkish examples are the two domes on the headland, conspicuous as the harbor is entered. The larger of these is the tomb of a favorite Sultana, who misbehaved in Constantinople, and was consequently banished to Tripoli. She grew so desperately homesick, that finally she reached the point of death. Dying, she arranged that she was to be buried on land projecting as far as possible toward her beloved Constantinople! The ceiling of her tomb still shows a delicate tracery of Moorish stucco, originally lovely and lace-like. But the fine green tiles and the stone carvings are now but wrecks of former beauty; while vandals have removed doors and everything else possible, even mutilating what they had to leave.

The most wonderful monuments in Tripoli are those left by the ancient Romans. Under Turkish rule, no excavations were allowed to be made, but the Italians are more liberal, and new treasures of Rome's glorious sculpture are being dug up in the environs of Tripoli every day. Not that you have to dig to find Roman ruins in this land. Evidences of Rome's immortal grandeur are triumphantly obvious, no matter how thick the ever-present Moslem whitewash is laid on. Exquisite slabs of carved marble are doing duty as Arabian doorsteps; stones with Roman inscriptions are built into many cheap walls; columns of Pagan Rome support the vaultings of some of the mosques; at the intersections of narrow streets, fine Roman pillars perform the duties of corner posts. Beyond the town walls, are fragments of tessellated pavement which was laid two thousand years ago.

In the very heart of Tripoli, stands the most superb relic of those ancient times. This is a four-sided triumphal arch, said to extend no less than twenty feet below the present street level, which has been built up by the ever-encroaching sands. In this arch, high even now, a wine-shop and a coal merchant exhibit their wares. It is known to the inhabitants merely as the "Old Arch," but we know from the Latin inscription which is plain on its whitewashed face even after all these ages, that it was erected in honor of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius in A.D. 164. Above the inscription, Victory, who was the real goddess of the Romans, stands gracefully in a cart drawn by two winged sphinxes.

Not far from Tripoli are the now deserted ruins of Leptis Magna



AMONG THE SHOPS OF TRIPOLI

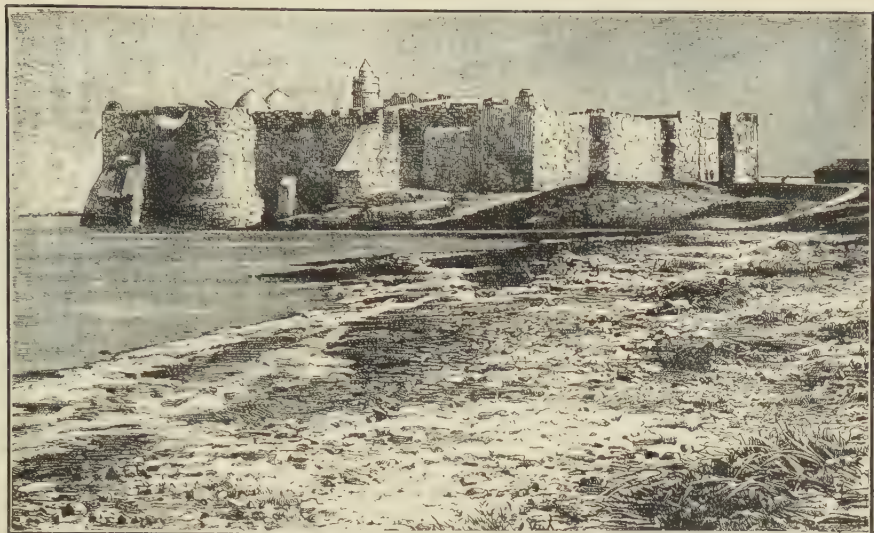
"The wares disposed for sale are strictly for native custom. Tripoli is still run for Tripolitans, not for tourists."

one of the original "triple Towns," which was founded only a century after Rome herself, and was for a time a rival of the great Phoenician city of Carthage, situated only a few hundred miles away. But little remains of Leptis Magna. In the eighteenth century Louis the Fourteenth of France obtained permission to export from Tripoli whatever he chose from the ruins of the ancient city, and he used this permit so thoroughly that the city disappeared. Many of its priceless columns are now in the Paris church of St. Germain-des-Pres.

Back from the coast of Tripoli, we can travel only to sparse oases of the desert. Most of the oases are deserted now. Their Arab inhabitants almost exterminated one another in fierce tribal warfare; and the survivors fled for safety to the coast towns. Now the oases are visited once a year to gather their scant date harvest.

Still further back in the interior lie the extensive but rather barren oases of Fezzan. These set so deep in the heart of the Sahara that they were once the chief line of caravan travel across the Sahara into central Africa. Many a weary and terrified negro slave has tramped across these endless sands. Now however the slave trade is almost, though not wholly, stopped; and modern enterprise has found easier ways of reaching the other trade of central Africa. Today Fezzan is almost deserted. Its former chief city and capital, Murzuk, still stands surrounded by its walls, and a few dull looking Arabs still wander through its streets. But the days are gone forever wherein Murzuk used to wake time and again to the approach of some long line of camels on its horizon. Then there was great bustle of preparation, a public opening of shops and a secret sharpening of weapons, to greet the little army of watchful travellers who camped outside the walls in passing.

Before leaving Tripoli, there is one more place in its capital city that we, as Americans, are interested in visiting. This is the old street on which the houses are still shown where our officers and men were imprisoned during the war we had with Tripoli in 1804. At that time Tripoli was a very successful nest of arrogant Barbary pirates, who captured our ships, notably the frigate "Philadelphia," and held our men for ransom. At last we blockaded the harbor of Tripoli, and since we could not recapture the frigate, we destroyed it. The "Philadelphia," a floating mass of fire, her guns discharging as they were reached by the flames, finally sank in shallow water near the Tripoli shore. On any clear day, her remains can still be seen beneath the waters, and divers bring up bits of her historic decks to sell as souvenirs.



JERBA CASTLE, THE BORDER FORTRESS OF TUNISIA

CHAPTER XXVIII—NORTH AFRICA

TUNISIA

Sailing west from Tripoli we come to steep highlands and a long low island lying off the coast. This island is Jerba, long the most populous region of Tunisia. On its shore still stands Jerba castle, the fortress which defended the land's wealth in medieval days. But the shores of Jerba are too shallow for modern commerce, and all its trade has now passed to the city of Tunis. Toward this we will continue our sail.

Tunisia is only about a fourth as large as Tripoli, but it is much more populous. Its capital, Tunis, is the third largest city in Africa. Though having much the same history as Tripoli, the same Roman and Moslem conquerors, and speaking the same native tongues, Tunisia has yet more differences than resemblances to her backward neighbor. Tunisia is fertile; its flowers and crops are not unlike our own. During the early spring months its lovely wild-flowers and luxuriant daisy fields are in themselves an attraction to visitors. The main attraction of Tunisia, however, is the city of Tunis. As we approach it, we see a dark, two-pronged mountain far beyond us, brooding in the background. In the middle distance, across a purple bay of the splendid Mediterranean, we see a green hill crowned with a white cathedral. Nearer, filling the rest of the picture, is a great Moorish city with its minarets and balloon-shaped domes, which seem about to float away in the still

air. Yet the real triumph of this oriental city is her modernity. She is a cosmopolitan city, with railways, telephones, street-lights and European hotels.

Needless to say, it was not the Moslem natives who wrought this magic on their ancient city, nor yet their Arabic ruler, the "Bey" or viceroy of Turkey. In 1881, French troops gayly and without warning, paraded into Tunis, and presented the Bey with a document which he was given two hours to sign. The document placed Tunis under the protection of France. It left the Bey with all his titles, but deprived him of his power, which was handed over to French governors.

Outside the old, walled Arabic town of Tunis, the modern French quarter has sprung up. Its broad avenues have each an esplanade, that is a central parkway with driveways on either side. Its open-air sidewalk cafés and French street-names give it the flavor of a second Paris. Yet the ancient Tunis still exists. Passing down the principal French avenue, we enter the old city suddenly by a gate, the *Porte de France*. In a moment we are transported from the West to the East. Once more we are in a land of barred windows, secret interiors and veiled women. Here too, in a little cemetery stands the monument of John Howard Payne. He was our consul in Tunisia when he died here in 1852, far from his own home. His monument is the main attraction to Americans in Tunis.

We go up the narrow, crowded *Rue de l'Eglise*, past the "souks," or bazaars, to the great Mosque of the Olive Tree, which blocks and ends the street. The Mosque is well worth seeing. Its beautiful minaret of intricately interlaced brickwork is very impressive, and the mosque contains a famous Mohammedan university. As to its name, what name could be more fitting for Tunis' best mosque than the Mosque of the Olive Tree? In Tunisia there are over ten million olive trees in cultivation; the oil of the olive is a principal export. Alas, we will have to be satisfied with gazing at the outside of this lovely mosque: a sign in four languages strictly forbids us to enter, unless we profess the Moslem faith. There are many stories current of Europeans who have penetrated the holy interior in Arab disguises, but such a masquerade is distinctly beneath modern ideas of fairness. So, deserting the mosque we walk slowly, examining the arched bazaars.

The first bazaar is the "souk" of the perfumers. Jasmine, amber and rose geranium seem to be the favorite scents. Then come more miscellaneous bazaars, offering rugs, armor, *Dasmacus* blades, Arab



AMONG THE SOUKS OF TUNIS

The "souks" are the old oriental shops and market streets of Tunis. They are half-deserted now because the new French quarter of the city, draws all the trade.

saddles of silver and leopard skin, purses of Tyrian purple. Here you may get as a souvenir a Turkish scimitar that was stained with blood in the days when the "Barbary pirates" of Tunis were lords of the Mediterranean, enriching themselves with the spoils of Europe, and served by Christian slaves!

A little further on, in an open square, a snake charmer has spread himself a carpet on the cobble-stones, and takes large hooded cobras and other snakes from a leathern bag. A fascinated, motly crowd surrounds him. The snake charmer's head is a fearful sight, with several snakes twined about it that have inflicted small scratches on his cheeks, which are bleeding. The snakes which wriggle around him on the ground have large stones on their tails to prevent them getting away.

Beyond this, we come to the huge market place. The strange things we get to eat are always among the most interesting features of a new land. Squatting in the vaulted gateway of the Tunis market, which holds every kind of native eatable imaginable, is a row of ebony-hued Soudanese women, with small cream cheeses and little pyramid shaped cakes placed before them on big green leaves. To the right, is the fish market, where fish are auctioned off to the highest bidder. As a decoration, a large octopus is gracefully arranged in the center so that his body forms a huge rosette. Above are light and feathery arches of a kind of soft-shell crab, still alive. Dangling from the octopus' tentacles, are iridescent fish, their tales curved up, and their open mouths holding delicate bunches of flowers!

The love of flowers and of color seems inborn in the natives of Tunis. Every stall in the market has bunches of blossoms somewhere, and most of the vendors have a rosebud or a marigold stuck behind the ear. In short, Tunis is a fertile and abundant land. No wonder that the Romans, when they held Tunis, depicted Africa in their carvings as a young girl clasping a horn of plenty which overflowed with grain and fruit.

Tunis is older than Rome. Unlike Tripoli, her greatest glory was not built by the Romans: it was destroyed by them. As we approached Tunis from the sea, there was a hill on which a lone cathedral stood about six miles outside the city. That hill was once ancient Carthage, the chief center of Phoenician power. At the very dawn of history, the Phoenicians were great builders and civilizers and sailors, the founders of cities and empires. Somewhere in the times of King Solomon, Dido, an unhappy Phoenician queen, left Tyre on the borders of Palestine, and settled here and builded Carthage. The city became the first "Mistress

of the Seas," the only city which ever seriously threatened Rome's mighty Empire.

It seems rather an anti-climax to take a trolley-car to Carthage, so, although one runs there every little while from Tunis, we will take an automobile, as being a grander conveyance; besides, the Tunisian roads are very good! The road to Carthage winds along the shores of the bay, until we find ourselves in front of the Catholic Cathedral on the hill of Byrsa, which was once the site of Dido's palace. This cathedral, a beautiful building, was recently founded in honor of the French cru-



WHERE KAIRWAN MEETS THE DESERT

sader king, Louis IX or Saint Louis, who died here of the plague in the year 1270. Something of Carthage was still standing when St. Louis died here. Now there is scarcely even a ruin left. This absence of any impressive ruins, with the exception of the immense underground cisterns which are still in use, is very disappointing to travellers. Yet when you consider the history of Carthage and the city's utter annihilation, this pleasant sylvan scene becomes almost awesome.

Standing on the Byrsa hill, which was the original center of the city, the holy citadel itself, the view is enchanting. In the distance stretches the purple sea, with only a few sails along the horizon. If we had stood

here two thousand five hundred years ago, the sea would have been white with the sails of Carthage's galleys and iron-prowed battle-ships, some large enough to transport the elephants which the Carthaginian conqueror, Hannibal, used in battle. From Egypt to the Straits of Gibraltar and even beyond, the Carthaginians were masters of the sea, and of the universal commerce. Thus swelling in pride, the city grew until its outer walls enclosed twenty-three square miles, and it was richer than Babylon. The Byrsa citadel, on which we stand, was four stories in height, built of Numidian marble mottled with yellow and rose. Its staircases were of heavy ebony, bearing at the angles the prows of vanquished galleys. Around this central heart, the city spread in a circle. Seaward we can still trace the ancient ports of Carthage. These were round, walled houses, something like our railway round-houses with water where the tracks usually are. In these the galleys were stored nightly. The admiral lived on an island in the center of the round-house used for war vessels, and from this vantage point he trumpeted his orders! The walls of Carthage were tremendous, and housed not only the citizens but the whole army, besides four thousand horses and three hundred elephants.

These things we know because the matter-of-fact Romans chronicled them. When, after centuries of bitter war, Rome conquered Carthage the fear of the terrible city was so intense in the hearts of Rome's generals that they not only burnt the city to the ground, wiping out its immense library, but they killed every inhabitant, scattered the stones of the blackened ruins, turned up the earth over them, and sowed the spot with salt to make it more barren! Not only a city, but a whole race, whole civilization and its records were wiped off the earth.

Rome afterward built a Roman city on the site of Carthage, and gave it the old name. It was this city which was still standing in the time of St. Louis the Crusader, and the few ruined columns in the vicinity belong to it. Even this later Carthage was destroyed by the Moslems. Now the Catholic Cathedral stands there on a green hill alone.

Turning away from the sea, we face to the south the sinister two-pronged mountain which first rose above the waters to announce our approach to Tunis. This is the Bon-Korain, or Mountain of the Bulls. Here, between these mighty horns, was one of the "high altars of Baal" spoken of in the Bible. The Phoenicians worshipped Baal-Moloch, the Monster, and offered him ghastly human sacrifices, the fairest of their own sons and daughters. We can at least be glad that the drums of the



NATIVES OF KAIRWAN

The remaining inhabitants of this holy city show us the nearest modern type to the Moors who overran Spain and threatened all Europe.

priests which drowned the shrieks of the thousands of victims, are heard no more.

Before leaving Tunisia, there is one other very interesting trip to make by motor. Kairwan, the holiest Moslem city after Mecca, lies only about a hundred and thirty miles to the southwest of Tunis, over good roads. It is hard to realize that we may really enter this city; for until the French occupation of Tunisia the fanatical Moslems would have instantly killed us at any such attempt. Even now dark looks are cast at us along the road, and all kinds of misfortune are probably being wished upon our heads. But with French soldiers everywhere we have little to fear.

The first sight of Kairwan is lovely indeed. Far over green plains, the sun throws shafts of golden light upon a white domed city, guarded by one stately giralda, or tower, with dark mountains brooding behind it. The city appears to rest under some spell of enchantment, so profound is the silence. There is no busy peasant life outside its holy walls. Though it still has about thirty thousand inhabitants, it is a dead city of mosques and tombs. It is the center of the Moslem faith in Africa. At Kairwan, the African "Holy Wars" originate. It was from this fanatic city that the Moors a thousand years ago set out to conquer Spain. And it was the architecture of Kairwan that was repeated so wondrously on Spanish soil, where we shall later view it.

Entering Kairwan, we pass the sacred Mosque of Mohammed's Barber, then the crude old Mosque of the Swords, and many saints' tombs. Continuing to the northeast corner of the city, we reach the Great Mosque, the heart of African Islam. But this heart has almost ceased to pulse; no one now cares if we go into this holiest mosque or not! Within the Great Mosque, a forest of pillars stretches away on all sides, lost in perspective. Small lamps of silver, and huge ostrich eggs hang everywhere. A dreamy peace reigns, broken only by a few oblivious holy men murmuring prayers. We ascend the giralda, or tower, not by stairs, but by inclines, as in all Moorish minarets of the most splendid period. Below us now is spread the sphinx-like city, sealed to Christians and Jews for over a thousand years. Here, when the tide of their Spanish conquests turned, the defeated Moors brought the big keys to their abandoned homes in Spain, homes which the faithful still trust that Allah will some day restore to them. But the keys have rusted, and the centuries roll by. In Allah's once most fanatic city the infidel now enters without fear.



THE INDEPENDENT KABYLES OF ALGERIA'S MOUNTAINS

CHAPTER XXIX—NORTH AFRICA

ALGERIA

The immense North African tract of mountain and desert known as Algeria, lies to the west of the more fertile little country of Tunis. Algeria includes a large portion of the Sahara desert to the south, and about seven hundred miles of the Mediterranean coast-line to the north, extending westward to Morocco.

Algeria, though it was once the Roman province of Mauritania, was never so completely subjugated by the ancient Romans as were Tunis and Tripoli. Northern Algeria is a rugged, mountainous land of wild scenery and many almost impregnable natural strongholds. The original native people here are neither the impressionable Berbers of the desert regions nor the tall nervous Arabs of the southern oases. From time immemorial the established inhabitants of the Algerian mountains have been an odd race of rather short but strong and stocky folk called the Kabyles. Unlike almost every other African race, they are not nomads. From their high, simply built villages, they have looked down on the plains below and have seen Carthaginians, Romans, Christians, Arabs, and Turks, pitch their tents and build their cities only to disappear. The Kabyles never attacked these people, but when attacked themselves, they fought to their last breath with such fierce and unexpected frenzy that after one encounter the various invaders have always been content to

ignore them. The Kabyles have adopted a partial Mohammedanism; but the only god they really fight for is liberty.

Now, on the plains around the Kabyles, French cities are being builded, which bid fair to last longer than any of their predecessors. Algeria belongs to France, and is governed by Frenchmen without even the pretense of a native ruler. She was the first portion of France's now large African empire; and the manner of her acquisition shows upon what unconsidered trifles the fate of nations hangs. In 1830, the Kabyles, Berbers, Arabs and Moors of Algeria were ruled, somewhat sketchily, by a fierce, piratical Turk called the Sultan of Algiers. In a small argument between this monarch and the representatives of France at his capital, the Sultan so far forgot himself as to strike the Frenchman in the face with a light fan. That movement settled the fate of Algeria. That offense no Frenchman could ever forgive. Every man in France felt as if he personally had been struck in the face, an insult that could only be washed out with blood. After seven years of ferocious guerilla warfare, France finally subdued the entire country, and now the Algerians are some of her most devoted subjects.

The French in North Africa are actually accomplishing what the British did not do in India. They are administering the country not to extract immediate profit from it, but to build up a real colonial empire. The good of the native people, so as to win their voluntary allegiance, is the first thing the French consider. The miles and miles of brand new roads in Tunis, Algeria, and now Morocco, are better than the majority of the roads in France herself. Railroads connect all the principal cities, and the feats of engineering necessarily performed by the French in spanning the Algerian mountains are some of the most impressive in the world.

On leaving Tunis, we can travel across Algeria to its capital city, Algiers, either by railway train or motor car. The motor route reveals fascinating scenes that are quite new to tourists; and the garages in Tunis have such superb French cars, that we should feel we had missed one of the best of all our journeys if we did not hire a motor car for this trip.

After a hundred miles of glorious speeding on a perfect road across the Tunisian plain, we see mountains rise before us, and we are in Algeria. Among these mountains the sad blue gray of the olive groves is relieved by countless fruit trees. Almond, cherry, peach and pear cast delicate shades of color over the somber background. This is called the



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THE MODERN HARBOR OF ALGIERS

Algiers, the capital of Algeria, has become a modern French city. The steepness of its site makes it a city of terraces. These show some notable modern engineering work.

African Riviera. We discover why, when, the summit being passed, the beauty of sea and land spreads out in a panorama. The Mediterranean here seems as blue as sapphire; the cliffs over which we ride are abrupt and fantastic.

We stop at a French inn for the night, and the next day we leave the coast for a southward run of nearly three hundred miles to Biskra. This city is known as the "Cape Horn," or point farthest south, of the French civilization in Algeria. It is from here that the French hope to continue their Algerian railway across the immense Sahara to their Central African province! For a time, our route to Biskra lies over mountains which have hot-springs, cone-shaped rocks, and formations like our own Giant's Staircase in the Yellowstone. Some have snow upon their tops about half the year. But gradually the mountains become yellow and partially barren, with green plains between them. We begin to meet camels, and to pass Arab villages, on whose huts are perched many storks, pondering deeply the questions of the stork world. To our surprise, not a few of the Mohammedan women are going about unveiled! Algeria is really becoming modern.

The scene continues to change. The barren mountains become desert peaks of bleakest rock; the earth grows scorching hot and the whole prospect seems a peculiar golden brown. Then we reach the Gorge of El-Kantara, known to the Romans as the Gateway to the Desert. Here the mountains rise to their most rugged grandeur, before disappearing altogether in the wastes of sand. Beyond these last mountains, on the very edge of the desert, lies Biskra. It is a watered, palm-covered oasis town, whose greatest length can not exceed three miles. It is no more than a green splotch on the surrounding sands, but the bracing qualities of its air and glittering sunshine are such that the French are making it a winter-resort town.

We put up for the night at an arcaded hotel with a deliciously cool interior. Next morning we sally forth to see Biskra. Modern hotels, a gambling casino, French shops, and open-air cafes, with the usual native Arab town beyond! That is Biskra. Palms, and the odorous mimosa plant are everywhere. White-robed Moors stroll hither and thither; picturesque beggars have assumed their most harrowing poses; while a touch of brilliant color is given by the scarlet and blue uniforms of the French soldiers. These soldiers are mostly Algerians, of all complexions. Some, black as ebony, gigantic in stature, present very striking figures in their French colors.

As we leave the central square, and wind through quieter, more secret streets, we reach an archway in a high white wall. This is the entrance to the original "Garden of Allah," built by one man, and made famous by a hundred others. Here a French gentleman, of fortune, leisure and taste, devoted himself to forming a botanical garden, covering many acres. This "Garden of Allah," large, luxuriant, and beautifully laid out, comes as a surprise and an enchantment, situated as it is on the very border of the torrid desert. When we enter, a stately hedge of darkest ilex greets us; here are masses of green waving bamboos,



IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF OLD BISKRA

oleanders in full bloom, and cool, babbling brooks. There is a white kiosque, splendid with a purple bougainvillea vine. Poets and novelists have praised this garden to the skies. Time passes here as in a dream.

There is one journey that all who come to Biskra feel called upon to make. That is the twenty mile ride into the desert to the little town of Sidi Okba, which bears the name and contains the tomb of the warrior who, in less than sixty years after the death of Mohammed, carried the faith of Islam across all North Africa, from Egypt to Morocco. For this he has always been held in a reverence only next to that for the Prophet himself. Sidi Okba swept across Africa like some scourge

of God, killing and conquering in a frenzy, till he was stopped by the ocean. There he spurred his horse into the waves up to the bridle, and lifting his sword to heaven, swore that nothing but this barrier which the Almighty himself had set, prevented him from carrying the faith to the ends of the earth, and killing all who did not accept it!

We can well be glad that such a man is so very dead that the mosque which covers his shrine is obviously the oldest in Africa. The dirt of countless very dirty ages is upon it, and its smell and squalor are such that it never fails to instill Christians with horror, though perhaps a somewhat different horror than Sidi Okba anticipated. The whole ancient town is but a labyrinth of big mud boxes with no tops, crumbling and smelling dreadfully; naturally the natives are in all stages of disease.

It is twilight when we return once more to Biskra. In one of the palm-filled squares, a little crowd has collected. Drawing near, we see several gorgeously appareled young Arab girls, their faces unveiled, going through the motions of a slow dance. We are so fortunate as to be in time for a dance of the Ouled Nails! These Ouled Nail girls come from a tribe of desert Arabs in southern Algeria. Though they lose caste by going about dancing for money, in the end they accumulate a large dowry for themselves. Then they go back to their tribe and marry. Gold pieces ring their foreheads; feathers and jewels form their head-dresses; they are hung with bracelets and girdles and earrings until they jingle at every step; for they wear all their wealth upon them as they go along. When not dancing, the Ouled Nail girl takes delight in lounging in the sun with a cigarette, an object of interest from her bright clothes and supposed beauty. Her life has its dark side, however, for she is sometimes murdered for the wealth she carries. The Ouled Nails dance to the sound of tom-toms and shrill pipes. They languorously begin by wriggling the body above the waist, gradually working up to an excited variety of writhings and undulations. Then they stop with a last dramatic movement.

Next morning we leave Biskra, starting on the four hundred mile north-westward journey that will bring us to Algiers, the big city on the Mediterranean coast. In the afternoon we reach Timgad, and in so doing drop the Arab world completely behind and away from us. Timgad is now only the ruins of a great Roman city. But what ruins! They are far more extensive and complete than those remaining anywhere in Italy itself. Timgad is a whole Roman city just at it was, without any modern building among the ruins. It lay covered by the sands for cen-



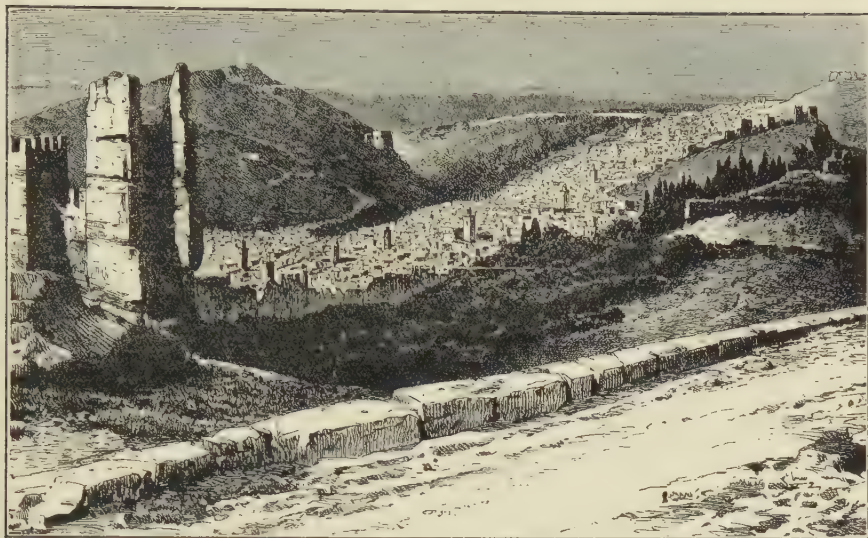
THE MOSQUE OF ABD-ER-RAHMAN

Near the Bab-el-Oued or Western Gate of Algiers walled in within a gorgeous garden stands the mosque of Abd-er-Rahman who led the Moors in their furthest warlike advance in Europe. This made him the chief saint of Algeria.

turies, and was excavated by the French. The site is a plain which slopes upward to a chain of distant mountains. The forum, and the temple of Minerva, crown the highest points. Deep chariot-ruts are worn in its streets; there are perfect mosaic pavements, and a magnificent sweep of avenues in all directions. Here, above a great public bath, is an inscription: "To hunt, to bathe, to play, to laugh, that is to live." There, is a theatre with tiers and tiers of stone seats. Everything is so plainly outlined, that it is child's play to reconstruct in imagination all the orderly life of the former peaceful inhabitants.

Away from Timgad! On we skim, over miles and miles of perfect motor roads. The country becomes more fertile as we again approach the coast; the mountains grow larger and the scenery more grand. The Chabet Gorge, through which the railway and the road both pass, is of a height and depth to make the most hardened traveller gasp. Of these Algerian coast mountains the poet Campbell wrote: "Scotchman as I am, and much as I love my native land, I felt as if I had never seen the full glory of mountain scenery before. The African Highlands spring up to the sight, not only with a sterner boldness than our own, but they borrow colors from the sun unknown to our climate, and they are mantled in clouds of richer dye. The farthest-off summits appeared in their snow like the turbans of gigantic Moors, whilst the nearest masses glowed in crimson and gold."

Algiers, set in vineyards, rising terrace above terrace over the sea, is a lovely town. The native quarter, however, is almost entirely obliterated by the modern French buildings. Algiers, to all intents and purposes, is a French city, and not an African city at all. It is hard to realize that less than a hundred years ago the flag of the Barbary pirates floated from the grim old Kasbah (fortress) still crowning its hill, and that we, the United States, together with the other nations whose ships sailed the Mediterranean, actually paid a yearly tribute to the piratical Sultan of Algiers! Now the city and its gardens make a picture of perfect peace, with the blue sea beneath it, and the snow range of the Grand Kabylia blocking its horizon.



WHERE THE CITY OF FEZ CASCADES DOWN THE HILLSIDE

CHAPTER XXX—NORTH AFRICA

MOROCCO

The native Moorish name for the country we call Morocco is "El Moghreb," meaning the land of the far west. This sunset land was indeed the "far west" of the ancient world. It extends from Algeria to the Atlantic Ocean, and runs several hundred miles down the west coast of Africa. Morocco is about the size of Spain, whose shores are visible from Morocco's shores along the Mediterranean. Indeed Spain was conquered and subject to these Moors, for over seven hundred years during the Middle Ages.

The Moors, or men of Morocco, are a fierce fighting race of religious fanatics; they are making the last stand of Moslem fanaticism in Africa. But their conglomerate blood produces, whether they will or no, a many-sided people. Under the tanned skin of a Moor, only a little darker than that of a Spaniard, is Arab blood which makes him a gaunt rover, Berber blood which makes him a resigned semi-philosopher, Spanish blood which gives him a fierce, irrational pride; while the blood of the black negroes of Timbuctoo, from which hot African country came many soldiers of the Moors, makes the Moor of to-day superstitious to a degree! From these warring bloods the individual Moor has been evolved, a tall, secret-faced, energetic and ungovernable man, venerating wisdom, striving for it, and constantly falling short of it.

So the land is in continual turmoil, and no traveler who leaves the main roads is safe. In 1912, every European in the capital city, Fez, and almost every Jew, was massacred. Their bloody heads were salted, as the "heads of the Sultan's enemies," and were hung over the city's largest gate for weeks. The work of salting the heads was done by the few Jews who were spared, the hideous job having been part of their duty for centuries. Many of the massacred Christians were French; and France, seizing her chance and upheld by the other Powers, forced Morocco to acknowledge her protectorate, thus completing her North African empire. The Sultan of Morocco, however, is far from being merely a nominal ruler even now, nor are the people of Morocco really obedient, as are those of Tunis and Algeria. What matter if France has the right to speak for their country in all European affairs? The Moors do not care a snap of the fingers for Europe and acknowledge allegiance only to their own Sultan. Not that they are really loyal, even to him. Everywhere behind the bristling walls and rock-clamped turrets of Morocco's war-like cities lurks the spirit of instability.

Considering all this, the ideal way to visit Morocco would surely be to travel on a Magic Carpet, or to have a supernatural, terrifying, but faithful Djinn (jin) to transport us wherever we wish to go. Nor would such modes of travel seem so very peculiar in Morocco. In this land every street is peopled with the half-forgotten personages of fairy tales. Every city gate is shaped like a horse-shoe, and every door like a gigantic key-hole. It seems hardly possible that we can really unlock the doors of such a land without a Djinn to help us. So, let us keep a sharp lookout for a Djinn, immediately upon landing at Tangier. Tangier is Morocco's best seaport along the Mediterranean and from this sun-drenched African town, it is but seven miles across the strait to the "Rock of Gibraltar" and Christian Spain. We can hear the nightly salute fired from the guns of the British fortress at Gibraltar. Yet spiritually we are far from Europe as civilization can carry us.

What strange men are these on the narrow, cobblestoned streets of Tangier? How well they and their costumes fit in with the age-old architecture of the town! After all, then, the intimate harmony between nature, architecture and the human body, is not only an artist's dream. Here is a land where the draping of a grocer boy's cloak, the swirl of a milkman's scarf or of a beggar's rags, and even the natural humdrum attitudes of the wearers, are related in harmonious line and color to the buildings about them! The Moor's instinct for skillful



OLD TANGIER

Tangier has of recent years been given over by the Moors to the Europeans. The city is rapidly changing but still holds its old harbor

drapery makes the humblest assemblage of water-carriers and donkey-men an ever-renewed delight.

Tangier, though geographically a part of Morocco, is left off the map by every "true believer," and called "that dog of a town," for it is part of an "internationalized zone," a small strip of land along the coast which belongs to Spain. Therefore, we only stop here long enough to arrange for getting into the interior of the country, where the great city of Fez lies in front of the Atlas mountains, famed in ancient legend.

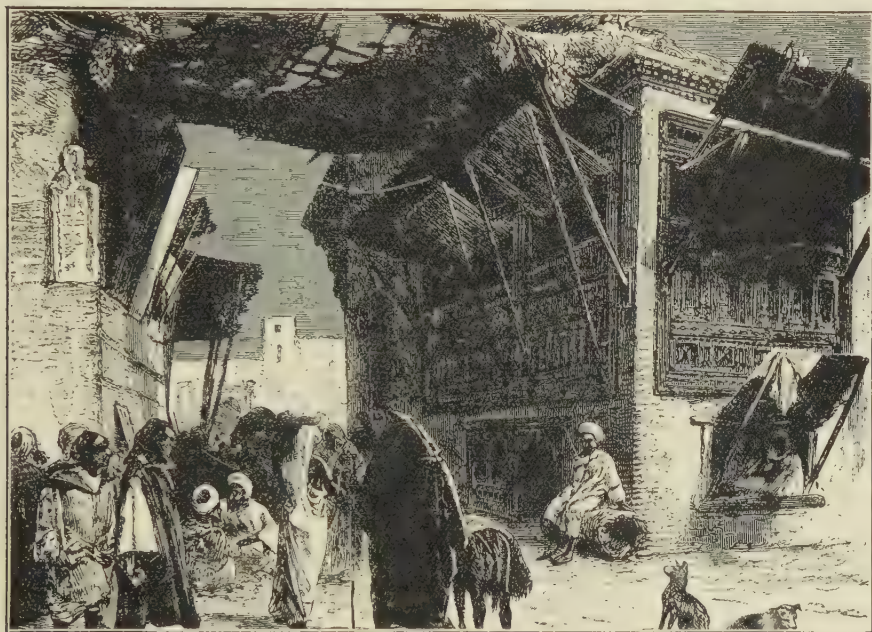
Our inquiry for a guide, produces the Djinn without whom we should have been lost. He assumes the person of an olive-skinned, wild and wiry Moor, with the secret eyes, Roman nose, thick lips and pointed chin-beard of his ancestors. He is dressed in a white turban and muslin robe. Taking us under his protection, he cheerfully professes an omniscient power second only to that of Allah. Yes, he knows the great track stretching into the interior. "Bismillah," if God wills it, he will take us to Fez and beyond. He is "the father and mother" of mules and horses, and has the brightest red saddles for them in Morocco. By Allah, the inland journey will be a picnic! Nothing shall happen to us, "Bismillah," unless God wills it. He is a trifle cast down when we protest that, having seen perfectly good automobiles in Tangier, we propose to hire one of them in preference to donkeys. However, he finally admits that "if we can keep the djinn under the hood in good control," there can be no harm in it. So the Djinn himself believes in djinns! What better proof could we have of their existence?

All the idlers and beggars in Tangier gather to see us start, our auto loaded with tents and provisions. The Djinn immediately proves his worth, as he does many times subsequently, by keeping the actively curious at bay. He scatters them energetically, extending his curses from their forgotten ancestors to their unborn descendants, until no native can stand up against his flashing eye, quivering forefinger and bitter tongue. When they disperse, he lapses abruptly into inertia. He is a passionate philosopher, patiently tolerant of physical discomfort, flaming into frenzy for an idea.

Several hundred miles we ride over dark mountains and the dreary "bled," as the Moroccan plain is called. We camp each night in villages of scowling, black-browed men who obviously hate us, but dare no more than spit upon our shadow. A wondrous ride brings us at last to many-walled Fez! The city of Sultans can be seen for miles across the plain, with the mighty Atlas mountains in a semi-circle behind it.

Yet not a house is visible. The view is only of a long line of frowning ramparts and fortress towers. These rise high above everything they enclose, save a few minarets.

When we reach these walls and enter the great horseshoe gate, we are not even yet in the city. We are in a waste space dotted with Moorish graves and every sort of refuse. Beyond rises another wall; and through its gate we can see a vista of yet a third wall within. But we do not enter all these gates immediately. The French have encircled the heights commanding Fez with one of their splendid roads, and in



THE MOORISH UNIVERSITY OF KAIROUIYIN IN FEZ

a moment our motor has climbed to a point from which we can see the whole city spread out below us.

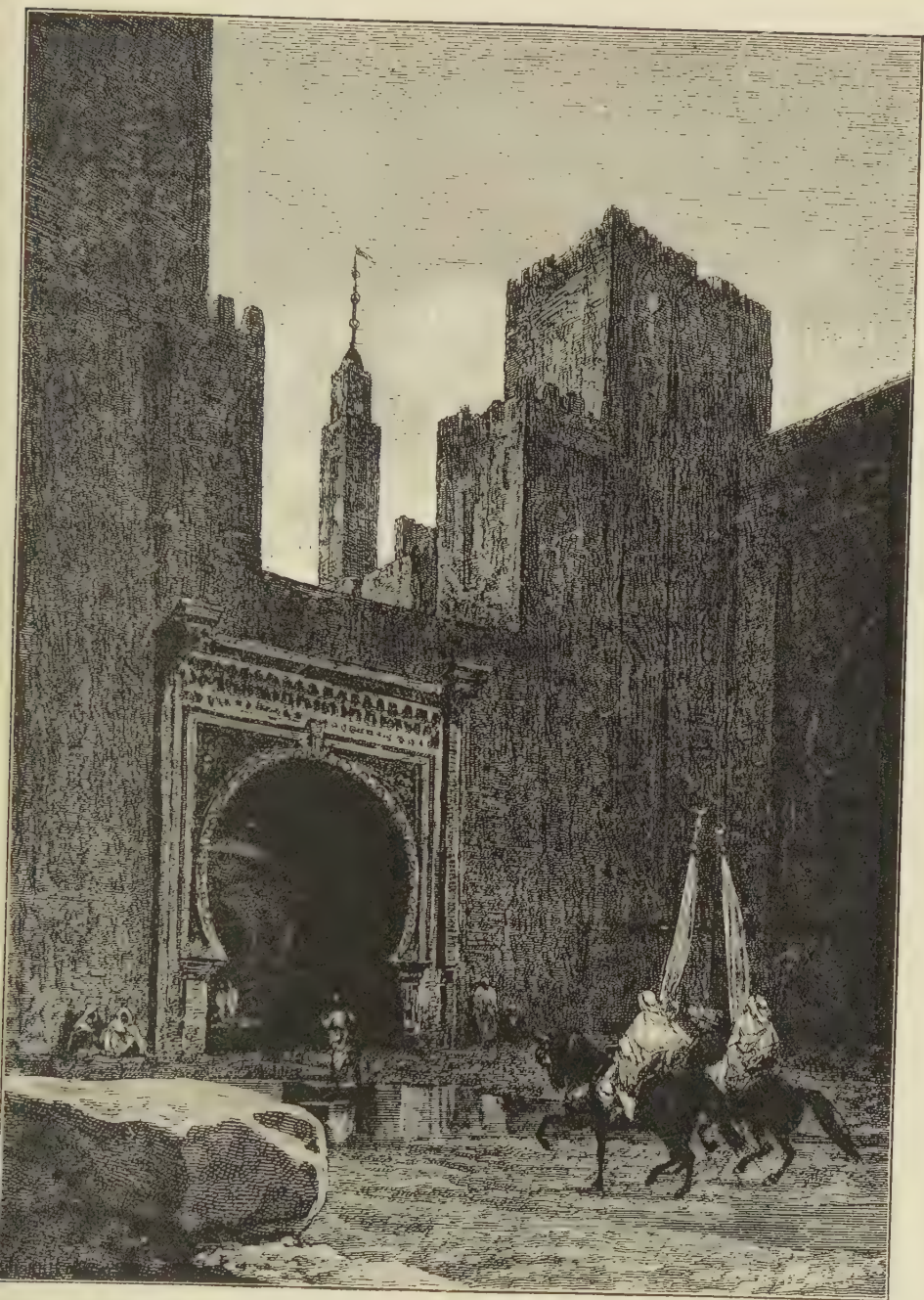
There lies Fez, golden in the light of the sun, its roofs, terraces and domes sliding down from the mountain behind in a rush, dammed here and there by green barriers of cypress, but growing more precipitous as the slope narrows into a steep ravine. Down this, a river cascades through the city. The scene looks as though some powerful enchanter, after decreeing that the city should be hurled into the rocky depths, had been moved by its loveliness and held it abruptly suspended above destruction.

Almost on a level with us lies the upper city, "new" Fez, which was built about 1500 A. D., and contains the painted palaces and gardens of the rich. Then the houses close in and descend more abruptly into old Fez, built some seven centuries before. In old Fez the giralidas, the walls and reed-thatched roofs of the bazaars, all gather around the green-tiled tomb of a saint and the tower of the principal mosque, El Kairouiyin. These form the central sanctuaries of Fez. The mosque, as yet, has not been profaned by the entrance of a Christian. Our faithful Djinn, telling us of its wonders, says, "The man who should try to count the cunningly placed columns of Kairouiyin would go mad." Students from all Morocco gather in the university attached to it.

Riding through the streets of Fez in search of the best "fondak," or inn, the most striking thing is the profuse, full beauty of the crumbling architecture. Over-ripeness seems the characteristic of this rich but stagnant civilization; the present is only a prolonged past. Here are the live descendants of the adventurous fishermen, slaves, merchants, barbers and capricious veiled ladies who so serenely inhabit the pages of the Arabian Nights. The tortuous streets of Fez are mysterious and somber. The dusk falls early; and the lanterns twinkle in the slippered merchants' niches, while the clear African daylight still lingers on the palaces of upper Fez. In the shadows we feel the spell of another influence, that of the "Atlas," the desert and black Timbuctoo. Unknown Africa seems very near.

Presently we come to the richly tiled Nedjarine fountain, glittering with the wonderful blues and greens of ceramic mosaics. Attached to this is the oldest and stateliest of Moroccan inns, with triple galleries of sculptured cedar rising above arcades of stone. Here we stay the night.

Next morning we set out to see the city. The great majority of the streets are too narrow for our motor, so we ride donkeys gaily saddled with pink Morocco leather. On each side the houses hang over us, throwing out buttresses and arches to prop each other's leaning masonry. Only infrequently is there a window, and then it is barred and stuffed with filthy rags, from which a lean cat may spring out. Of course, all the family life goes on around the central open courtyard of the houses. In this land, if a man shows his possessions, they are still apt to be taken away from him. Here and there, however, we see an open garden. In one, three Moors sit at tea under a fig tree. A



THE KASBAH OF FEZ

This Kasbah or ancient citadel marks the dark entrance to many a faded splendid court and beautiful secret garden and bower.

carpet is spread on the ground, and there is a glimpse of a copper kettle, a charcoal brazier, a little coffer filled with green tea flavored with mint, and a porcelain dish of cakes.

Not content with glimpses, we command our Djinn to show us the interior of a real palace, one of those fairy places a Sultan or a Vizier builds for the favorite lady of his harem. The Moors are frenzied builders. The same old cycle repeats itself; some hardy conqueror from the mountains overthrows the effete ruler and founds a new dynasty, only to have it grow effete and be overthrown in its turn. Each victor lets his predecessor's palaces decay and builds other sudden palaces, camping in these golden homes like a soldier on the march.

Our Djinn, with a wave of his hand, halts us before a blue door in a high wall. A door-keeper in green silk caftan appears from within. Across an orange-tree garden divided into squares by running water, we are led through an arch to a tiled court of fountains. From this, there is court within court, garden within garden, and a labyrinth of lovely rooms covering acres of ground. There is a long, ornamented gallery of pale green trellis work, where pigeons plume themselves and the wet tiles glitter with reflected sunlight. There is a jasmine-covered tunnel that leads to the fresh gloom of a cypress nook. There are colors and over-rich beauties too numerous to record. If our djinn had really raised this with his magic it could not have been more perfect; but in truth these gardens really exist. They are the Sultan's gardens.

Returning from this over-rich loveliness, we reach the street just in time to see the Sultan himself go by. A crowd of many-bangled negresses, white-turbaned Moors and brown-cloaked Arabs, cheer him as he passes. He is an aloof, motionless figure on a huge gray horse. Black slaves at his bridle rhythmically wave the flies from his Imperial Presence. A parasol-bearer holds a vivid green velvet sunshade above his remote, majestic head. By no sign does he betray any consciousness of the shouting, surging people whom he rules. The contrast between his still figure and the waves of humanity beating against it seems to typify the strange soul of Islam, with its impetuosity always culminating in impassiveness.

By our side, on a curbstone, sits a very old and very black slave, his head doddering, the only one who does not cheer. "The Sultan, see! The Sultan!" says his neighbor, shaking him. The ancient man stares vacantly and does not turn his head. "I have seen many Sultans," he murmurs his old eyes watering. "I have seen many Sultans."



OUR FIRST INN OR CARAVANSERAI ON ENTERING PERSIA

CHAPTER XXXI—PERSIA

THE HOME LAND OF THE ARYANS

Just to the east of the lands we have already visited, there extends a lofty mountain region. It is held by a people who have deeply influenced all these other lands, and who possess a civilization almost equally old. This land is Persia. It differs from the others partly in being a high mountain land almost as much shut off from other peoples as is the centre of the Arabian desert. It differs even more in that its people are of a widely separate race from all those we have yet met. Persia comes close in touch with modern Europe in that its people are "Aryans" or as we sometimes call this group of races, in contrast to the Semites and the Mongols, the "Caucasian" races. Practically all the European peoples, the Greeks and Romans and all the nations of today are Aryans. Persia was the early home from which they all wandered forth before history began. It is the fatherland of Europe and hence of America. In visiting Persia we are most of us returning to our most ancient birthplace.

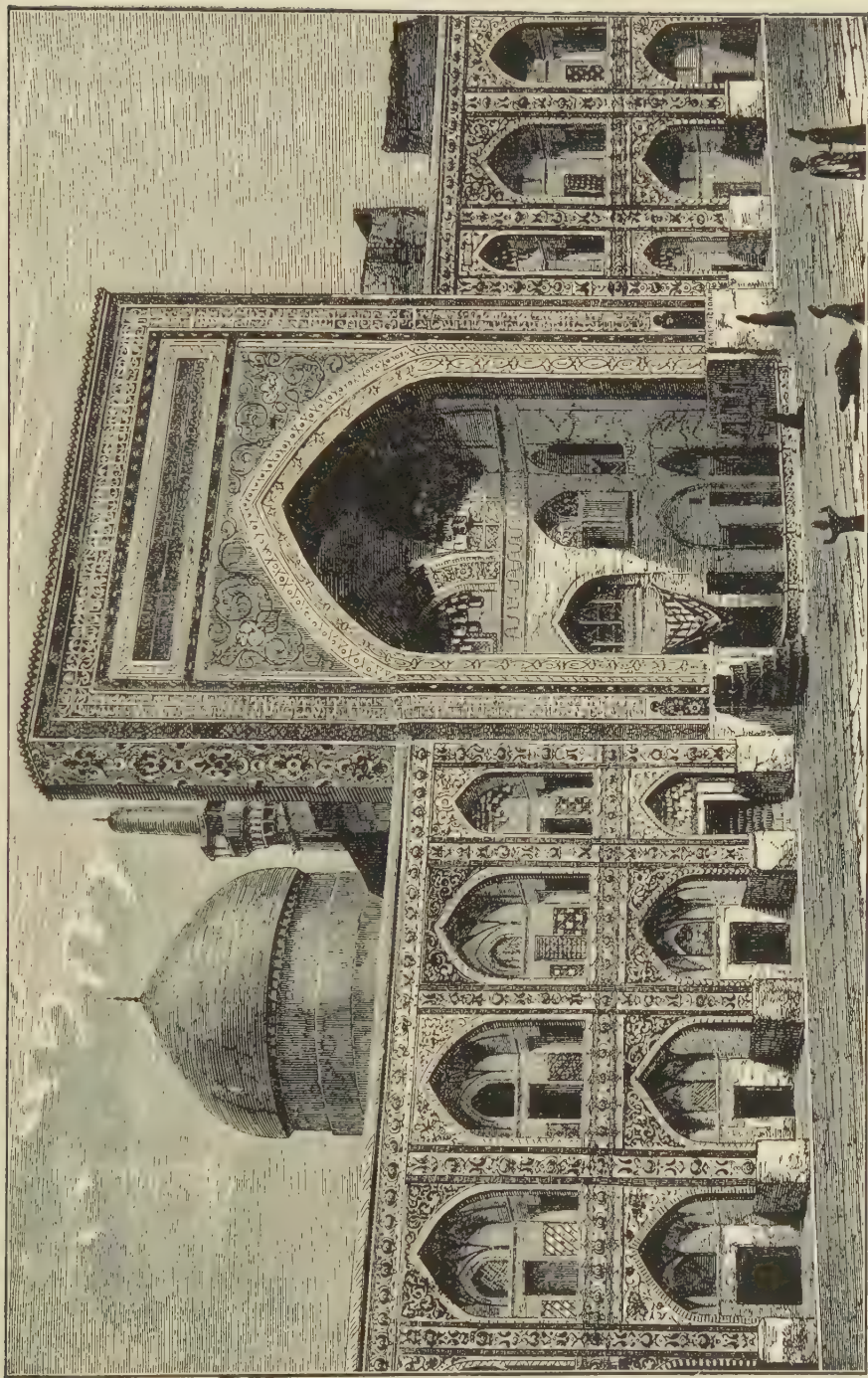
The few Aryans who remained in Persia have always fought with their Semitic neighbors to the west and their Mongol neighbors further east. Sometimes they have been conquerors, as when their kings Xerxes and Darius held all this ancient world including Egypt and even sought to extend their power over Europe. Sometimes they have been con-

quered, either from the west, as when the Moslem Arabs added Persia to their empire, or from the east as when in more recent centuries the tribes from central Asia, the Mongols of Turkestan, have ravaged Persia again and again. Yet while the Persian cities have thus bowed many times to the invader, the wild and warlike tribes of the remoter mountain regions have never really submitted to any yoke whatever. Even today Persia's mountains and her lofty desert regions in the east remain among the least known, the least explored, the most primeval of earth's regions. The tribes dwell there today much as those forgotten Aryans did five thousand years ago.

While the Persians have thus been a warlike race, they have been even more noted as philosophers, poets, scholars. Even today the natives are preeminently thinkers. When you go to Persia, you go to the land of the Magi, the wise men of the East. Her people are an intellectually restless race, known as the "Frenchmen of the East"; and Persian is still the "courtesy" language of the Arabs, Turks and Hindus. But the Persian conquering days are definitely over. A degenerate nation now, the mass of the Persians live helplessly among the crumbling ruins of their walled towns, at the mercy of any petty noble or Persian "Robin Hood" who chooses to raid them.

Politically, Persia is today more independent than she has been for centuries. She was long a catspaw between Russia and England, but both of these countries have abandoned her for more pressing interests. Nor is the Persian Shah any longer an absolute monarch. The people have seized for themselves a constitution and a National Assembly. Today, Persia is most often remembered as the land of Omar Khayyam (ki-yahm'), of rose-gardens, and of nightingales.

There is no direct route for us into Persia. Unless we wish to give months to a caravan journey across the mountains from some Mediterranean port, our best approach, in fact our only approach by railroad, will be from Russia through Siberia and Turkestan to Persia's northern and eastern frontiers. Here when you get out at the Turkestan town of Askhabad, among the big Turcomans of the mountains, you have seen your last railway for months! You go to the Persian consul there to have your passports signed, and he courteously tries to dissuade you from crossing the border into his land at all! He tells you that such and such a province is closed to travel because of fighting there, and that this road or that is impassable or infested with brigands. When you insist, he signs the passports with a shrug, and advises you



THE GREAT MOSQUE OF MESHEH

This mosque had never been "polluted" by a Christian foot until recently when the Russians sacked and deliberately defiled it.

to buy a revolver. After this suggestion, you go forth somewhat dubiously to arrange for your conveyance.

It seems the part of wisdom to engage a Persian guide and interpreter to accompany you; and through lack of any better you are forced to accept one whose English is scarcely understandable and whose eyes are somewhat shifty. He wears a long overskirt with a soiled sash, and the peculiar Persian hat, like a high, stiff derby without a brim. You have now to get your own carriage. You finally unearth an ancient open barouche with springs—a find, for Persian carriages are as a rule springless! Your driver, a dashing individual with a turban, and with huge moustaches dyed red, provides four mangy-looking horses, which are to be exchanged at the post-houses, or caravanserais. These were established the length and breadth of the empire by Darius the Great, in the year 500 B. C.! And this system of Darius is still today the means of travel in Persia. You pile on your baggage and provisions, the driver swings his long whip; and you are off at last.

Leaving Askhabad, the road winds up into the mountains to the southward; and your first glimpse of Persia is one of the most beautiful and impressive sights in the whole land. A perfect sea of mountain crests is about you everywhere, some snow-capped, some bare and swimming in clouds; summits both majestic and colorful. It seems a far cry from their serenity to the red, laboring face of the driver as he shouts at the poor, straining horses. Yet you cannot help thinking of this driver because the road is so wild and bad that you are in constant danger of either falling over the cliff-side or getting stuck in a rut. It is cold too; and you are glad indeed when, at sunset time, you arrive at the caravanseraï where you are to stay the night.

Your refuge proves to be a low, bare structure with earthen walls enclosing a most unsavory courtyard, where such domestic animals as the goat and donkey roam freely. Your heart sinks as you are shown into a small, dirty room with a fireplace, but no furniture of any kind. You are expected to provide your own bedding and cooking utensils everywhere in Persia. You try to light a fire with the tree-boughs used for the purpose, and immediately the room fills with acrid smoke. Coughing, you struggle through your supper with the door open for air. The domestic animals of the house appear timidly, half starved, and stare at you till you feed them. The cat is a great favorite in Persia, but alas, cats here look like any other cats, and not like the so-called "Persian" kitties at all.

When you try to get started on your way the next morning, you discover that you must have energy and determination enough for all those around you, as not one of them has an ounce. The mail-post driver arrives and wants the only change of horses this relay house has; and though these are already harnessed to your wagon, he begins to take them, quite unhindered by *your* driver! If you do not want to wait for hours, you have to step in and use physical force, for commands to either your own driver or the strange one are absolutely ig-



THE APPROACH TO TEHERAN OVER THE EMPTY PLAINS

nored. Your travel on this day and several successive days to Meshed, the first city on your route, is monotonous and trying.

At last you leave the mountains. Descending to a plain, you see Meshed, the Persian holy city. Here thousands of pilgrims come every year to visit the shrine of Ali Riza, an ancient Moslem saint. Above his grave, nearly in the exact center of the city, rises the golden dome of the mosque. Until some fifteen years ago, this building had never been "polluted" by the entrance of an "unbeliever"; but then the Russians sacked and defiled it. Later they returned it to the Persians; but the latter can never forget the insult, and their hatred of the Russians is intense.

Two centuries ago, under Nadir-Shah, Meshed was the capital of the whole empire. Now it is only a typical, fading Persian city. Its low houses, surrounded by their courts and passageways, are many of them crumbling to ruin. There is nothing romantic or majestic about a Persian ruin; it is plain ugly; for the whole beauty of Persian buildings lies in their freshness and color, the wonderful deep blue glazes of the domes and the perfection of painted detail. Once these are gone, the architecture is nil. Indeed, if you are not a Mohammedan pilgrim, there is not much to be seen in Meshed.

Northwest of Meshed lies the ruined city of Tus, where Harun-al-Rashid died, and where the famous Persian poet Firdusi was born, but now even the little shrine that at one time marked Firdusi's tomb has disappeared. Ruins are everywhere, and whole empty towns, with their streets and citadels, quiver along the horizons in the mirage. The homes have been deserted on account of the raiding Turcomans from the north.

From Meshed, the main caravan route leads west to Nishapur (nīsh-ā-pōr'), which we approach with lively interest; for here lived and died Omar Khayyam! Omar, because of Fitzgerald's famous translation of his quatrains, is today the best known of the many old Persian poets. Before the Mongol invasion of six hundred years ago, Omar's city of Nishapur was a busy, populous metropolis; now it is a lifeless town with a few cypress trees and a crumbling mosque. And Omar's tomb! Within the mosque you stand and gaze at it. Where are the roses, the garden, by which according to his poems he hoped to lie? The famous tent-and-verse-maker is buried within a stone box or tomb thrust away upon stone slabs amid many others. His slab is only distinguished by being defaced with deriding sarcasms in Persian! Omar, it seems, is far from popular in his own land, where he is looked upon as being a trouble-maker and a nuisance even now. He taught false Moslem doctrine; and he brings the foreigners here. From his tomb, you can only get a glimpse through the door of a blank wall and a tiny bit of sky. You feel glad he can at least see that. Gazing at the vulgar commonplace of his tomb, you may remember his hope,

"That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware!"

But if you seek to sniff the perfume, you smell only a nearby sewer.



AT PRAYER IN TEHERAN

The Persians, originally Zoroastrians, have adopted Mohammedanism with an enthusiasm which makes their masses the most fanatical of all the Moslems.

Not far away your curiosity is aroused by the sight of a dank pool surrounded by a ring of cypresses. Decayed steps lead down to the pool on every side. It reminds you irresistibly of the tarn into which the House of Usher fell, and you think how much our own Edgar Allan Poe would have enjoyed the dreary desolation of Persia. A turbaned man descends these steps with a jar upon his shoulders. He washes his hands and feet in the pool and then fills the jar with water, which he takes home to be used for drinking! Upon horrified inquiry, you discover that these pools are scattered about every Persian city, and that in many towns they are the only water available. Never again in Persia do you willingly taste water that has not first been boiled.

Leaving Nishapur we must journey westward half the width of Persia before we find another fair sized city or group of people. Yet we are on the main route to the capital, Teheran. We have left the mountains now; and the surrounding plains, or salt deserts as they really are, are monotonous to a degree. A tree becomes an event.

At length we approach Teheran (tê-êr-ahn'), over the same vast dreary plain. The present capital of Persia presents no striking domes nor towers, but the gates of the city, with their pointed archways, columns, and elegant enamelled porcelain decorations, are very fine. Within the walls, we are in a comparatively modern metropolis, with avenues and cars almost like a European city. The city's one chief beauty is its majestic background, Mount Demavend, whose snow-capped peak appears in the vista down nearly every street in Teheran. The Demavend swimming in clouds, towers over eighteen thousand feet above the low surrounding plain. Persian legend declares that on this peak Noah's ark came to rest after the great flood, and from here mankind once more spread over the world.

Near Teheran we will visit the prehistoric ruins of Raghes. This is where Zoroaster, the founder of the Aryan religion, was born. This faith taught a double origin of the world, with the two opposing deities of good and evil in eternal conflict. The Persians are no longer Zoroastrians. Having been compelled by their Arab conquerors to take up Mohammedanism, they finally adopted it with an enthusiasm which makes their more ignorant masses today the most fanatical of all the Moslems. Zoroaster, however, is regarded as a noble sage though not as an acceptable religious teacher. So Raghes is still a noted remembered shrine.



THE ANCIENT FIRE ALTAR CALLED THE KAABAH OF THE ZOROASTRIANS

CHAPTER XXXII—PERSIA.

TABRIZ AND THE NORTH WEST

Leaving Teheran in the beautiful early spring morning, we go out by the tiled west gate, an exit worthy of an emperor. We take one last look at the superb volcanic peak of the Demavend, the highest mountain in all Persia, that land of mountains. On the plain around us the fruit trees are just bursting into blossom. Our interpreter tells us that in a couple of weeks it will be the Nau-Roz, or Persian New Year, which they celebrate on the twenty-second of March, the vernal equinox. This is the holiday the Persians look forward to through all the year, and our own expectations arise at their enthusiasm. We resolve to hurry our journey a bit, in order to be in Tabriz, (tah brēz') Persia's second largest city, during the festivities.

We travel northwestward along the plain, with the impressive ranges of the Elburz mountains towering above us on our right. We are atop of the high table land which composes central Persia. The Elburz range is its rampart on the north. Beyond, the hills fall swiftly to the Caspian seacoast. For ninety miles the driver hits up a good pace on the best road in all Persia. Then we turn more sharply northward, and once more the route becomes a succession of ruts, mud-holes, and steep mountain passes. Carriages in dire distress, with a wheel off, or completely mired in a ditch, are a common sight. As for the horses,

remembering that Persia is the immemorial home of the horse, which first appeared on these plateaus, we can only helplessly shut our eyes to the poor dispirited creatures in front of us. Scarcely one is without an open sore under its heavy harness. It takes four of them to pull our light carriage, for which two American horses would be more than enough.

After about three hundred miles of this mountain journeying, which you may be glad you do not have actually to undergo, we at last approach Tabriz. This is the city that so much impressed the world-famous traveller of the Middle Ages, Marco Polo. Terrible volcanic earthquakes have repeatedly laid it waste since his time; and of its greatest glory, the Blue Mosque, nothing is now standing except one gateway. But the more ordinary structures of the city have been continually rebuilt; for Tabriz forms one of the best natural caravan stations between the East and the West. Traders of all nations and of all faiths swarm in her bazaars.

Coming to Tabriz after the weary days of journey necessary to reach it, the city looks hospitable and bright. Its extensive walls enclose more than three hundred small mosques. Their minarets and their domes of blue or orange stand out gaily against the bare rock walls of the mountains behind the city to the eastward. Many little streams run through Tabriz and the gardens outside its walls, and rush on to the broad Lake Urmia beyond. They keep Tabriz as clean as a city can be that has no sewers and no sanitary system whatever.

Lake Urmia, about eighty miles long, and in places nearly half that width across, is one of the most remarkable lakes in the world. A swimmer cannot dive into it, for it is saltier even than the Dead Sea. Moreover it is so charged with iodine as to be almost black. The oil from all the decaying organic remains beneath its waters, floats on its surface. Altogether there are few lakes one would sooner keep away from. At present nowhere very deep, and vast tracts of it are little more than a marsh; but its depth has changed frequently within the memory of man. Persian tradition explains this by telling of a monster who lives at the bottom of the lake in the center, alternately drinking and disgorging the inky water. No fishes of course can live in it. Yet there is traffic upon it, and more than one ambitious Persian in history has sought the title of "Admiral of the Lake!" About its shores live the remaining handful of the Zoroastrians, those Persians who still retain their country's own earliest faith. In this drear region they have never



NEW YEAR IN TABRIZ

On holidays the Persians romp like children in their streets. Puppet plays based on their religion are a favorite entertainment.

been disturbed. Here still stand their ancient fire-altars. The most revered of these is called by their Moslem neighbors "the Kaabah of the Zoroastrians."

So we are in Tabriz for the Persian New Year! We awake in one of the two hundred caravanserais the city possesses, to find the ground blue with violets, the sun shining, and every tree in bloom. Wistaria and lilac, our own flowers, are out beside the red pomegranate blossoms. In the excited streets, every Persian man, woman, or child has a new garment for the occasion. Some of the women, departing from the usual black, appear in enveloping cloths of pink or blue. Our interpreter and our driver are much adorned and beautified, the former by a bright green overdress, the latter by a brand new pair of Russian boots. They are given leave for the day, and go off to watch the shows and prophet-plays in the streets. But first they present us with a pyramid of fruits, lemons, apples, oranges, bearing the Persian words for "Good wishes" in gilt letters. These and other appropriate offerings are sold from donkey baskets all over the city. We, as rich Americans, are expected to return all courtesies with handsome tips.

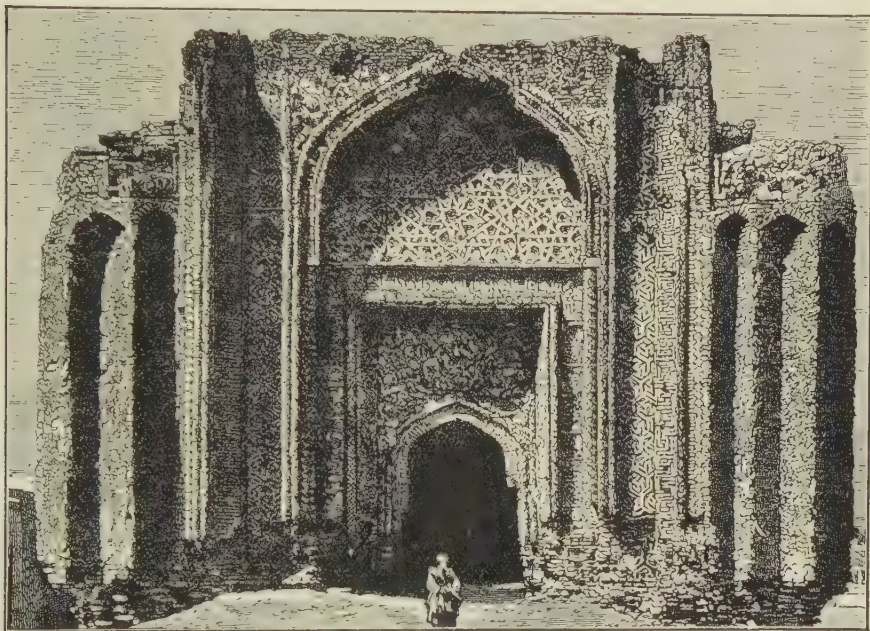
When these formalities are over, we must make our New Year calls. If we do not know anyone in the city, we can always in our capacity of travellers call on one of the public officials. At the Governor's we may be sure of a cordial reception; for the rich Persians pride themselves extremely upon their hospitality. The sexes are strictly separated in Persia; there is no possibility of seeing the governor and his wife together, so we will call and have dinner with the governor, and afterwards take tea with his wife.

We are conducted through the governor's garden, with its fruit-trees and decorative shrubs and marble pool, to the threshold of the dim, rug-lined rooms. Here, if you are not a "Western barbarian," you will leave your shoes, and proceed to greet your host in your stocking-feet. However, if you insist on your shoes, you will not be driven out as you would be from a mosque; your bad manners will be courteously ignored. There are armchairs in the room, but the divans with their numerous handsome cushions are much more used by callers; or some prefer sitting on the superbly carpeted floor itself.

After a flowery speech to your host, you receive from a servant a silver water-pipe filled with Persian tobacco, from which you take a few meditative puffs. Then a cloth is spread on the floor itself, and attendants set out all manner of cold dishes, relishes, rice, sauces and

sweetmeats. You alone, as a westerner, are offered a knife and fork; the Persians always eat with their fingers, and Allah is even supposed to be displeased if they do not use all five of them! There is more than enough food on the cloth already for a whole meal, but do not fill up upon this first course. The main dinner comes later in the shape of a Persian lamb, roasted whole, kneeling on its platter, and stuffed with rice, nuts and raisins.

Tea in the apartments of the high official's wife, is a daintier affair. All the ladies present are richly adorned; and the dimly lighted room



THE MOSQUE OF HAMADAN, WHERE ALEXANDER'S TREASURE WAS HID

scintillates with their jewels. The tea is poured from a gold service into porcelain cups, while pistachios, roasted hazel nuts and rice cakes accompany it. One of the ladies-in-waiting slips away, and returns with a beautiful fan-shaped box of hammered silver. From this the hostess takes tiny silk-gauze bags, one of which she presents to each foreign visitor. In these tiny bags is a silver and a gold coin of the realm, the ancient and ceremonial New Year's gift! There is a real kindness about these Persians which is pleasant to meet so far from our own home.

But holidays must end, and much as we may regret it, we are

forced to "gird up our loins" theoretically—as our Persian driver and interpreter still do in fact—and set forth on the caravan route once more. Some four hundred weary miles to the south of Tabriz, lies Hamadan, a city of unfathomable antiquity. At the dawn of history it was already a great city, known as Ecbatana. It was the capital of the now vanished empire of Media. It occupied a commanding position on the Persian border, and through it went all the caravans to Mesopotamia and the West. Hamadan is still a busy city as a trade center and contains some fifty thousand people; but of its ancient glory nothing remains except a heap of ruins. Amid these, archæologists search for the treasures of Alexander the Great, the Greek conqueror of Persia. He is said to have made this the storehouse of his spoils; and the secret of their hiding place was buried with him.

Even the mosques of Hamadan are in ruins; and there are but two of Ecbatana's ancient wonders which survive here. One is the mighty terraced mountain behind the city, called the "Throne of Artaxerxes," still tremendously impressive; the other is a curious stone lion, fallen on its face, which the inhabitants superstitiously believe regulates the capricious temperature of their city. Hamadan contains the largest Jewish community of any Persian town, about five thousand Jews being congregated here. They live in great misery; but they have one monument of which they are very proud. This is a domed building of obviously not very great antiquity, which contains two tombs of black wood inscribed in Hebrew characters. These are supposed to be the tombs of Mordecai and the Jewish queen, Esther, of Biblical fame.

Leaving Hamadan, we set out due east a hundred miles for Kum, a holy city, second only to Meshed in the number of devout Shiah pilgrims who yearly visit it. We meet many pilgrims on the road, some afoot, some on donkeys or camels, and each carrying his provisions with him in the form of the quaint Persian "stone bread." This is rolled out into a loaf only a quarter inch thick but two feet long and is carried atop of the head. At a glance, it looks like an umbrella, and the pilgrims often use it as a shelter from sun or rain.

Seen in the distance, Kum is one of the most impressive of Persian towns. The great copper dome of the mosque of Fatima, with its attendant minarets, dominates the town and glows blazingly in the sun. The holy lady Fatima is the only Moslem woman saint, and her shrine is therefore much visited by Mohammedan women, who pray to her for all the little personal things they want, much as the Italians pray to



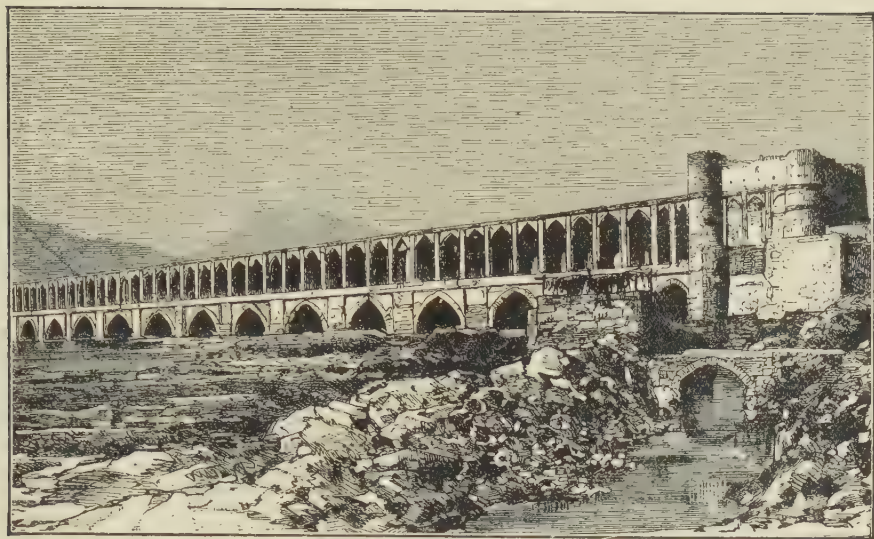
THE SUWARS OF PERSIA

These are wandering soldiers, half bandit and half police. They are constantly throwing Persia into tumult; but without them there would be no law at all.

the Blessed Virgin. Though the mosque is kept up, the surrounding city, as by this time we quite expect of a Persian city, is in the most desolate ruin. Of its twenty thousand houses, only about four thousand are occupied, and there are large holes and pitfalls in the streets.

For miles after leaving, we can still look back and see the gleaming dome of Fatima's mosque. At a distance, we get the illusion of a vast beautiful city once more. Then it fades, and we are going on along the edge of the "Great Salt Desert," which we shall visit later. Now we only skirt its edge, and presently the mountains reappear on our right again, like old friends. These ever-present Persian mountains are patched with brown, red and pink, and little streaks of white, melting into snow. All the soft colors and patterns of Persian rugs must have been learned from these mountain sides; they are the one Persian thing which has not degenerated.

We are now on the main route, following the telegraph line which has stations right down through the center of Persia, and we should feel comparatively safe from the "brigands" about whom every one has warned us since we started. Yet any morning we may awake in our lonely caravanseraï, to find the muddy courtyard filled with Persian soldiers. These casual but dramatic gentlemen are called "suwars." Each one possesses a small horse, an immense gun, and a henna-dyed moustache. For the rest, they wear larger hats, snappier boots, and more brilliant clothes than civilians. When we try to get started on our way, our driver refuses point blank to get out the horses. Not only our interpreter, but the suwars and all the residents of the caravanseraï whirl their arms at us. They declare that the road below is impassable, infested with brigands who robbed some neighboring caravanseraï only a few hours ago. They insist that we must give up all hope of getting to Ispahan, and return to Kum. Knowing that if any one travels in Persia he must do so by his own energy and power, we had now better try kicking the driver a few times. This is the one argument which has till now overcome his periodic balks. This time it is useless. Everyone vociferously insists that we go back to Kum; we stolidly refuse. It seems an impasse, until the interpreter suggests that we pay several of the suwars to escort us past the dangerous place. We are forced to agree to this if we want to proceed. The suwars prove quite willing to oblige us; and we traverse the way in perfect safety. At the next caravanseraï we part with the suwars. They are just a "custom of the country."



THE BRIDGE WHICH LEADS OVER ISPAHAN'S "RIVER OF LIFE"

CHAPTER XXXIII—PERSIA

CENTRAL PERSIA AND ISPAHAN

Through a fertile and lovely valley dotted by numerous small towns, a magnificent avenue of plane trees leads to the historic city of Isfahan. Isfahan, (is pā hahn') besides being nearly in the geographical center of Persia, has always been the center of Persian arts and culture. Even today, when the city's glory has sadly waned, she has a large, and not too degenerate, artists' colony.

Isfahan, in spite of the many times she has been sacked and conquered, is still the main attraction of modern Persia. Here are some of the most beautiful Mohammedan structures and much of the most typically Eastern life to be found anywhere in the world. To enter the city, we cross the first of these structures, a bridge built over the muddy waters of the Zindeh-Rud, or "river of life." This bridge is of impressive length, and of absolutely even height, a viaduct rather than a bridge. Its roadway is supported on a double row of thirty-four sculptured arches. On either side of this roadway runs an enclosed stone gallery, and the bridge is paved and battlemented from end to end.

The city walls, enclosing the beauty of myriads of minarets and turquoise domes, are now only mud. We are glad to see that there is no longer any trace of the grisly tower once raised at the gates by Timur the lame, or Tamerlane, as we call him. This Tartar conqueror of

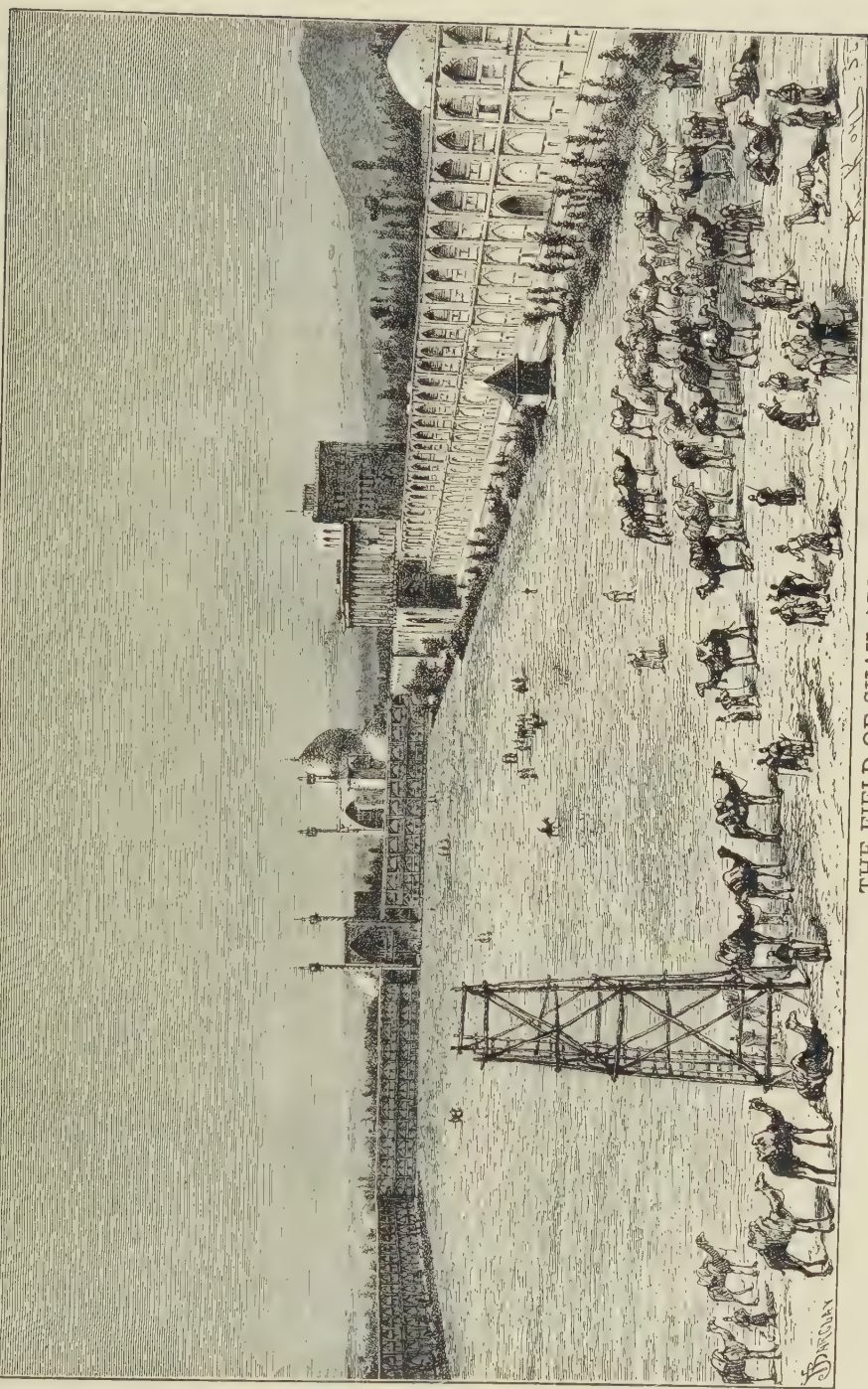
Ispahan in the fourteenth century, is said to have erected a "skull tower" of seventy thousand Persian heads at the gate of Ispahan, as a warning to other cities not to resist him!

One striking feature of Ispahan, is the line of covered bazaars bisecting the city from north to south. In this street of the bazaars the large crowds are apt to give us an exaggerated idea of the present population of the city; for nearly everyone congregates here. Other quarters of Ispahan are now wholly deserted. Only about half of the ruinous city is occupied, and the slender towers of some of the minarets shake at a touch. Though trade has greatly fallen off, the street bazaars are very worthy of a visit. There we shall see the brocades and satins of a past age, its hand-made lacquered boxes and mirror-frames, damascened gun-barrels beautifully painted and ornamented, and the few truly ancient rugs which are still to be found in this land of rugs.

Ispahan being a semi-southern city, much of her life goes on in her streets. The old-fashion patriarchal schools, attended only by boys, are conducted in the open air. So difficult is the writing of the delicate Persian script that letter writing is a rare and admired accomplishment in this land. Yet here on the street corner sits a venerable "wiseman" who, for a fee, will write letters for you most beautifully. Nearby a shrewdfaced, dramatic man, in fancy but somewhat soiled garments, begins to recite loudly. An ever-growing crowd gathers around him, and if you could understand him, you would enjoy his story.

There are no theaters nor cheap books in Persia; these street story tellers are consequently a chief diversion. The narrator, using every art of thrill and suspense that he knows, works up to his climax. A favorite tale is that of the poor young man who has an ugly, shrewish wife, who falls down a deep well. When the hero lowers a rope for her, an imp, who had dwelt in the well, comes up instead. It seems the imp had been nearly torn to pieces by the angry shrew, and he is so grateful for his escape from her that he puts himself at the young man's service. After much effort, the young man becomes betrothed to a lovely princess, when the imp steps in, says he has done enough for the young man, and means to have the princess himself. The imp is powerful, so no word can paint the hero's despair. Yet he has a plan.

At this point in the tale, the story teller gathers his robe about him and prepares to desert his enthralled audience. The listeners pull him back, and after they have contributed a certain number of coins or



THE FIELD OF SHAH ABBAS

Here this famous ruler built a royal pavilion enclosing a large polo field, so that he might always watch this game he loved.

the realm, he consents to go on. He relates how the poor man appeared to give in to the imp, and then artfully told the imp that his former wife, the shrew, had escaped from the bottom of the well, and was now behind the door. Whereupon the imp runs away like quicksilver, and the poor man laughs heartily with the princess.

Turning off from the bazaar, we wind through the innumerable streets lined with low mud houses, and find ourselves arrived at the most remarkable place in the city. This is an immense open square more than a third of a mile in length, and not quite half as wide. The square is surrounded by a double row of graceful Arabian arcades, with here and there a palace or a mosque of the finest materials and decoration. The whole was once a broad public pleasure ground. Here the most loved Persian ruler of the sixteenth century, Shah Abbas, held spectacular games of that old Persian sport, polo. This sport, so well liked today in our own America, was then called "the sport of kings" and was as much the national diversion of Persia as bull-fights are of Spain. With but little effort, we can imagine the Arabic arcades filled with wealthy nobles, gorgeously dressed; the ladies discreetly veiled, but colorful. The Shah Abbas himself sits in the royal pavilion, which flies the imperial flags.

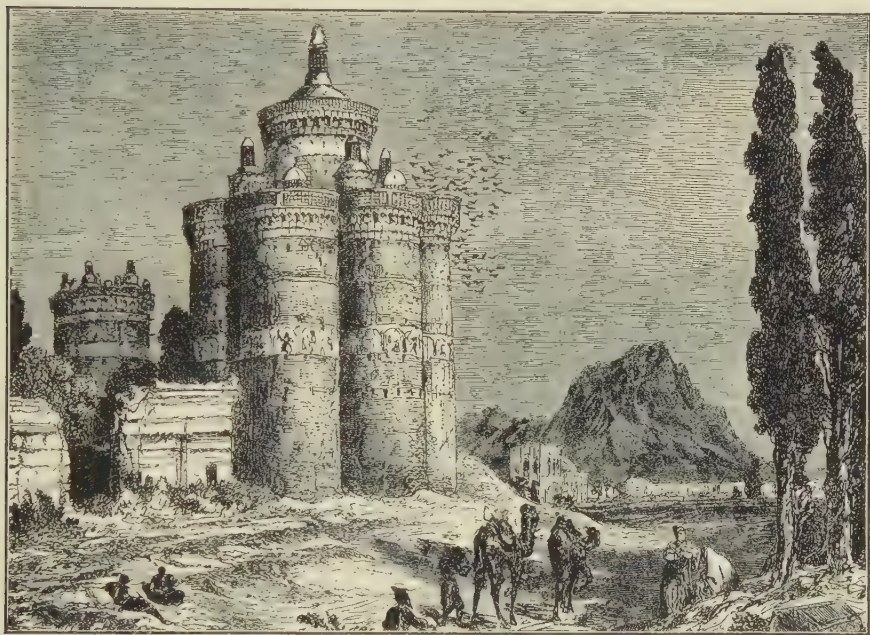
Alas, that such splendid scenes are to be found in Ispahan no longer! We ourselves can now enter the royal pavilion unchecked by any kingly guards. Climbing to its third and topmost story, we can look out upon the desolation of the place. The outside of the pavilion is wonderfully well preserved, but the once lovely rooms within are in a sad state, not so much from decay, as from the vandalism and the worse than indifference of the modern Persians. Here you will see an exquisite painting marred by dirt, and there the center has been cut out of what was once a rich wall-hanging!

This pavilion is the highest building in Ispahan, excepting the minarets; from it you can gaze over a circumference of about thirty miles, which is comprised by the very spread-out city. The little houses, with their rounded roofs, look like yeast-bubbles in a vast loaf of bread. Opposite you, on the southeast side of the square, is the famous "royal mosque," which is covered with glazed tiles of tremendous brilliancy, and is by far the handsomest mosque in all Persia.

And now we must start for the Great Salt Desert and its strange cities. We have to carry all our supplies, including our water, though as the famous traveller of the Middle Ages, Marco Polo says, "The

beasts must needs drink the bad water will they, nill they, because of their great thirst." The "Lut," or desert, known to the natives themselves as "the Dead Heart of Persia," has not changed since Polo's day.

Remembering the French writer, Pierre Loti, in his magic description of Ispahan seen from the distance, we turn to look at it thus for the last time. He describes it as "seeming a symphony in blue; turquoise domes, indigo shadows and a soft cerulean haze" He has different eyes than we, however, or more poetic license, for though a blue dome or two is visible, the general tone of the city is a reddish brown, surrounded



A SUBURBAN CASTLE NEAR ISPAHAN, CALLED THE PIGEON TOWER

by a faint pink haze. After we have travelled some miles into the desert, we may also recall Loti's description of that. He says, "Our road shows only the absoluteness of desolation, the vast undisputed triumph of death. We are in a world destroyed, depeopled as if by fire, wherein no stream will ever flow again."

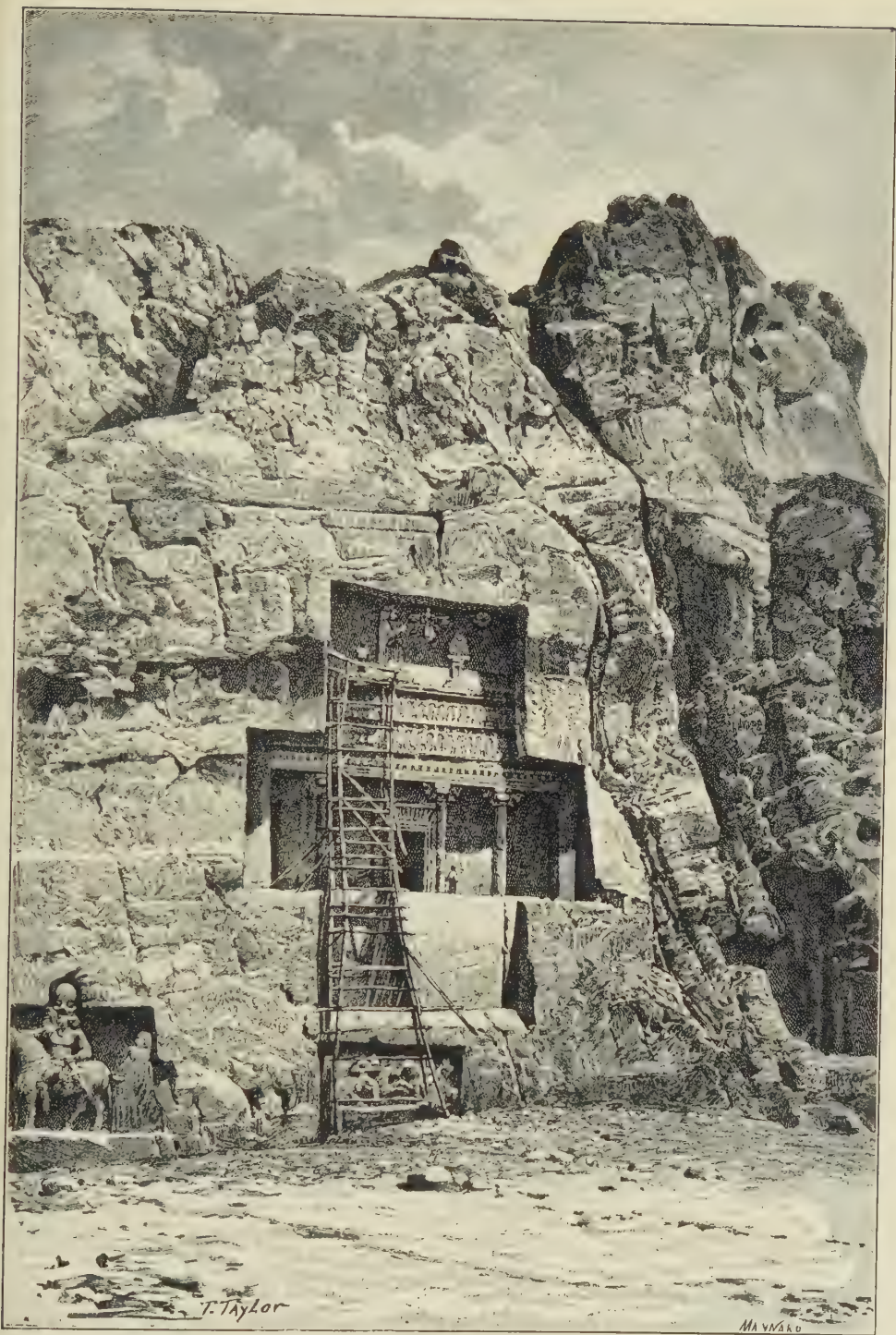
This desert is not a flat expanse of sand. The Lut, an Arabian version of the Biblical name Lot, is a salt desert, and supposed to be the ancient site of cities destroyed in Lot's time. Indeed, this desert still gives the illusion of cities, for its weather worn bluffs, and hills, of ever-changing sand, form cupulas and battlements in the distance. When

the unhindered wind sweeps a gale across the desert, these fantastic and terrible sand hills change their places, often burying caravans or engulfing whole towns! This "Dead Heart of Persia" extends across the entire center of the country making communication difficult with the far provinces, and so keeps the country broken up, and the far places wild. Death rules the salt desert everywhere; as soon as a dying animal falls, the black, hovering vultures are upon it.

There are a few live cities here and there in this waste, though many more are buried beneath the moving sands. A hundred miles or so from Ispahan, we see the strangest city of all rising before our eyes, the city of Yezdikhast. At first we take it to be only one more fantasy. It is an isolated crag towering lonely above the undulating waste, and made of myriads of houses, one piled on top of another. Then, as we come nearer, we see that it is surrounded by a fairly deep chasm, a moat. The only means of entrance is over a drawbridge that the inhabitants lower for you, or refuse to lower, at will. The whole affair is something between a feudal castle and the homes of our own prehistoric cliff-dwellers. It is easy to see why Yezdikhast has survived for centuries, despite the raids of desert tribes. Now, in these times of comparative peace, many of the citizens have built themselves homes on the plain outside the city. As you enter the original stronghold over the ancient bridge, on your way to the caravanserai within, you gasp at the precipitousness of the entrances to the dwellings. Think what a continual worry young children living there must be to their parents, it is so extremely easy to fall right out of your own doorway and land several hundred feet below.

Leaving the crag of Yezdikhast next morning, we continue south another hundred miles to the ruins of Pasargadae, the city built by Cyrus the Great. This wise king was the first ruler to weld Persia together. He founded the Persian empire about six hundred years before Christ. The ruins are a mere jumble now; but an image of the monarch is carved on a pillar with the legend "I, Cyrus, the King, the Persian Lord!" There is also a rather unimpressive square tomb in the neighborhood which is supposed to be that of Cyrus. Local tradition, however, has so far forgotten this mighty monarch, as to connect the tomb with a Bible story instead. It is known as the "tomb of Solomon's mother."

The real glory of the ancient, true architecture of Persia, as distinguished from the borrowed Moslem architecture of more recent



THE ROCK TOMB OF DARIUS

The ancient kings of Persia carved for themselves these tombs so high upon the cliffs that men could only reach them by ropes and so could not burst them open for plunder.

times is centered about the wonderful city of Persepolis, some thirty miles farther south. On the desolate road to Persepolis, we first perceive the Naksh-i-Rustem, or the great tombs of Persepolis' kings. These are set in the face of an immense, almost perpendicular cliff. On the cliff are carved in the rock, gigantic figures in relief of the kings and their conquests. These figures are more than fifteen times life-size. Here are proud Persian monarchs on horseback, in regal trappings; here are conquered Greeks with their foreheads touching the ground; here are stone armies of the days when Persia was mistress of the world.

Since we shall not wish to visit all these large rock tombs, we will examine only the most noted, that of Darius, who was Persia's greatest king after Cyrus. Darius' tomb is high up on the face of a cliff, and we have to reach it by being drawn up in a basket. The Persian guide, using his hands and feet and teeth, manages to shin up the cliff with a rope, which he then affixes to a strong hold, and lowers down to us. We tie a basket to it and get in. Bump, bump, we go along the cliff, and we cannot help thinking of the fatal adventure of Darius' old parents. When the tomb was completed, all those centuries ago, they also wished to see it, and were hoisted up in a basket, just like ours. Unfortunately the rope broke and both of the old people were killed. We are glad to reach the top in safety. The tomb is hewn from the face of the solid rock in the shape of a cross, with a door in the exact center of the cross. The figure of Darius himself is carved at the top, and he is represented receiving the crown from the Persian God. The interior of the tomb was long since looted by treasure seekers and is wholly empty.

Wondrous Persepolis. After the tombs of her kings, we come to their palaces, their mighty throne-rooms; for they dwelt in a gorgeous majesty which separated them wholly from their people. Persepolis is supposed by the Persians to have been built by Jemshid, a king who lived so long ago that he is little more than a legend; but the finest ruins are really those of Darius' palace, and the Great Hall of Xerxes. These are made of dark grey marble, cut into huge blocks, polished and carved. Amid the grandeur of fallen shafts, statuary, and roofless columns, roam goats and slinking jackals. Even in Omar Khayyam's time it was much the same, for he wrote,

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep

The Courts where Jemshid gloried and drank deep."



ROCK CARVINGS OF KING SAPOR, RECORDING HIS VICTORY OVER ROME

CHAPTER XXXIV—PERSIA.

SOUTHERN PERSIA AND SHIRAZ

Thirty miles south of Persepolis, the city of Persia's most famous kings, lies Shiraz, the home of her no less famous poets. Shiraz (shē' rahz) is the city renowned for its lovely Persian gardens; here too, that poet's bird, the nightingale, may still be heard when the moon rises over the cypress trees.

The approach to Shiraz has always entranced the Persians themselves. We shall still find a few rock carvings on the road, but these are passed; and now traffic gathers on the heretofore deserted road. We begin to descend gradually into a fertile valley. Beside us is a clear stream, which dashes along between tiny dikes like any other irregular channel; yet this is the brook Rukhnabad of which Hafiz, Persia's favorite poet, wrote:

"For sure, in all the enchanted ground
Of Paradise, there are not found,
The fountain banks of Rukhnabad!"

After many windings of the road, Shiraz lies before us, in a V-shaped opening between pleasant hills. In the foreground, a gateway bars the valley; beyond the gate, a broad avenue leads toward the heart of the city. Only a short time ago, this avenue was lined with tall cypress trees; but some Persian "suwars" or soldiery, not having received

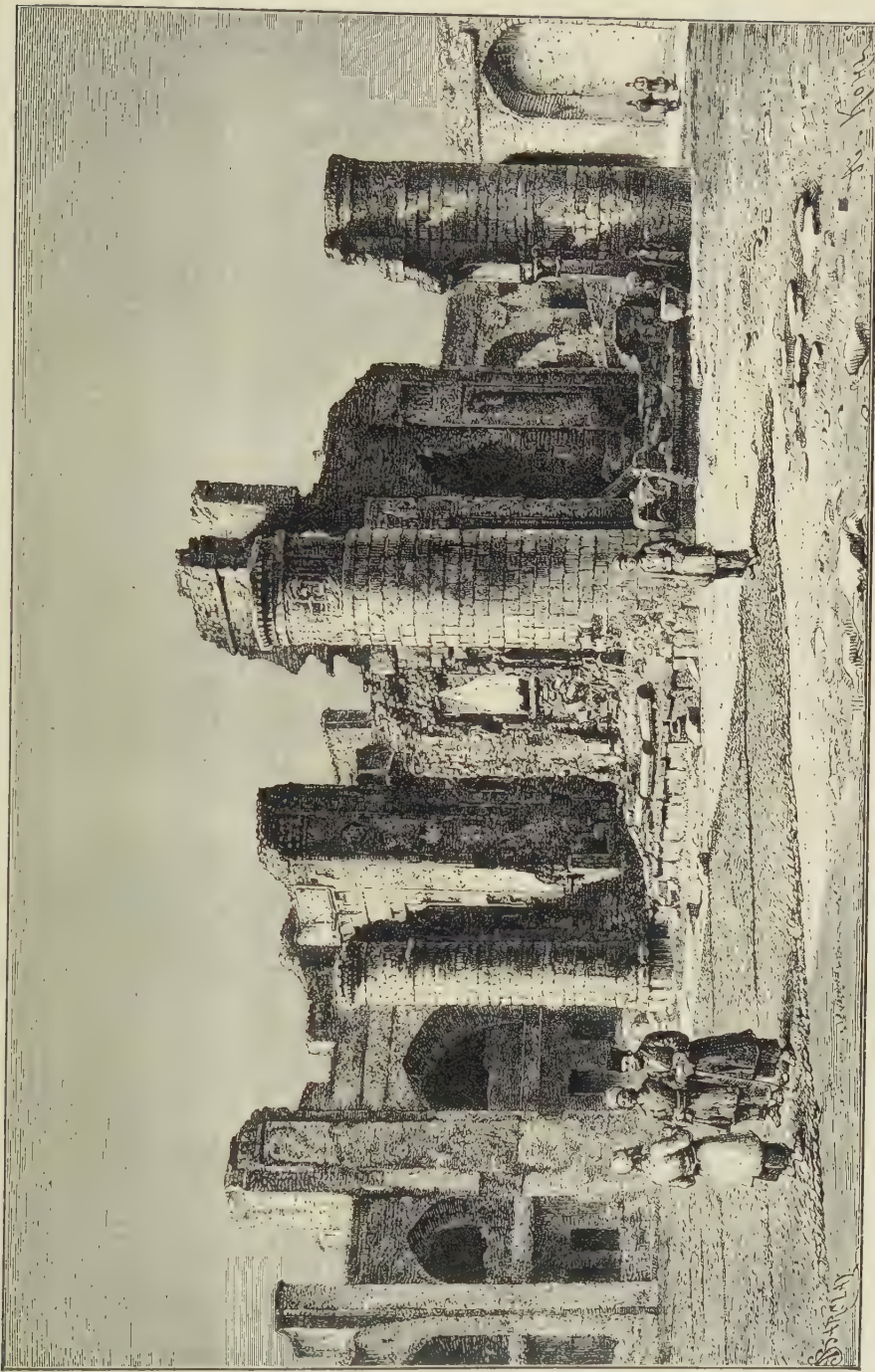
their pay, expressed their anger by felling the trees and making firewood of them! Thus, with every year, Persia becomes less lovely. At the end of this now bare avenue is Shiraz, an expanse of pinkish-brown houses, graced by tapering cypress trees, and the high dome of a single mosque. A plain, planted with opium poppies, encircles the city: for this is the land where the poppy is raised for both pleasure and profit. Many-colored hills, not very high, rise around the city like the sides of a bowl.

This is the famous first view of Shiraz. Perhaps we shall not, like Saadi, a Persian poet only less beloved than Hafiz, halt at the sight and cry with joy and wonder, "God is Great!" Yet Shiraz, girdled with yellow-green and purple hills, crowned with the sombre cypresses of her ancient gardens, set down among green meadows and white fields of opium poppy, must really charm us. It is the least disappointing town in Persia.

The bazaars of Shiraz are long, vaulted passages of yellow brick. They are wholly shut out from the sky, the upper half of their pointed arches being closed with a screen of pierced wood. The most picturesque part is the dyers' quarter, where narrow strips of dark blue cloth hang from the vaults in great festoons, almost touching the passers-by. There is also color in the saddlers' bazaar, where saddle-cloths and leather-work, usually bright orange or saffron, with long fringes, are displayed on the walls.

We will take our night's rest under our own tent, for even Shiraz has only crude native inns to offer us shelter. Its once splendid "khans" are fast crumbling into nothing. Next day we set out to visit the famed poets' tombs and wondrous gardens. The tomb of Hafiz, Persia's pre-eminent poet, is in a garden on the outskirts of the city. We must cross a river to get to it, and as the ancient bridge over this river is only for foot passengers, we must go afoot or trust our horses, as the Persians do, to ford the somewhat dangerous river. After threading our way among mud hovels and passing a field of large white and purple poppies, we reach the tomb of Hafiz.

Alas, its reputed beauty has faded with the rest of Persia. The whole enclosure between the garden walls is practically paved with the tomb-stones of Hafiz' devotees, who wished their ashes to lie near his. No roses have room to grow there. A pavilion is at one end of the garden, but it is ruined. Few ruins are so slovenly and unromantic as those of these delicate Persian buildings, once veneered and colored.



A KHAN OF SHIRAZ

Shiraz still holds its old khans or government inns, but no one has taken care of them for centuries. They were wonderful buildings once and have lasted amazingly.

Hafiz' tomb itself is covered by a high slab of marble, inscribed with one of his odes; but over it now is an iron network, supporting a metal roof, from which iron flags arise. These are brilliantly painted, like toys. As we stand before this grotesque modern affair, Omar's shabby grave at Nishapur seems less distressful.

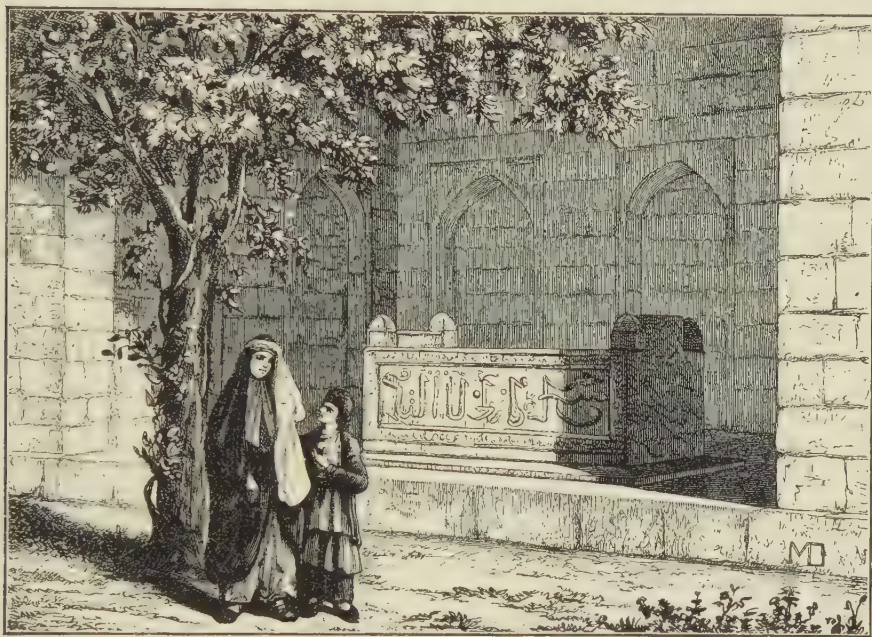
Under a gray sky, we drive on to Saadi's tomb, that other Persian lover of the rose. Saadi's burial garden is beyond even the outskirts of the town, at the foot of the hills themselves. Above its walls, cypresses raise their heavy cones, so dark a green as to seem black. Unlike Hafiz, Saadi is buried in the center of a bare, whitewashed room overlooking his garden. His grave is marked by a simple inscribed slab. A youth, who has the tomb in charge, presents us with a small bouquet of purple iris. Of course, we give him a fee, and he then brings out a beautiful old manuscript of Saadi's poems, in a once splendid binding, on which a tracery of rose-branches still shows. It is a joy to turn the illuminated, partly damaged pages of this old book; for only a few such art-books survive in Persia. The intervals between the writing are fitted with gold, traced with tiny flowerets in bright, clear colors like enamel; some leaves have a solid border, where indigo and carmine glitter as though laid but yesterday. The actual paintings are much damaged. But the delicacy of the drawing, the intricacy of the design, and the perfect taste are beyond praise. The whole book is like jewel work; it is painful to think that neglect will probably soon destroy it!

As yet, however, we have not seen a real Persian garden, for the poets' tombs are not regarded locally as gardens, but as shrines. On our way back to Shiraz, we shall pass three of the most famous gardens, the "Heart-Expanding Garden," the "Garden of the Forty Dervishes," and the "Garden of the Seven Dervishes." When our interpreter tells us that an actual dervish still dwells in the latter, we feel we ought to pause there at least and visit him.

From the outside, these Shiraz gardens seem arranged by famous painters; above the buff walls of practically every one rise the dignified, symmetrical cypresses, outlined against the tawny hills. As soon as we enter the Garden of the Seven Dervishes, we are conscious that it contains orange trees in blossom, for the air is heavy with their cloying perfume. Ruined though it inevitably is, this ancient garden is still lovely. The waxen white of the orange buds is to be seen among the shining orange-tree leaves, while untended flowers, mostly scarlet

poppies, are scattered among the wild grass. In the center of the enclosure, under a broad shade tree, the original Seven Dervishes are buried beneath blocks of stone.

At the far end of the garden is a pavilion. Just visible through the cunningly wrought screen of its second story window, sits the live dervish who inhabits the garden! He is dressed in a single garment of dirty white, leaving his chest bare; with his hatless head—very unusual in Persia—and long black locks, he seems a prophet come to life. He is singing a loud, monotonous psalm. In front of the pavilion,



SAADI'S TOMB IN HIS GARDEN AT SHIRAZ

just below the dervish, is a stone terrace with tanks of water which once rose and fell in jets. Now the tree tops are reflected on the stagnant green surface, while a woman dressed in rusty black, crouches beside it, listening to the psalm.

Inside, the pavilion was once very handsome. It is wainscotted with the native greenish-white marble, and some lovely frescoes are still visible; one of these, curiously enough, represents Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac. But the painted stucco is crumbling from the walls, the roof is falling, the stone facings are cracked and grown with weeds. In its splendor, with refined Persian pleasure-lovers strolling about, this

must have been as lovely a spot as man could devise. Even now, in places such as this, it is dimly possible to conceive the beauty which caused Shiraz to resound with the praise of poets. It is pitiful to think that within a few years these gardens will have fallen into ruin beyond repair!

Leaving picturesque Shiraz, we continue our southward journey so as to reach the torrid Persian Gulf. The road rises rapidly, until we have climbed more than a thousand feet above the poets' city; there the hills become covered with green shrubs, always a welcome sight in Persia. Along the way are numerous forts, flying their faded flags on the hill-crests. The land becomes more and more fertile; we pass fields of waving grain, and many clear brooks. We go down into valleys, and then we climb again, through a real forest of oak-trees. But, however high we climb, there seem always to be peaks above us. Far away, through the oak-boughs, we can see higher uplands and distant mountains. At last we reach the top of our road, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, a pass between the mountain crests.

We are now about to descend the first of the celebrated "kutals," as the mountain walls between here and the Persian Gulf, are called. In a comparatively short distance, the land drops the whole eight thousand feet to the sea, not in a continuous slope, but in one of the strangest formations existing anywhere. The Persian plateau, across which we have been travelling, is reached from the sea by a flight of gigantic steps. A few miles back from the coast, the first range of mountains ascends abruptly to a level plain, beyond which another great cliff arises. Altogether there are four of these nearly perpendicular walls, separated each from the other by fertile terraces sometimes fifteen miles in breadth. Persia, with its four stupendous terraces rising skyward to support a vast plateau, is really an immeasurable hanging garden, such as was once the glory of Babylon, only wrought by cosmic force in more than human proportion.

As we stand at the top of this amazing formation, in front of us the first kutsal, a precipitous mountain side, descends in the blazing sun. The steepest of paths leads downward, among boulders and loose stones, which make the going very difficult. Reaching the bottom at last, we continue through pale, dreamy fields of the opium poppies. Some are so tall they reach the shoulders of the men engaged in scraping the huge seed-capsules to let the gum ooze out. It gets warmer and



A DREAMER OF SHIRAZ

The glory of Persia is wholly in the past. To-day its women drowse and wait. The men are almost equally languorous. The land has still beauty, but dies for lack of energy.

warmer; as soon as we leave the high, cool plateau, we realize that we are really in a semi-tropic country. Groves of date palms line our way.

Our next descent is the noted Kutal-i-Dukhtar, or Daughter's Pass. Here we seem about to descend a boulder which actually overhangs the plain below! But when we are right upon it, we see that, on the vertical face of the rocky wall seven hundred feet high, a pathway has been cut just wide enough for two mules to pass with their loads. The path is in a state of dangerous disrepair, yawning holes dotting it here and there. Since an absolute descent could only be a sort of shute, the road is cut in a series of short but very steep zig-zags, one over the other. This incredible staircase, thronged with weary pack-animals, and echoing with cries all down its dizzy height, is as fantastic a sight as one could see.

A week's travelling down these remarkable mountain passes brings us to the bottom of Persia's immense natural wall, where irrigated valleys stretch away to the hot Gulf. We are going to Bushire on the coast, the point from which we take a boat to other lands. The last miles across extreme southern Persia are the worst. The heat becomes almost unbearable, and flies and mosquitoes abound. The sight of a dead donkey or camel, left to decay where it has fallen, is horribly frequent. Besides this, there is a stench of sulphur over everything.

In this land, we travel by night, the day time being too exhausting. As we ride, the air resounds with a noise like confused voices accompanied by rude cymbals. It comes from the walled palm gardens which line the road, and appears to be discordant music at some moonlight festival. Instead, in every garden donkeys are drawing the water to fill the channels that moisten the sun-parched earth; the noise is the unimaginable squeaking of the apparatus that pulls the buckets from the deep wells!

At sunrise we reach Bushire, a low-lying, white town, with the vivid turquoise-green of the Persian Gulf beyond it. There is nothing of extraordinary interest in this quite modern town, except the quaint native boats which are to take us out of it. There is rarely enough wind on the shallow waters to propel their sails, and the boatmen must row with long oars of an antiquated shape. As we glide over this breathless sea, we have left Persia, with her "cities of light and death," as Loti says, "bathed in the diaphanous atmosphere of the distant uplands."



THE HARBOR OF CANDIA, AMONG THE CRETAN HILLS

CHAPTER XXXV—GREECE

THE ISLE OF CRETE

We have visited in both Asia and Africa those lands in which man's civilization began its marvelous rise. Let us turn now to visit the land of Europe's beginnings. Europe grew up out of savagery later than Asia and Africa; but it at length developed a civilization far higher than that of the East. This higher civilization, this broader and nobler culture of Europe, began in the "Isles of Greece." Hence it is Greece that we shall now visit, not only to see what the land is like today, but also to gaze upon the celebrated relics which still remain there. Of Greece's early glory every child has heard. Let us see what remains of the Greece of those first wondrous days of her splendor.

Our modern scientists have searched among the buried ruins here, just as they have among those of Babylonia and Egypt; and they tell us that Greece's civilization began not on the mainland but amid that remarkable cluster of Greek islands which crowd the whole north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean. This corner is known as the Aegean Sea; so all the islands dotted over its surface are the Aegean (ē jē' ān) Isles. No steamship would take us to them all. There are hundreds of them; and the waters encircling them are often too shallow. So we will do as the first Greeks did, and as still the

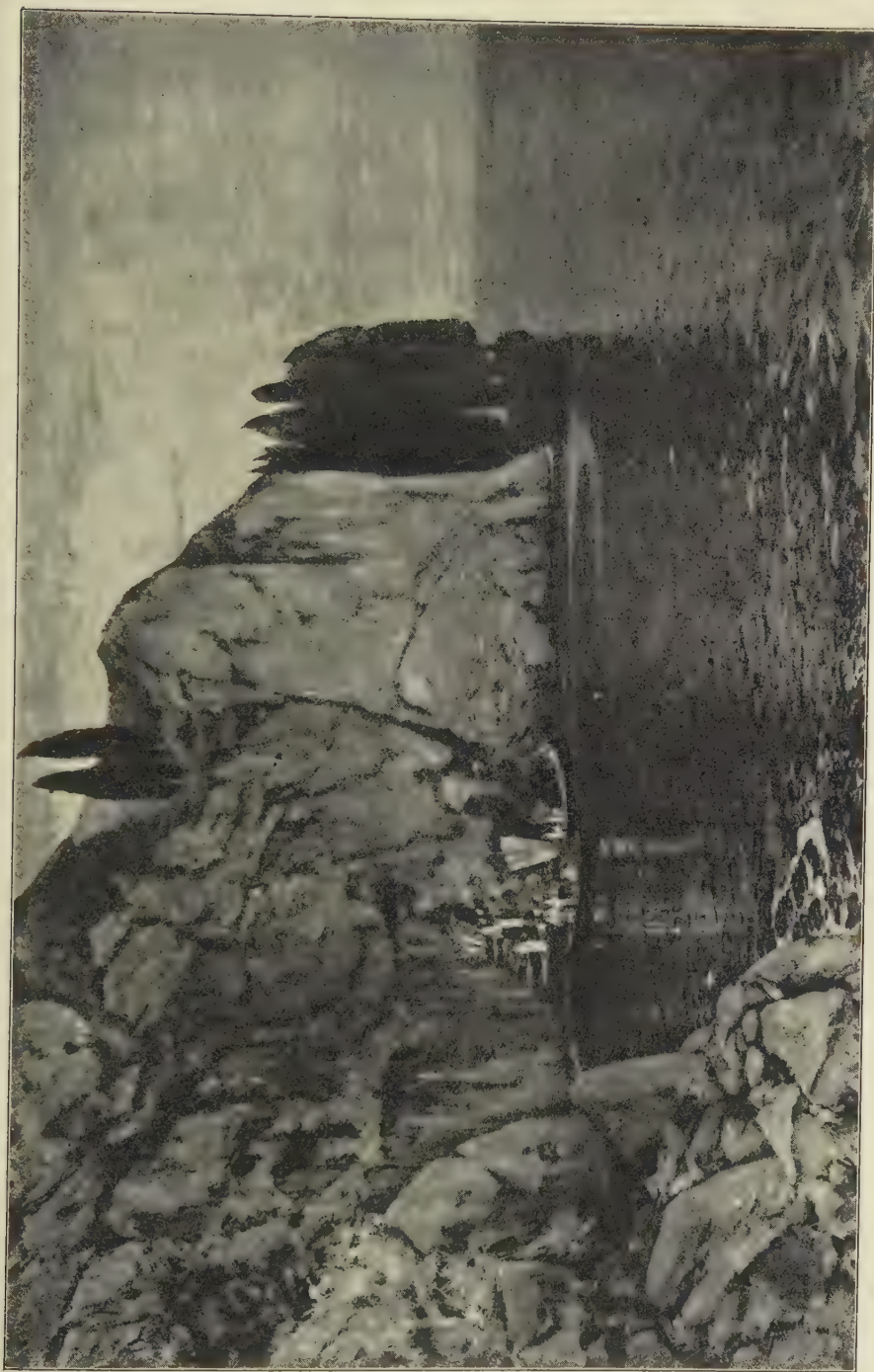
natives of the Aegean do today, trust ourselves to a little sailboat and so be swept along from isle to isle.

No trip could be more fascinating to one who loves the waters. The Aegean is more like a lake than a sea. Eternal summer rules its shores. There are storms of course but these are rare. Most of the time we can spread our sails to their fullest in the warm sunshine and the gay fresh breeze, and speed over the dancing saltry wavelets in joy and perfect safety. Our boat will be a caique (kah ēk') the typical style of boat used here by the Greeks since prehistoric times, small, sharp prowed and shallow, with a huge sail raised on its slant yard arm to a point high above the mast. Who rides with Greek boatmen will ride fast; for these were among the original earliest sailors of earth, and they know their trade well. Our boatman is no city Greek, with oiled hair and curled mustache and modern French clothes. He is a heavily bearded brigand looking chap, who wears the common national costume—a little of it. That is, he has rough baggy trousers to the knee. If the wind is high and cold, he will put on also a baggy shirt that once was white, and a short close drawn blue cape.

Four thousand years ago, his ancestors skimmed these waters just like this, as explorers, traders, pirates. They raided the mainland and then fled away to the safety of their islands. That is why the Greek civilization began upon the islands, not upon the mainland. The isles are all jagged cliffs and rock strewn slopes, where many a secret cleft opens into a tiny hidden harbor. Here the inhabitants sheltered themselves in safety. This was the world of the first sea-robbers. All the surrounding mainlands, Egypt, Palestine and Asia Minor, knew these ravaging Greeks to their cost and feared them sorely.

No matter in what port we hired our caique, we shall bid our boatman to sail for the largest and most southerly of all the islands, the isle of Crete (krēt), the barrier that marks their ending and the ending of the Aegean Sea. South of this largest isle lies the deeper Mediterranean, and beyond that, Egypt. We are going to Crete first, because Crete saw the beginnings of Greek culture. It was the seat of the earliest "sea-power" known to man, the model from which Britain has sprung and Japan and every other "island empire" whose warships have sheltered it in peace, secure from foreign conquest.

Toward Crete then we are heading, across this delightful Aegean, which the ancients called the "very green" sea. Before us the island rises in a glow of snowy peaks, above them a luminous morning sky,



THE LAIR OF THE MINOTAUR

This tale, long treated as a myth, is now known as history. Here in Crete lived the sea-king Minos. To this "Labyrinth" he brought his captives

and at their base a blur of deep green olive trees, melting into our green sea. Half a century ago men knew nothing of this ancient empire of Crete; all we knew of Greece began with the songs of ancient Homer about the siege of Troy. This Cretan civilization was older than Homer's Trojan wars by almost a thousand years; but it had been forgotten, or rather it survived only as the famous old Greek legend, which we supposed was a mere myth, the legend of the terrible monster, half man half bull, the Minotaur.

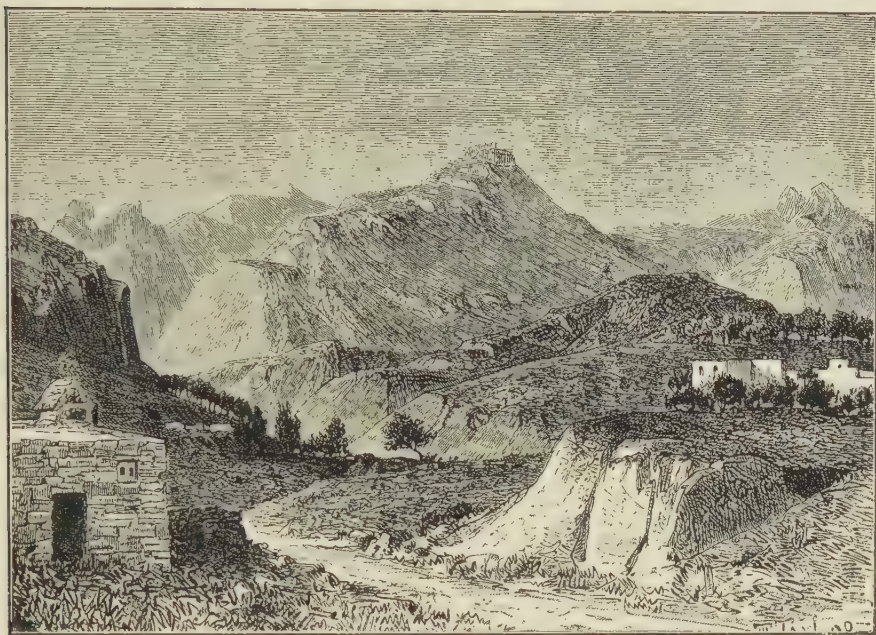
The legend said that in the very earliest days King Aegeus, from whom the Aegean is named, ruled over the Greek city of Athens. The Athenians had long been subject to the great King Minos (mē' nōs) over the sea, and each year they were obliged to send him a tribute of several of their loveliest youths and maidens, who were devoured on Minos' isle by this horrible Minotaur (Minos bull). The monster dwelt in a complicated maze or castle of endless passages called the Labyrinth. In this the victims were shut up to wander lost in its maze, until they came upon the Minotaur and perished. King Aegeus had a hero son Theseus (thē' zūs) who vowed to go to Minos' isle as one of the victims, and kill the Minotaur. Once there, he fell in love with Minos' daughter, "the fair-haired Ariadne," as Homer calls her. She gave him a sword with which to kill the monster, and a ball of thread with which to find his way out of the Labyrinth by retracing his steps. So Theseus slew the Minotaur and escaped from the isle, taking Ariadne with him.

This Minos we now know was a real man, or rather the name was a title used by the Greeks for all these "sea-kings of Crete." And we are sailing now to visit their ancient capital. We land at Crete's modern seaport, Candia, which we shall visit later in more leisurely fashion. For the moment let us imagine it to be what it was in Minos' day, a mere rocky landing place. From it we shall trudge today the same road, across five miles of dusty open country, that Theseus and his companion victims travelled to Knossos (nōs'sōs), the ancient capital. Here modern scholars have dug with eagerness and have thrilled the astonished world of art and culture by what they found.

They unearthed an ancient palace the main decoration of which is the repeated carving of the old Greek double headed axe called a "labrys." From this the building must have had its name, the Labyrinth. So here is a myth suddenly turned into solid fact. The huge building is all of white gypsum; whose crystals dance and glitter

in the sun, till to Theseus it must indeed have seemed a palace of diamonds. In some places it stands three stories high, and it is fronted by a paved open space with tiers of steps around it. Inside is a great central court, surrounded by many chambers, a huge staircase, and the throne room. The latter has, actually, a heavy stone chair or throne still standing in it today, the oldest throne in all the world.

When first unearthed, the throne room had much of its former splendor. Fragments of blue and green porcelain, of gold-foil, lapis-lazuli, and crystal, were scattered on the floor, among them a fine



THE ROAD TO KNOSSOS AMID THE CRETAN HILLS

miniature of a galloping bull on an azure ground. On another wall of the palace the reliefhead of a bull is splendidly executed in red plaster.

A beautiful fresco, or wall-painting, shows a most dramatic bull charging a girl athlete. Over the back of this charging bull a boy turns a somersault. Another girl stands behind, as if her performance were safely over but she was watching to catch the boy athlete at the end of his leap.

So the Minoans were devotees of the bull-ring! These relics seem to tell of professional toreadors, who took part in the sport with some chance of success. The legend of the Minotaur suggests a darker,

barbarous pastime, when captives were forced to fight against a bull so fierce their death was almost a certainty. Beyond the throne room is an elaborate series of offices and passages, and behind these is a wide corridor opening into store-houses filled with immense clay jars, more than large enough to hide a man. There are underground vaults, too, where the prisoners were housed, the whole palace being quite complicated enough for any Labyrinth.

What destroyed this remarkable building? Fire. Everywhere are the marks of an immense conflagration, not only here, but in all the buildings of this date which have been dug up on Crete. So universal are the traces of flame, intense flame, that some historians think a great earthquake upset the isle and destroyed the Minoan empire overnight. They even advance the theory that its destruction gave rise to the world-wide legend of Atlantis, the lost island of ancient civilization.

Even today, however, the isle of Crete is still very much alive. Its history did not stop with the fall of its ancient empire of the seas. Thereafter Crete shared the fortunes of the rest of Greece. During the early thirteenth century it fell under the sway of the Italian city-kingdom of Venice, and the Venetians ruled it well for four hundred years. Under Venice, Crete was prosperous and thriving. After this, it became a part of the Turkish empire, and misery reigned on the isle. It continually rebelled and proclaimed its allegiance to Greece, until finally, after a last desperate revolt in 1908, it was permitted to rejoin the rest of Greece. Crete has always been Greek in spirit, and has made constant valiant struggle to belong to the nation of which it is really the earliest part.

The chief port of modern Crete is the city of Candia, at which we landed to visit Knossos. Candia lies at about the center of the northern coast of the isle. The town is so tilted on the steep hill slope above the sea that the effect gives it the unreal prespective of a medieval picture. Moreover its Venetian fortifications go sheer down into the water of the harbor. Thus the approach to Candia seems like stepping into a fifteenth century map. The highest mountain in Crete, Mount Ida, rising some eight thousand feet, towers sudden and sharp behind the port.

The harbor of Candia, small and full of color as a jewel, compasses an intensity of life. None but the very small boats, like ours, can pass its Venetian sea-gate; steamers must wait outside, riding the long breakers of the "very green sea." But inside the old walls there



CHRISTIANS OF CRETE

The Christians here have protected themselves for centuries against their Turkish neighbors. They have grown so used to fleeing to the wilderness that they still seek its shelter in any private feud that arises.

is a blue pool of peace, stirred a little by the swinging curves of the sails of all the tiny craft. The medieval ramparts rise out of the still water, and a disused but highly picturesque fort terminates them. These same walls, at the time of the Turkish occupation in 1645, withstood a siege of twenty-four years! The Candia of today still looks like a Turkish town, with flower-like minarets rising above its Greek-Christian churches, but many new houses are being built in the modern European style, their faces to the street, instead of to an inner courtyard. There is no longer danger of a sudden official Moslem massacre.

Life here is more romantically staged and dressed than in a theater. The Cretans still wear their national costume. They carry themselves proudly, with a slight swagger that swings the indigo drapery of their full breeches and displays their broad shoulders and slim hips. Their waists they compress rather tightly with a sash, just as their ancestors did with a metal belt in the days of the Cretan sea-kings! They wear tight stockings, which their ancestors did not, in shades of pomegranate, canary or apple-green. No shop sells these, but the natives tell us, "Sometime you may find a man who brings them to the town."

Near the town is a great white building, the Candia Museum. Here are housed most of the recent "finds" from Knossos. Its frescoes show the men and women of that pre-historic but civilized empire. The men carry themselves like conquerors. They are tall, nude except for a tight metal belt that compresses the waist, and their skins are bronzed almost to the hue of the Egyptian. Their features, their profiles, are pure Greek! There is not a trace of Semitic, or African blood in their surprising faces. They are the first civilized Europeans. The women beside them are petite and dainty, with very white flesh, large eyes, and mocking little red lips. But the women are not unclothed, neither do they wear the classical robes of Greece; far from it! A French savant, upon being shown the portraits of these women of ancient Knossos for the first time exclaimed, "But they are Parisiennes!" They do resemble Paris ladies of a generation ago. They have very tight bodices, like corsets, and beneath these spread out stiff, bell-shaped skirts, flounced and ruffled!

How was it that such a people so long escaped the notice of history? Both the Egyptians and the Greeks told many tales of them, but these tales were so wild, and represented so powerful a nation that historians, unable to find any real trace of it, branded the stories as mere empty myths. It was left for our day to recover them as history.



THE STRAIT OF CHIOS, THE REGION OF HOMER'S YOUTH

CHAPTER XXXVI—GREECE

THE ISLES OF HOMER AND SAPPHO

Let us turn next to the Greece which Homer knew. This is perhaps the most celebrated Greece of all, the Greece, of which poets have sung and scholars studied, for centuries. Greek life in Homer's day still lay chiefly among the islands rather than on the mainland. Lord Byron, best loved by Greece of all her foreign lovers, wrote

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung;

Where grew the arts of war and peace,

Whence Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet:

But all except their sun is set."

In that summer sunshine which Byron thus declares the only remaining splendor of Greece, we will head our little "caïque" northward to seek the islands on which were born Homer and Sappho, Homer, the first of the poets, and Sappho the greatest of poetesses. So famous did Homer become that seven Greek cities disputed the honor of having been his birthplace. Of these the city of Chios on the island of the same name is the one now accepted by scholars. So to Chios and then to Lesbos, Sappho's home, we will make our way. As we sail let me tell you about these two noted isles we are to visit.

When that first sea-empire of Minos fell, the Greeks of the other isles continued the Cretan culture though in ruder form. Then, about a thousand years before Christ, there rose among them this singer Homer to celebrate all their recent wars and achievements. His tales are about the war against the city of Troy which lay on the Asiatic shore of the Aegean, and about the wanderings of the hero Ulysses from island to island of this ancient sea. To us the sea seems small, for we know a far vaster world outside. But to Ulysses and Homer this was all the world, and they thought of it as huge indeed. Perhaps if we cross it now, not in a large modern steamer but in much such fashion as once Ulysses did, at the sport of wind and sail, we can catch something of the old sense of awe.

It is a hundred miles from Crete to Chios. If the wind fails us, we may be days upon the way. If storm threatens we must scurry to the shelter of some port along the rocky coast, where huge forbidding mountains tower abruptly above us and the suddenly rising winds threaten to batter us against the destroying rocks. In this tumult our boatman is transformed. He no longer scowls at us; he has found a mightier foe, the sea. He loves the battle; he leaps from one duty to another; he chants old songs; he shrieks to us above the gale. And when at length he swings our boat suddenly into some tiny cleft, under the lee of some dark cliff, we have become old friends. He shouts to us of our mutual victory. If it is our last trip with him, we shall do well to give him a good extra fee, he has deserved it. But if we are to sail with him again, a reward now would be a sure way to produce other and greater dangers the next trip, so that he could win our gratitude again. It is a "custom of the country."

And now we approach Chios (kī' ōs), Homer's home. It is a rugged island close to the Asiatic coast, narrow as we approach it from the south, but stretching some thirty miles long away to the north. We glide into the channel between it and the mainland, sail along the narrow strait some half the length of the island, and then swing abruptly into one of the best made harbors of the Aegean. "The half-ruined mole" that once guarded this city of Chios has recently been replaced by a solid breakwater large enough to shelter all the commerce of the East. It was built by a rich Greek of Constantinople, who, in deepening the Chios harbor, made money for himself. He won back from the sea a broad strip of land which is now the principal business street of the town!



A GRANDSIRE'S TALES IN GREECE

Among the Greeks their own ancient history forms the subject of all their folk tales, and adults listen as eagerly as children.

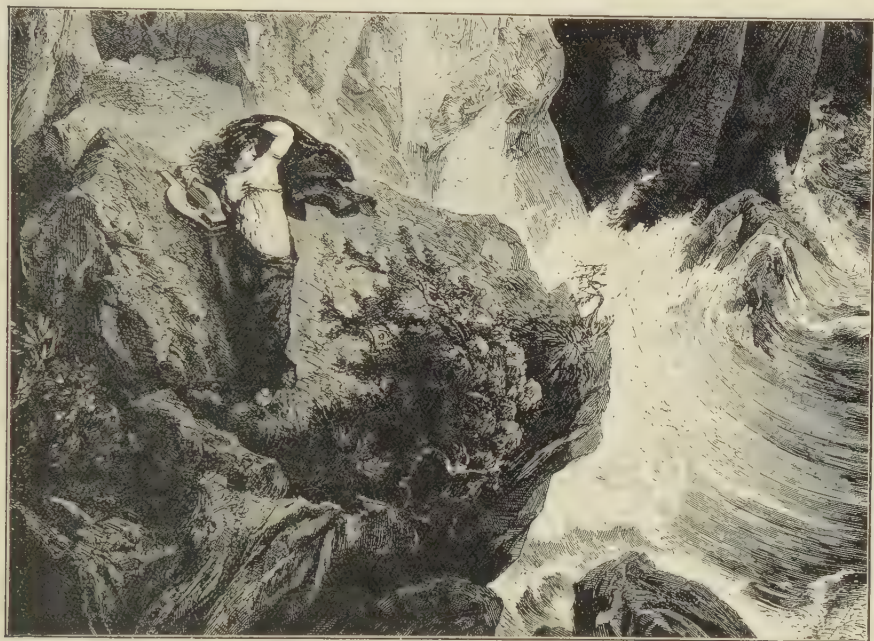
Chios is called "the stricken isle." Its city was destroyed by an earthquake in 1881, just as the isle was at last recovering from the horrible Turkish massacres of 1822, during the Greek war of independence. Chios in 1820 was one of the wealthiest and most enlightened cities in the East. Her people were pre-eminently merchants, and of course Greeks. An old proverb in the Levant runs that "It takes seven Genoese to make a Jew, and seven Jews to make a Chiot," and there is usually a grain of truth in proverbs. When the Chiots found themselves rich, they first bought liberty of government from the Turks, then turned to science and the arts, for from time immemorial the ruling passion of the Greek has been for culture. Chios became the garden spot of the Aegean. The plain about the city was dotted with luxurious country seats, stone mansions set in a forest of orchard and gardens.

Naturally this pacific, wise people did not seek trouble. They took no part in the Greek revolution, and voluntarily gave seventy of their best citizens to Turkey as hostages for their good behavior. Yet, with no excuse other than a lamely manufactured one, the Turks killed the seventy hostages, and descending upon the unprepared island put it to the sword. The great English statesman Gladstone calls the massacre of Chios "that undescribable enormity from which human nature shrinks shuddering away." A picture of grim desolation is drawn by another English statesman, Richard Cobden. He says, "Fire, sword, and the still more deadly passions of lust and fanaticism ravaged the island for three months. Of one hundred thousand inhabitants, not five thousand were left alive upon the isle. Forty thousand were sold into slavery."

So now Chios is a small, and not very inviting city, whose hostels are distinctly bad, as we soon find out. Today, the island only conserves its one immortal tradition, that of being the birthplace of Homer. The inhabitants show the poet's birthplace, his tomb, and his school. The latter has a possible chance of being authentic; the two former have none. They are obviously not of Homer's time. So our one trip on Chios is the six-mile drive northward along the channel shore to visit Homer's school. It is a hot and dusty road to travel, out of the town, past ill-smelling tanneries—the Chios leather is prized throughout the East—past hospitals, and through villages whose whole population seems to be either sitting in the cafés along the shore, or sporting naked in the sea.

We find Homer's school to be a great rock rudely levelled off on

top, and hewn so as to leave a bench along the side facing the sea, and a large seat, or possibly altar, opposite the bench. Behind it looms a limestone mountain; in front dances the sea; and hillside villages are on either side of it. Tournefort, that quaint old French scholar, says, "Peradventure the School served for a studying place to such as were desirous to get Homer's Verses by heart; for all Authors agree the Homerides [reciters of Homer's songs] were Inhabitants and Citizens of this island. Homer, the Prince of Poets, was an excellent Historian and most complete Geographer: this School therefore may



THE LEUCADIAN ROCK, THE LEGENDARY SPOT WHERE SAPPHO LEAPED TO DEATH

be the place, where the Homerides repeated their lessons, the Master sitting on the Cube and the Scholars on the Rim of the Bason."

At the foot of the mountain and the school, near to the sea, is a rude little wine-shop, which proclaims itself the "Kapheneion Homeros," or Inn of Homer. Across its front in huge capitals we may read three verses from Homer—if we can read Greek. At any rate, we can sit under the shop's two noble plane-trees and partake of a glass of the famous Chian wine. So we do, and then we drive back to the town, and board our little ship once more.

Some fifty miles directly north of Chios lies the slightly larger isle

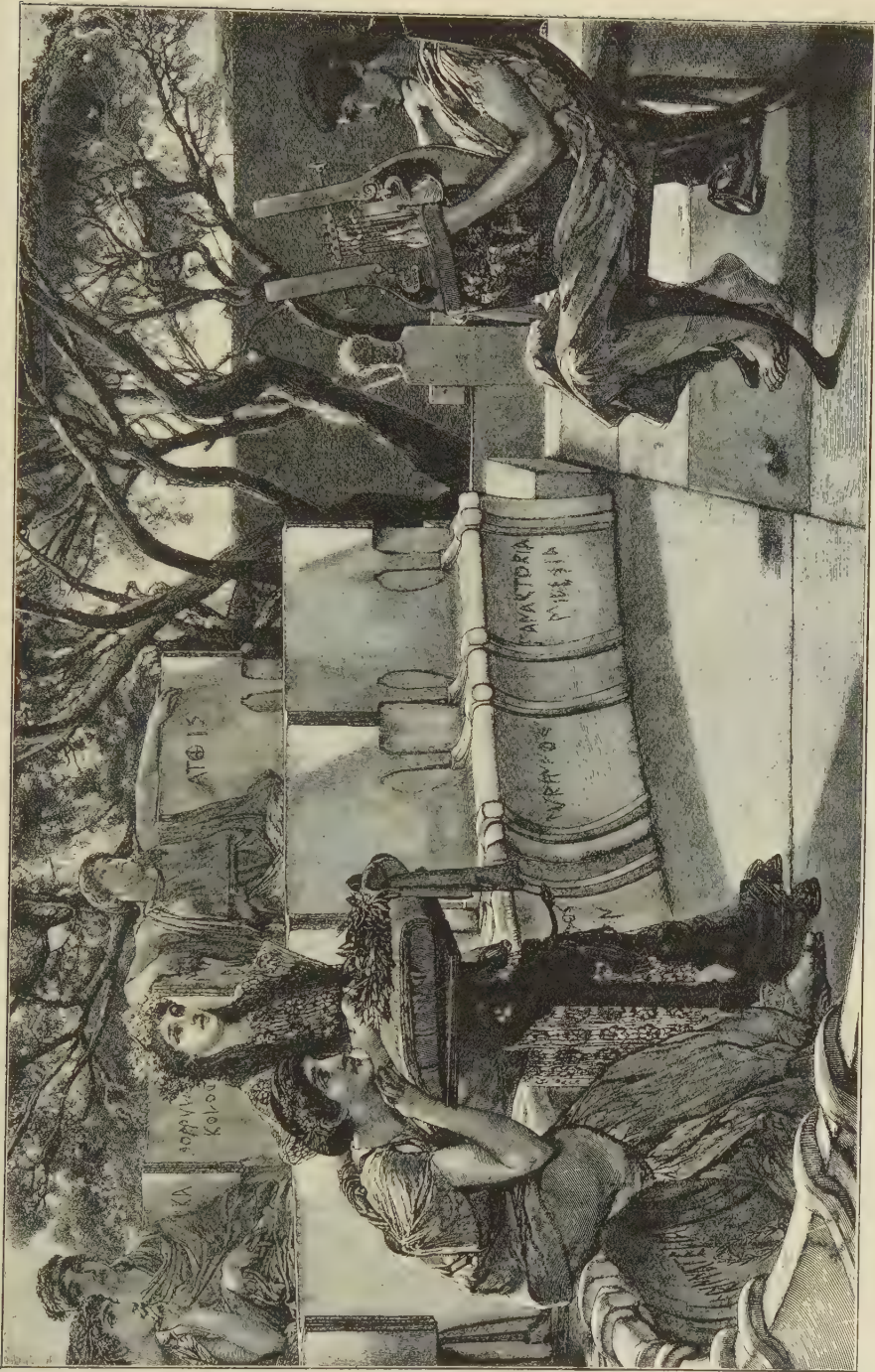
of Mitylene, called Lesbos in classical times. As Chios was always an isle of sensible merchant folk, so Lesbos was always a literary and artistic isle. It never enjoyed commercial importance, or had a very large population, but in every century it has been the home, or the country seat, of literary Greeks. As we enter the harbor of the chief town, Mitylene (mīt ĭ lē' nē), dolphins play about our ship in the green water, escorting us along. A young Greek next to us says smilingly, "The steeds of Arion! A good omen."

The youth of Greece are steeped in ancient Greek lore, unlike so many descendants of the other ancient empires farther East. The others are utterly ignorant of their own famous past. The Greeks know their country, past and present, thoroughly. In fact, they go far toward worshipping their past! In any Grecian village you will find some old grandsire who tells the nation's stories and its glories to the young folk. Often the men of the village will sit by and listen also, though indeed they know the old tales well. Talk to the Greeks of any other greatness or world-wonder, and they smile a little, inwardly. They know of something greater!

As we enter Mitylene, written large across the front of the first fine house on the breakwater, we read the name of the dolphin rider, Arion. Arion was a Lesbian poet who lived a century or two after Homer. Legend says that as Arion was returning from a foreign court, where he had won the first prize for his poems and accompanying music, he was thrown by the sailors into the sea. But dolphins, charmed by his music, carried him safely to shore. The house we have just passed on Mitylene's breakwater is the Arion Club.

Today Mitylene is in many ways the most attractive island capital in the Aegean. It lies on a peninsula reaching out toward the Asiatic coast. Hence the town has twin harbors, one on either side of the peninsula. A strait has been cut across from harbor to harbor. Shops line the strait on either side, making it the main street of the town. On a hill which juts out at the tip of the peninsula, stands a medieval castle. Gardens and the lovely homes of well-to-do persons embower the town, stretching far away along the shores and up the slopes of the hill. We go to a charming hotel near the sea, and from our windows we can look across the water to many little green isles and to the gray mainland of Asia Minor.

Yet, since the potent lure which has drawn us to Lesbos is that of the great poetess, Sappho (să' fō), let us now look away from the



SAPPHO IN HER HOME

At her home in Eresos, Sappho held a school where poets came to read to her and her women pupils. Each had her assigned seat.

modern town to seek the traces of the early days. Sappho lived about Arion's time, and it was she who brought the Greek lyric poetry to its highest perfection. Aristotle, the Greek master-philosopher and critic, placed her in the same class with Homer. Her country used her face as the design on its gold coins, so was she honored once. In a later age the comic poets of Athens held her up to ridicule. They portrayed her as the singer of all vilest passions; so the Christian rulers of a later age commanded that her poems be burned wherever found. Recently we have rediscovered a few of these long lost poems, and have learned that her first repute was the true one. Her songs are high and sweet, and give praise only to noble things. So let us seek her old haunts now, with the liking and the honor she deserved.

She lived not in Mitylene but far on the other side of the island, at Eresos. So we journey forth from Mitylene amid endless olive groves. Soon we shall pass the Leucadian Rock, from which a later day declared that Sappho threw herself into the sea in despair because of a hopeless love. We shall, however, find at least three other rocks of "Sappho's leap," in other regions; and even Sappho could scarce have committed quite so many suicides. Let us look instead for the true Sappho, the noble teacher in her peaceful wedded home.

Now, our road leaves the coast and the olive trees. We climb steep hills amid fragrant pines. We cross over windy mountain passes. The road becomes a mere woodland footpath through great solitudes amid the singing birds. A poet's home could have no fairer road. And now we go down again to the farther coast, and there is Eresos. It is only a tiny town today deep-bowered amid great oak trees. The ruins of the ancient city lie closer to the sea. There we can trace what Sappho knew as the "God-built Acropolis," and around it broad walls with many gates, and beyond that a clean wind-swept beach.

Here Sappho held her "home of the muses." She gathered round her a group of talented girls and trained them in the fine arts. The place became a sort of woman's college, the earliest in the world. Sappho loved and guided each girl. Contemporaries who knew her spoke of her as "The violet-weaving, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho." It is pleasanter to recall her as she stood on this fair beach than in the pages of the corrupt Athenian poets.



THE DINNER GONG IN A MACEDONIAN MONASTERY

CHAPTER XXXVII—GREECE

MACEDONIA AND THE ROAD TO MOUNT OLYMPUS

We leave the ancient isle of Lesbos on one of Sappho's "golden-slippered dawns." Our little ship hugs the coast of Asia Minor for some seventy miles, as we sail due northward to the Dardanelles, the strait that leads to Constantinople and separates Europe from Asia. The Dardanelles in ancient times was called the Hellespont. The youth Leander, living on one side of the strait, fell in love with Hero, a priestess of Venus who lived on the opposite shore. Every night Leander swam the Hellespont to visit Hero; until, one winter night, he drowned. His body was cast up at the foot of Hero's tower, and the poor young priestess killed herself from grief. Many centuries later, Lord Byron swam the Hellespont in imitation of Leander—only so far as we know there was no Hero waiting for the enthusiastic Englishman.

We shall do no more than look at this narrow strait that separates two continents; for it does not now belong to Greece. On its banks, however, lay that famed city of Troy which Homer's Greek heroes fought to conquer. So from here we shall sail westward to the Greek mainland just as Homer's heroes sailed on their homeward way. Here too we are following the route by which the Persians advanced in the first great effort of Asia to conquer Europe. In the fifth century, B.C.

the Persian empire had reached its greatest power. Xerxes the First was king, and every country paid Persia tribute. Suddenly the Greeks refused to pay. Xerxes could hardly believe his royal ears; but gathering an army about him, he set off for Greece to subdue it, looking upon the affair as little more than a pleasant excursion. Xerxes and his army traveled by land; they crossed Asia Minor, and stopped to build a bridge across this Hellespont. Then they marched on, circling around through what is now called Macedonia, following the northern shore of the Aegean, on their way to reach and punish the defiant little cities of the Greeks.

We can sail almost a hundred miles along this Macedonian coast before we reach its chief city and chief harbor, Salonika. This was a little town called Thessalonica when Xerxes passed here; but less than two hundred years later it had become the chief city of the world, the capital of Alexander the Great. From it Alexander set forth to turn the tables on the Persians. They had failed to conquer Greece. Alexander now conquered Persia thoroughly, with all the lands around it, Egypt, Babylonia, and Palestine. Greece became, half-unwillingly, mistress of the world! Salonika, Alexander's city of Thessalonica, went to the Romans after the fall of the Greek empire, and finally fell to the Turks. Now it has again been joined to Greece. It holds over a hundred thousand people; next to Athens it is the largest city and chief commercial center of the new Greek kingdom of today.

Nature has done her best for Salonika (sah lō nē' kă). It is admirably situated, watered by three rivers, protected by chains of lofty mountains, and mirrored in that most beautiful of seas, the Aegean. The city lies at the extreme north of this sea, and just above the Grecian peninsula, which here extends to the south and west of us. As we sail up the Gulf of Salonika we see upon the horizon a vast distant snow topped mountain. It is Olympus.

We must visit Mount Olympus, for it is the mightiest mountain of this land of mountains, the legendary home of the Greek gods, the cradle of the Greek race. There dwelt the great father god, Zeus (zoos) the Thunderer. Olympus is nearly ten thousand feet high, and its top is perpetually lost in snow and cloud. The ancients felt sure no one but a god could make a home there.

As we approach Salonika from the Gulf, a sleepy haze hangs over us and over the half-Turkish looking city. It seems as though she had been put to sleep by the wand of a magician through all her cen-



THE ROMANCE OF THE HELLESPONT

Hero watched for her lover, who nightly visited her by swimming the strait which separates Europe from Asia. One stormy night he drowned and only his dead body was washed to her waiting feet.

turies of Turkish servitude, and is just awakening, dazed by all the changes that have happened while she slept. Even the Greeks on the wharves have less of their usual quick cat-like movements, and their wagging tongues seem comparatively spellbound. The Turks have nearly all left Salonika, but the Greeks and Slavs are not alone in possession. Salonika is one of the main eastern homes of the Jews.

We point out our luggage to a flowing-robed Jew. He piles it on an antiquated vehicle, and hauls it to a new and fairly comfortable hotel. The Jews of Salonika are Spanish Jews, who fled from Spain during the massacres of the sixteenth century. They still speak the now out-of-date Spanish of that time, and wear the type of clothes they then wore, long robes of calico print.

That evening we sit on backless stools on the sidewalk before a Greek café, and drink delicious coffee, watching the bustling crowds sweep by, and listening to the tranquil waves as they caress the shore. We watch the patient, plodding Spanish Jews, the fierce and crafty Bulgars who have come down from the mountains, the occasional turbaned Turk slipping quietly through the city he has lost, and above and around them all, the Greek come back to his old empire at last. Every Greek feels his new position keenly. He chatters, laughs, gestures, and throws back his shoulders with the joyous vigor of a conqueror.

To-morrow we are to start out with a couple of saddle-ponies and a "dragoman", or guide, for the beginning of our journey to Olympus and down the Grecian peninsula. So to-night we may dream of lovely Hellas' ancient glory, if we are so inclined, or we may go over the luggage we are to take with us to make sure we have enough wraps, provisions, and other indispensables, if we are inclined that way. The railway from Salonika to Thessaly, the province south of Macedonia, has just been completed. But the two and a half day's journey to Thessaly by horse is so fascinating many travellers still go that way. It gives a good excuse to seek out and know the real Greek of to-day, not the cocksure, noisy, unprepossessing Hellene of the cities, but the wise, grave, and courteous Hellene of the Villages.

In the morning, we collect our dragoman and his beasts, and set out around Salonika's gulf and then to the southward. It is spring, and though the classic mountains around us have nearly all been denuded of their forests for centuries, the olive and lemon trees are in bloom, as are the lovely Grecian wildflowers. While it rarely snows on the plains

of Greece, they have practically as many months of uncomfortable weather as our own land has, with biting frosts and cold winds. In mid-winter, however, the Greeks look for a fortnight of warm weather, which the ancients called the halycon days, for they were so calm that then the "halycon" or kingfisher, was supposed to build its nest on the quiet sea.

We meet many Greeks on the road. They are a handsome race, rather dark, but classically and beautifully formed and featured. The garments of both men and women are of homespun cotton, made in cool



OLYMPUS, GREECE'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, THE LEGENDARY HOME OF HER GODS

light shades of gray or blue. The men wear dark vests and wide short skirts something resembling the kilt of a Scotch highlander, though white instead of plaid. It is exhilarating to see the energy with which a woman cheerfully washes, at one of the streams we pass, her husband's kilt of eighteen or more yards of white cotton cloth. A dirty kilt, or "fustanella", is seldom seen except on an Albanian; the true Albanian never washes his. Albania is the frontier land that bounds Greece on the northwest, and its men take pride in their wild roughness.

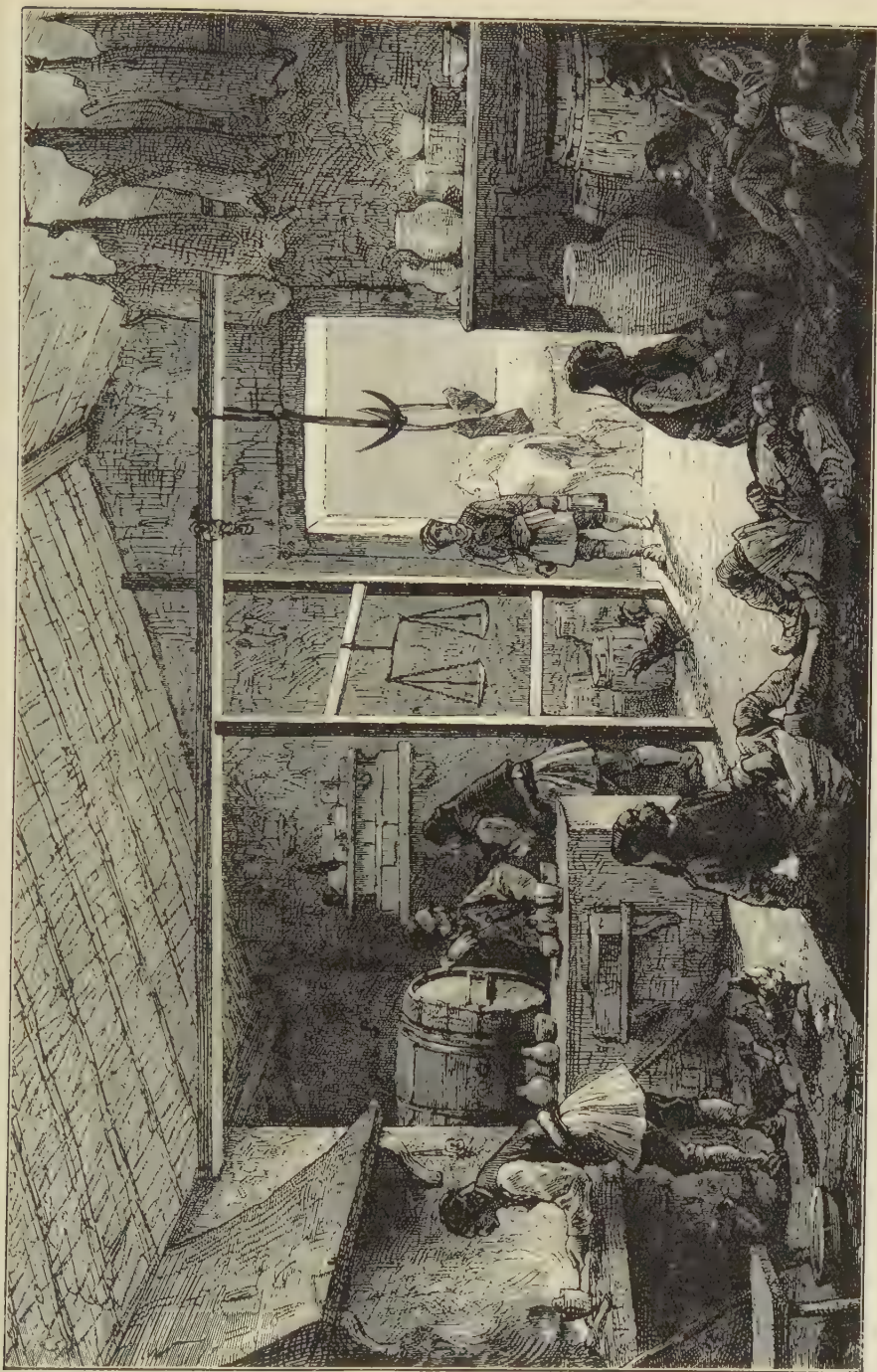
Thirty miles southwest of Salonika, we halt at the village of Pydna for the night. Mount Olympus, the home of the gods, has been getting

nearer to us all day long, though we are still some thirty miles from it. So we can almost feel ourselves drifting back into ancient Greece. The Greek air has a peculiar, scintillating brilliance, that reveals detail in distant objects, and yet leaves a tremulous vibration in the light that restores the touch of unreality and illusion which enhances any view. One of the ancient Greek poets said of his race that they "walk with delicate feet through the most luminous ether." The mind of the ancient Greek thinker had something very like his land's atmospheric quality, that pierces to a tangible truth without losing the luminous vision of the artist. "Remember well, Quintius," writes the Roman orator Cicero to his friend, "that you have command over the Greeks, who have civilized all peoples, teaching them gentleness and humanity. To Greece even Rome owes the light she possesses!"

Rome conquered the Macedonian world-conquerors, the war-like northern Greeks. At Pydna, this somber little town where we are to stop the night, the last king of Macedonia, Perseus, was defeated in a great battle in the year 168 B.C. The Greek empire was ended, and King Perseus was brought as a captive to Rome.

Having been warned against the dirtiness of the "khan", or inn at Pydna, we ask the head man of the village to take us in for the night. This is an accepted custom in hospitable Greece. We are warmly welcomed; our host opens his best wine, sends his wife into the loft to fetch the last fresh walnuts, and loads our plate with fresh cheese, honey, and a rice cake called a "pilaf". The resources of the country are simple. There is little actual want in Greece, and no beggars to speak of, but the living is hard. The wife of our host is a mild-eyed matron with a beautiful, passive face. Her husband is much older than she, but stands so erect he seems almost to be leaning backward. As for the sons and the daughter, they are Greek statues come to life! The village community is still a reality in Greece; sometimes it exists as a self-sufficing whole. The members are small peasant-proprietors who live on the produce of their farm or sheepfold, or perhaps their homely labor of making some household article, exchanging goods with their neighbors rather than money.

As soon as it is daylight, our host and his family arise, and we, too. The men go off to their work in the fields, with no more than coffee and dark bread to stay them. We need not pity them too much, as it is all they want or are used to. We can have eggs and milk if we have warned the hostess beforehand that we are going to desire such



THE VILLAGE INN AT PYDNA

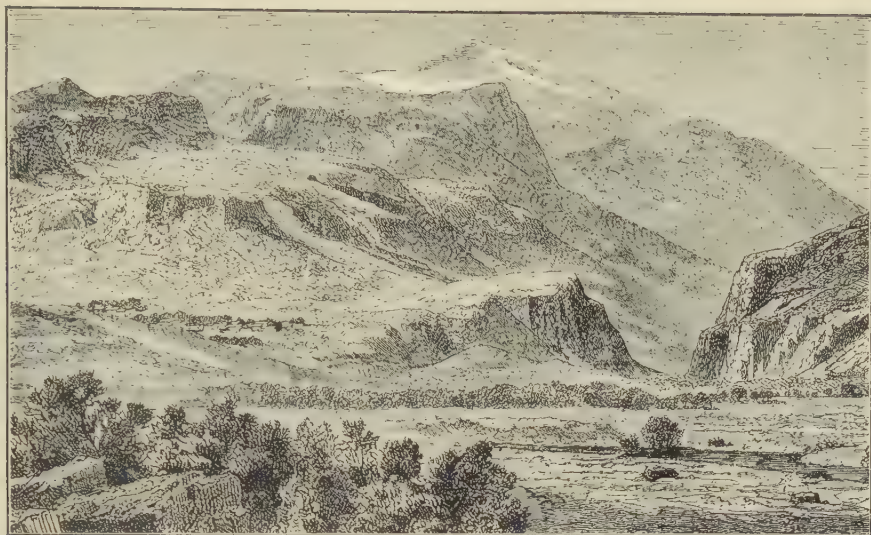
Pydna, on the border of Macedonia, in Greek territory, is still a very primitive town with small comfort for travellers.

unusual breakfast accessories. If we do, we must insist on paying extra.

Another day and a half of such travel brings us beneath the mighty shadow of Mount Olympus. To reach its summit is too hard and heavy and long a climb for any but the most expert mountaineers. Let us rather be content with the fair view of this first legendary home of Greek beauty. The Aegean Sea lies only about five miles away to the east; to the west the peninsula of Greece stretches south a hundred miles and more to the Mediterranean Sea and the farther Aegean Isles. We have come from the north; and beyond us to the south lies the plain of Thessaly, where the Greeks lived in the springtime of their race. Olympus is separated from Thessaly by the fair-sized river Peneius, which rises in the west of the Thessalian plain and flows eastward into the Aegean Sea just south of Olympus. Across the river to the south is Mount Ossa, not so high as mighty Olympus, but craggy and formidable, part of a mountain range that successfully kept back the hordes of barbarians from the north, and permitted the Greek culture to develop in comparative peace. Between Olympus and Ossa, we enter the Vale of Tempe (tēm' pē), the natural pass between the mountains.

This "vale" was famed of old for its stern beauty. It is really a mountain gorge, nearly five miles long, with the impetuous river rushing through it. Picturesque cliffs rise high on either side, covered with a luxuriant display of foliage. Seen afar through this splendid gorge, there is a lovely vista of the sea. The ancients believed the sea-god Poseidon, or Neptune, broke down this gorge to let the waters out, which had previously been dammed up by the mountains into a lake which covered the plains of Thessaly. The sea-god, having thus opened Thessaly, had a shrine at the mouth of the river a few miles away. There sacrifices were offered to him, and games held in his honor by the grateful people.

From the Vale of Tempe we turn our ponies' heads westward, away from the sea, and continue across the center of the Thessalian plain. It is the granary of Greece, a fertile land whose every foot is carefully cultivated. All the rest of Greece is mountains. The land seems tilted up on end. No wonder then that the ancients accounted this one plain the special gift of a god and were grateful for its verdure. Through twenty miles of this delightful road we come to Thessaly's chief city, Larissa. There we dismiss our dragoman and cavalcade of ponies. We have seen the best of the wild country beauty and the simple country folk of northern Greece.



MOUNT PARNASSUS, THE HOME OF THE POETIC MUSE

CHAPTER XXXVIII—GREECE

IN NORTHERN GREECE

Larissa (lah' rĭs sǎ), the capital of the Greek province of Thessaly, is a thriving commercial town. It is the center of the chief farming district of Greece. There has been a city here from the earliest known times; in fact Larissa means, *the* city. It shows however, few remains of great antiquity. People are business-like here. They hustle and rebuild. The city's ancient Acropolis-hill is now crowned by an archbishop's church and school. The most noted of old Greek physicians, Hippocrates, lived and taught here in ancient days, and the town is still proud of him and of his portrait statue. Its most striking memento of the past, however, is of the recent Turkish past. There are twenty-seven mosques each with its towering minaret, so that from across the plain Larissa looks wholly oriental. But the mosques stand empty now; only one of the minarets gives out its call to prayer. The Turks are gone.

We will spend the evening on the bright and bustling promenade along the river bank; and in the morning we will take a train for the long, roundabout ride to the extraordinary convents of Meteora.

These are only some thirty-five miles from Larissa, westward across the Thessalian plain, but the railway does not go there directly. Our tiny train seems to wander in search of every village, almost

every farm; not until nearly evening do we arrive in the little mountain village of Kalabaka, at the foot of the monasteries. Yes, at their foot, for the monasteries of Meteora (mê-tă'ō ră) are literally what their name means, "monasteries in the air."

We are among the high valleys of the Pindus Mountains. Here a number of curious, herculean pillar-rocks stand separate and perpendicular, rising upright several hundred feet in air. On the tops of twenty-three of these pillars, during the turbulent Middle Ages, retreats were built for monks who desired to be very much out of the world. Perched on their heights, and condemned never to leave them, the brotherhood received their provisions and visitors by means of a basket attached to a long rope and hoisted aloft with a windlass. Most of these monasteries have now disappeared, but there are still seven remaining, and four of these are inhabited. The nearest and best is that of St. Stephen; and there, since the monks accommodate travellers, we shall plan to spend the night. We find the wooden monastery on the top of its naked, gray column of smooth rock. About the base grows a luxuriant mass of green. A deep stillness reigns around, broken only now and then by the monks' bell. A rope-ladder ascends the columnar rock; but it looks extremely perilous, and fortunately we are not expected to use it. The monks hoist us up like fishes in a net.

We find our hosts very simple, very quiet and very devout. They are not much interested in us. We are shown to the barest of rooms and served with the simplest food. Next morning we are called to rise at dawn, with the monks. The view from our eagle-like eyrie is superb, embracing nearly the whole of the west Thessalian plain. The vegetation is perhaps the loveliest in Greece. We can see the old Peneios river and several other streams winding in and out among the green like sparkling ribbons. We can see the other convents, too, perched high upon their natural pillars. We attend prayers with the monks and, after dropping our due in the alms-box, eat a Spartan breakfast and descend once more to the village.

Boarding again the little Greek railway train, we travel a hundred miles southward down the peninsula of Greece. As we go, we leave the plains of Thessaly behind us, and enter the ancient little States of Doris and Phocis, a region of mountain fastnesses. From these wild heights came the rude Dorian Greeks, less cultured and more fierce than their brethren of Athens. Here, the peninsula narrows



Underwood & Underwood

THE SITE OF DELPHI

Looking down Mount Parnassus we see the recently unearthed site of Delphi with its mysterious oracle and its great temple. Beyond, the "Castalian brook" flows down to the distant Gulf of Corinth.

until it is not fifty miles wide; a long gulf almost bisects the land from the west. On the east the Euboean Sea cuts into the peninsula, detaching the hundred-mile-long isle of Euboea. Thus these Dorian mountains form another of the natural barriers of Greece, and like Mount Olympus effectually shut out invasion from the north. There is only one natural pass, and now we have come to it, the famous Pass of Thermopylae.

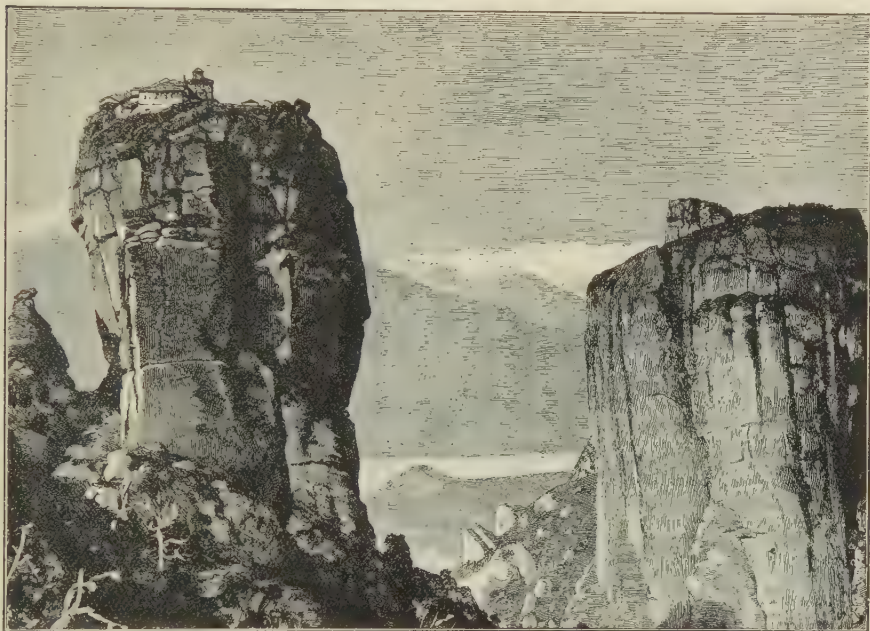
Here the Greeks held the vast host of Xerxes at bay for several days. At length the Persians found a way to scale the mountains and attack the Greeks from behind. Then the defenders of the pass withdrew, all except three hundred Spartans under Leonidas. These haughtily refused to retreat. They dispatched a messenger to Sparta to report their death, and they remained fighting till the last one was slain. The Persians were so awed by such valor and by their own losses that they learned to fear the Greeks above all other foes. So the Greeks were afterward able to defeat them.

Thermopylae (thě mǒp' ĭ lē) is on the extreme eastern side of the peninsula, between the impenetrable mountains and the northernmost point of the Euboean Sea (ū bē' ān). It is therefore a strip of sea-coast, or beach-land, between the steep cliffs and the sea. Thermopylae means "the hot gate." It was named from two hot springs of boiling sulphurous water which rise at the foot of the mountains and flow into the sea. In the days of Leonidas the Spartan, the pass was only wide enough for a single wagon at a time. But during the twenty-five hundred years since the famous battle, the waters of the sea have gradually receded or the sands have been slowly filled in, for now the narrowest part is a mile and a half in width. The ground is covered with low shrubs, and the sulphurous water running across the plain has a tint not unlike that of lapis lazuli in the sun. Upon the gate at the western end of the pass the Greeks placed a lion in memory of Leonidas, and the famous inscription "Stranger, tell the Spartans we are lying here in obedience to their commands." Below this was the further inscription, "On this spot four thousand Greeks fought against more than three millions."

The Persians passed Thermopylae and went on; and so must we. Thirty miles southward on the narrow peninsula lies the temple of Apollo the sun-god, in which lived the famous Delphic Oracle. The Persian host never took Delphi. It lies in a volcanic region; and at their approach, according to Greek story, the earth opened and spit

forth fire and gasses. So the Persians skirted around the sacred place and left the Oracle alone. The railway does not go to Delphi; if we want to consult the Oracle we have to resort to ponies once more. And of course we do want to consult it; there are plenty of questions in our lives that only an Oracle could solve. So we set out on the wild, mountainous thirty mile road across the peninsula from the little town near Thermopylae, in search of Delphi.

Delphi lies on the western side of the great Mount Parnassus (pah'r nās'ûs), the mountain of the poetic muse. Apollo was the god



ONE OF THE "PILLAR MONASTERIES" OF METEORA

not only of sunshine but of song and all poetic inspiration. Hence not only his temple at Delphi but the whole great mountain was to the Greeks the home of inspired thought. Mount Parnassus is about eight thousand feet high, and the temple of Delphi is two thousand feet up its western slope looking out across the waters of the Gulf of Corinth, which lies below. Here at Delphi a great dragon, the Python, was said to have lived in a natural cavern full of noisome vapors, whether from the Python or from earth's inner fires. This Python, with the wild, mighty scenery of the mountain and the ice-cold torrents pouring from its many springs, filled men with awe.

Then Apollo, the sun-god, was born on the little Greek isle of Delos, and immediately he came over to Parnassus and slew the monster with his sun-darts. The god was so charmed with the place, legend says, that he decided to have his own temple there. He changed himself into a dolphin—whence the name Delphic—and went to the isle of Crete. From there he brought priests to conduct his worship and build him a temple. The legend seems a clear remembrance of the days when the exploring Greeks of the islands first penetrated to this wilder region. They brought their sunshine, and they sent back to Crete, their earliest center of civilization, for priests and architects.

Even after Apollo had slain the Python, its cavern still kept a mysterious quality. One room of the temple was built over it, and the chasm was bridged by a golden tripod upon which sat the priestess of the Oracle, the Pythia, usually an elderly woman. The vapors rising to her from the chasm threw her into a trance or sometimes a raging fit. Then she uttered obscure and cryptic answers to questions addressed to her. These answers, transcribed into verses by the priests, were supposed to be the inspired answers of Apollo himself. They had such a wealth of double-meanings that the Oracle could always be explained as having been right. If there was any mistake, it was the interpreter's. Hence the fame of Delphi and Apollo filled the Greek world.

Parnassus looms nearer and nearer as we travel, until we cross a stream and find ourselves at its very base. We are on its eastern side, away from Delphi. Above us on the abrupt slope, in a romantically lovely situation, is the "Convent of Jerusalem," a hospitable monastery. Here we are made welcome as we were at Meteora; and we stay the night. Next morning we climb around Parnassus to its western slope, and Apollo's Delphic temple. The great Corinthian gulf, which cuts Greece in half, shines in the sun beneath us.

The temple of Delphi was many times destroyed by earthquakes or by conquerors, and was each time rebuilt, until pagan worship was at last thoroughly stamped out by the Byzantine emperor Theodosius in the fourth century A.D. After that the temple was buried by the dirt of ages; a shepherd village covered its site, which was only excavated a generation ago. Now the white stone ground-plan of the temple lies bare; the general view suggests the auditorium of some gigantic theater, set for a tragedy of Titans, "great clouds like ushers leaning, Creation looking on." The Delphic temple was supposed to be the



THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ

This is the spot where the three hundred Spartans perished rather than retreat. The mountain and the sea once almost met, leaving only a ten-foot pass between; but the sea has since receded leaving a wider "pass."

center of the earth, for here met the two eagles which Zeus, the king of gods, loosed from the opposite ends of the universe. So here was set up the "navel-stone" of the world, under which a fire was kept always burning. This stone, shaped like a half-egg, hung in the center of the temple. In the vestibule were carved statues and noted sayings of Greek sages, including the famed "Know thyself" and "Nothing too much."

Here treasure was one deposited and accumulated from all Greece; now grass and scarlet wild poppies cover everything. Eagles still build their nests on the crags above; but the cavern of the Python has utterly disappeared. We shall have to answer our own questions.

We may, however, find assistance from another source. There was an ancient spring here, the Castalian spring. It was sacred to Apollo and to poetry, and was supposed to give wisdom to those who drank its waters. This Castalian spring still bubbles forth from the rocks, the one thing unchanged through all the centuries. It lies close beside our road. Let us kneel beside its bank and drink in such wisdom as we can.

Now we retrace our steps to the east side of the mountain, and join the railroad and continue southward down the isthmus about twenty miles to the ancient city of Thebes. Today Thivai, the modern Thebes, is a quiet little country town of some five thousand people, simple farmers, exactly such as we have seen in Thessaly. Ancient Thebes was the powerful rival of Athens herself; and in 371 B.C. Thebes conquered all Greece. She held her empire until Alexander the Great destroyed her and established his greater empire. Thebes is situated nearly in the center of the narrowed Grecian peninsula, on a plain. This large plain is the province of Boeotia (bē ō' shī ă).

There are many remains of ancient Thebes. Excavations have disclosed the town wall, showing the city had a circuit of ten miles, and we can trace the locations of the seven gates, though the structures themselves are gone. The Acropolis hill is still prominent, but it is crowned now by the ruined towers of a medieval castle. The view from it is superb. Mount Parnassus rises grandly to the northwest; to the south is Mount Parnes, beyond which lies Athens, and to the east are irregular hills that conceal the sea and the large island of Euboea. Euboea was, next to Crete, the most famed of the Greek islands. It lies so close to the mainland that the trains cross to it on a bridge. We will cross with them and make our next visit there.



DIGGING FOR OLD GREEK SCULPTURES ON THE KING'S ESTATE OF TATOI

CHAPTER XXXIX—GREECE

EUBOEIA AND THE ROAD TO ATHENS

With Euboea (yū bē' ă) we approached the land of Athens, the central land of those Ionian Greeks who were the creators of all our modern art and science and philosophy. Each little Greek city-state had to have some region of farmlands to furnish food for its city people. Euboea was the farm and garden of Athens. It is a mountainous but fertile isle which stretches for more than a hundred miles along the eastern coast of the Greek peninsula, from Thessaly to a point opposite Athens on the south. The strait of its separation from the mainland is called the Euboean Sea; but it seems more like a long, varied and lovely lake, enclosed by the rugged mountains of the island and the mainland.

All the harbors of Euboea are on its west coast, facing Greece; the coast facing the Aegean Sea is a succession of precipitous cliffs. Hence Euboea forms an outer rampart, a mountain barrier sheltering Athens from attack by sea. Halfway down the western coast of the great isle, the "Eboean Sea" narrows to less than three hundred feet; and through this pass the tide rushes at times with a speed of eight miles an hour in one direction. Then suddenly, without any known cause, it starts to flow the opposite way as rapidly.

The capital city of Euboea, Chalkis, stands at this narrowest point

of the strait. The railway from Thebes brings us there in about an hour. We cross the tricky channel high above the current on a swing bridge, and there is the ancient town of Chalkis, with the heights of Euboea behind it, and its diamond shaped Kastro, or castle, halfway out in the water in front.

In classic times Chalkis was a rich commercial colony; it was founded by Phoenician traders, and was at first friendly to Thebes rather than Athens. It was one of the rival sea-ports that struggled for the trade of the Black Sea routes, a most important political question then as now. There is nothing of the classical city left. The houses scattered picturesquely over the hills are Turkish or Venetian; so are the heavy stone sea-walls of the town. The Venetian emblem, the lion of St. Mark, abounds in this pretty town. Aristotle, the most famed of old Greek philosophers and scientists, lived in the neighborhood of Chalkis; and a tomb was recently dug up which seems probably to have been his. The body buried in this tomb had been covered with leaves of pure gold. The small statue of a philosopher and seven diadems were found nearby, while at the foot of the tomb was the broken inscription "Aristotelous." If this find is accepted at its face value, it may well become the chief shrine of science upon earth.

Leaving Chalkis and Euboea, we cross to the mainland once more, and travel south about twenty miles to reach Mount Parnes, the eastern verge of a range of gray mountains that here stretch across the peninsula separating the province of Boeotia and its city Thebes, which we have seen, from the larger and yet more glorious province of Attica and its city Athens.

Attica covers only a bare seven hundred square miles of mountain, hill and plain. Yet it "balances, in the universe, the glory of imperial Rome." Even today men cannot look at it unmoved. The English novelist, Thackeray, usually a satiric traveller, surrendered at the sight of Attica. He says, "Round this wide, yellow barren plain there rises, as it were, a sort of chorus of the most beautiful mountains—the most elegant, gracious and noble the eye ever looked upon. These hills did not appear at all lofty or terrible, but superbly—aristocratic." Athens was itself an "aristocratic" democracy, the first real government of the people, and by a most cultured people.

Chateaubriand, the delightful French traveller-philosopher of a hundred and fifty years ago, effectively describes Athens and the Athenians by comparing them with Sparta, the chief city of the southern



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THE MEN OF CHALKIS

Chalkis lies on the isle of Euboea at the narrowest point of the Euboean strait or sea.
Its men are noted for their vigor.

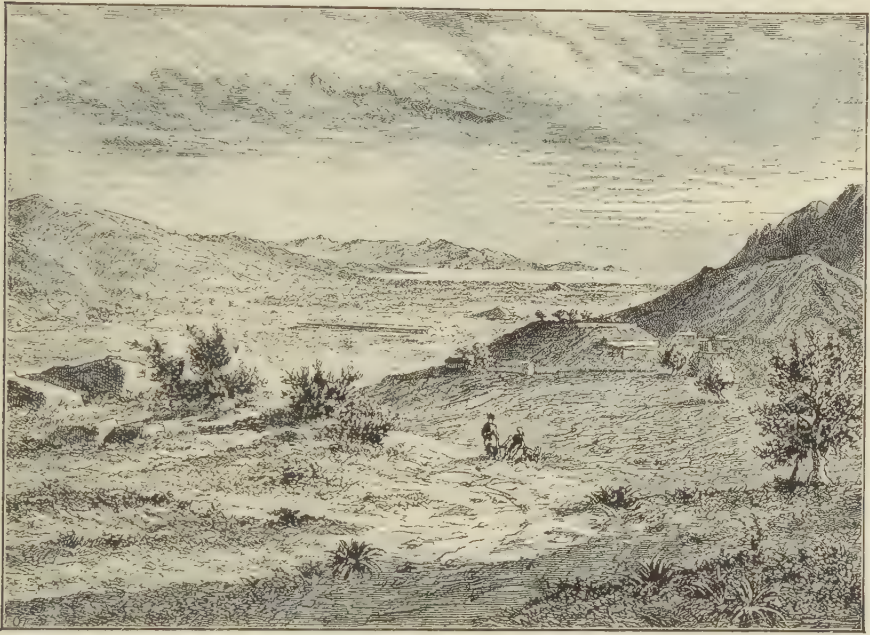
Greeks. He says, "Sparta and Athens have kept even in their ruins their different characters. Those of the former are sad, serious and solitary; those of the latter are laughing, light and inhabited. On viewing the country of Lycurgus (the Spartan law-giver) all one's thoughts become masculine and profound; the soul is fortified. Before the city of Solon (the Athenian law-giver) one is enchanted as by the prestige of genius; one is possessed by the idea of the perfection of man, considered as a rational and immortal being. Love of country and liberty was not for the Athenians a blind instinct, but an enlightened sentiment, founded on their taste for the beautiful in all its manifestations. In fine, I felt that I would have wished to die with Leonidas the Spartan, at Thermopylae, but to live with Pericles the Athenian."

The mountain pass between Attica and Boeotia is commanded by a castle, the old fortress of Phyle (fî' lè). It is worth while to pause here. Procuring a couple of mountain ponies, we will climb to the top of the massive, ruined walls of Phyle. The view southward over Attica and Athens to the sea is superb. The higher mounts we have crossed overshadow Phyle and close the view behind us to the north. The oblong fortress stands firmly on the southwest flank of Mount Parnes; one round tower and several square ones still survive the ages. We can see the city of Athens in the distance some twenty miles below us to the south, but from here it seems only a group of infinitesimal dots and lines of shining white. Beyond it the waters of the gulf are clear, marked with dark isles. When Sparta conquered Athens in 404 B.C., she set the "Thirty Tyrants" to rule the defeated city. Then the Athenian patriot general withdrew to this mountain fortress and for a year watched all the plain as we watch now. Then, seizing his chance, he rushed suddenly down on Athens, rescued her and drove out the Spartans.

Around Phyle the scenery is wild and lovely. Unlike most Grecian hills, which are quite bare, Mount Parnes is covered with pine-trees, shrubs and a few fig-trees. It abounds in rocky gorges; and in one of its caves was said to live the goat-god, Pan, who ranged all this lovely pagan country with the nymphs. Pan was the god of wild nature, and the shepherd's flocks. He was represented as a man, with the ears and lower limbs of a goat. Seizures of sudden terror, with no reasonable or visible cause, the pagan Greeks attributed to his influence, and called a "panic" as they also did a similar outburst of joy.

Looking eastward from Phyle across the Attica plain our view of

the Aegean Sea is stopped by Mount Pentelikon (pěn-těł'ĩ kŏn), the famous marble-mountain, from which the old Greeks quarried the marble to build Athens. Pentelikon rises about four thousand feet in height, and is ten miles or so away from Phyle to the east, the railway running halfway between Phyle and Pentelikon, and on to Athens. The lure of the marble mountain is so strong that, leaving Phyle and descending to the railroad once more, we cross it and urge our ponies on to the east, and up the slope of Pentelikon, through olive groves and patches of pine-forest. For perhaps half an hour we climb slowly



THE PLAIN OF MARATHON, SITE OF THE GREEKS' MOST FAMOUS VICTORY

over an ancient causeway leading to an old quarry. One quarry is yet worked, and still yields the valuable Pentelic marble, prized both for buildings and sculptures. Our path leads also to an abandoned quarry worked in the pre-Christian centuries. There we may see the drums of a few columns anciently taken out, still awaiting transportation. Traces of the inclined planes are also to be seen, on which the huge blocks were brought down the mountain side. The marble is fine-grained and colored a brilliant white with a yellowish tinge, due to iron in it, which time turns to a rich golden hue. Imagine this beautiful stone when hewn into statues by Phidias the chief Athenian sculptor!

How many causes gathered in this little peninsula of Greece and worked out the ultimate glory of Athens! Would the Greeks ever have been inspired to bring forth the "Wingless Victory" or the "Venus de Milo" if they had had to work with only limestone or granite? Marble is almost a human stone; its delicate veins seem at times to flush with life.

As we have journeyed down the peninsula, we have traced the means by which the Greeks slowly found themselves, and began to feel the worth of their un-Eastern ideals. We have seen Olympus, the Thesalian plain, the Oracle of Apollo and the pass of Thermopylae. The Greeks were themselves surprised at the stand of Leonidas at Thermopylae, but they caught his spirit at once, enthusiastically, and strove to equal him in valor. As the Persians advanced down the peninsula, past the marble mountain, to Athens, they destroyed the capital city completely, by setting fire to it (480 B.C.); but the Athenian army retired to their three hundred little war-galleys on the gulf, near the isle of Salamis (săl' ä-mis). Meanwhile the Persian fleet of a thousand ships, had joined King Xerxes near Athens on the same gulf. Xerxes decided to wipe out the Athenian navy then and there. The battle began at dawn. Aeschylus (ěs' kī-lūs), the Greek dramatic poet, who actually saw this battle, and took part in others, describes it:

"But when at length the snowy-steeded day
Burst o'er the main all beautiful to see,
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout uprose.
Fear seized the Persian host; for not in wavering flight
Rang out the solemn paeon of the Greeks,
But like the shout of men to battle urging with lusty cheer."

The Persians were completely routed. Their broken ships, and the corpses of their men filled the sea. A remnant of the great Persian fleet alone escaped and fled to Persia, taking the tale of their defeat.

So the Athenians also gloried in their valor; they had fought as boldly as the Spartans and more successfully. Upon the burnt ruins of old Athens they erected a new, lovelier city that rose like a Phoenix from the ashes. It was then, in the fifth century B.C., that they quarried Mount Pentelikon. We have reached the top of the mount now. Below us we can see a flat, marshy plain, and beyond it the Aegean Sea, gleaming like a brazen shield in the sun. This plain we are looking down upon is the plain of Marathon (măr' ä-thön). Here, too, a victory was won against the Persians, only less decisive than Salamis.



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THE FORTRESS OF PHYLE TO-DAY

Phyle was an old Athenian stronghold on the mountain tops. To-day goats graze upon its mighty ruins, and only the peasant goatherds visit there.

The Persians under Darius had landed on the plain of Marathon ten years before the battle of Salamis, to conquer Athens. The Athenians under Miltiades (mĭl-tī' ă-dēz) were waiting for them, and the Persians, judging their position unfavorable though their numbers were overwhelmingly the greater, started to re-embark in their ships, to land at some other point. When a number had regained the ships, and the army was divided, Miltiades and his Athenians suddenly started down the plain at a run and without pausing began furiously to slaughter the astounded Persians. For Miltiades was the first general to engage the enemy at a run; hitherto nothing had happened in a well-conducted battle without solemn preliminaries. Still, Miltiades had only a very small army with him; the Persians rallied, and forced Miltiades to flee before them. He fled with suspicious alacrity, after so valiant a start, but the slow wits of the Eastern generals had not had time to work. Suddenly, chasing Miltiades, they found themselves surrounded and cut off from their ships by the rest of the Greek army. Six thousand Persians and more were killed there on the plain of Marathon. The Greeks lost less than two hundred warriors. They buried these warriors in a great mound where they fell on the Marathon plain, and this mound is there today. The Persian ships turned back home without trying to land again on that expedition.

Let us clamber up that tiny mound of the heroic dead. Here Byron stood a century ago, just before the successful war for Grecian independence. He wrote:

"The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone I dreamed that Greece might yet
be free."

Leaving the plain of Marathon, we ride on toward Athens. Our feelings fired by the old, glorious victory of the West over the East, we follow the route covered by the "Runner of Marathon." He was a messenger sent at mad speed to bring the good news of the victory to Athens. The whole route is approximately twenty-four miles long. This is also the route followed by the runners in the modern Marathon races of the Olympic games. So, in spirit, we will ride down to the shining white city of Athens with that first runner, bearing his tidings of victory. He finished his course in the Athenian Market-place, and there fell dead from his heart-bursting speed, even as he shouted "We have won!"



A RESTORATION OF THE PIRAEUS, THE PORT OF ATHENS

CHAPTER XL—GREECE

IN ANCIENT ATHENS

We cannot go to Athens and really see the city, if we use no more than our eyes, and take what we see at its surface value. We should find ourselves very much alone, with rocks and bushes and commonplace white houses under a hot sky. But if we approach Athens remembering that we are her own children, piously remembering the footsteps of all her gods and heroes, we may still know the joy of being young in the world's youth. The little peninsula's double background of legend and history, with its stirring memories, makes travel in Greece, and particularly the visit to Athens, a matter of the individual imagination.

Athens, the city of Theseus! For the hero Theseus, the same who travelled to Crete and slew the Minotaur, was looked upon by the Athenians as their first king and founder of their city's greatness. He freed them from the necessity of blood-tribute to Crete, and the city prospered. The little river Cephissus (sē fīs'ūs), hardly more than a brook, flows southward down Attica between Mount Parnes and Pentelikon, and empties into the Saronic Gulf. Its course is marked now, as doubtless it was in Theseus' day, by a slender line of dark green foliage against a stony plain. Five miles from the river's mouth a ridge of huge limestone rocks rises on the plain to the east of the

stream, and the nearest of these rocks is the Acropolis (ă kröp'ō līs), the immemorial citadel of Athens. The pre-historic Greeks levelled off this rock, and built their earliest settlement upon its flat top. By the time of Theseus, however, the people had spread to the plain below, leaving the Acropolis for the palace of the king, and the temples of the gods. When Athens later became a democracy only the temples remained upon the rock. The Acropolis rises about three hundred feet above the city; and its flat surface is a thousand feet long by not quite half as broad. Modern Athens spreads out in a semi-circle around the north side of the great rock, leaving the southern side to the ancient ruins. We, as we come from Marathon, past the marble mountain, Pentelikon, approach from the east these shattered remnants of the old "victorious city."

Victory became Athens well. After the Persians had burnt the Acropolis' temples with most of the city, the Athenians rebuilt them of dazzling marble, larger and more wonderful. The fifth century before Christ was the Athenian Golden Age. Privileged indeed the mortal who could visit Athens then, who could see the Acropolis rock when these splendid ruins of today were all they were meant to be.

And why not see it so? Research has brought that far off age so near to us that, with only a little imagination, we may indeed visit Athens as it was more than two thousand years ago. The poet Milton tells us of "Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence." This is the Athens we are going to see.

So let us imagine ourselves approaching the gay metropolis of the Athenians, as wondering travellers did from ruder Boeotia or Thessaly two thousand years ago. We are each wearing a round flat travelling hat and a dark cloak draped from one shoulder; and each of us carries a good, all-around staff, useful against wayside robbers. Shall we ever forget that first sight of Athens bursting on us down the vista between the mountains! Above the stately temple of the Acropolis, on all sides except toward the sea, circled the mountains, the "violet-crown" of Athens. The city, below the Acropolis and the hot blue sky, is girdled by a white wall with several gates. These walls were built after the Persian invasion, and they not only enclose Athens, but the five mile road between Athens and its seaport city, Piraeus, which latter they also encircle at their farther end. The whole enclosure would look from above like a gigantic dumb-bell, Athens being one end and Piraeus the other.



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

The ruins of the Acropolis are now carefully preserved as here shown. The modern city lies to the north behind the hill.

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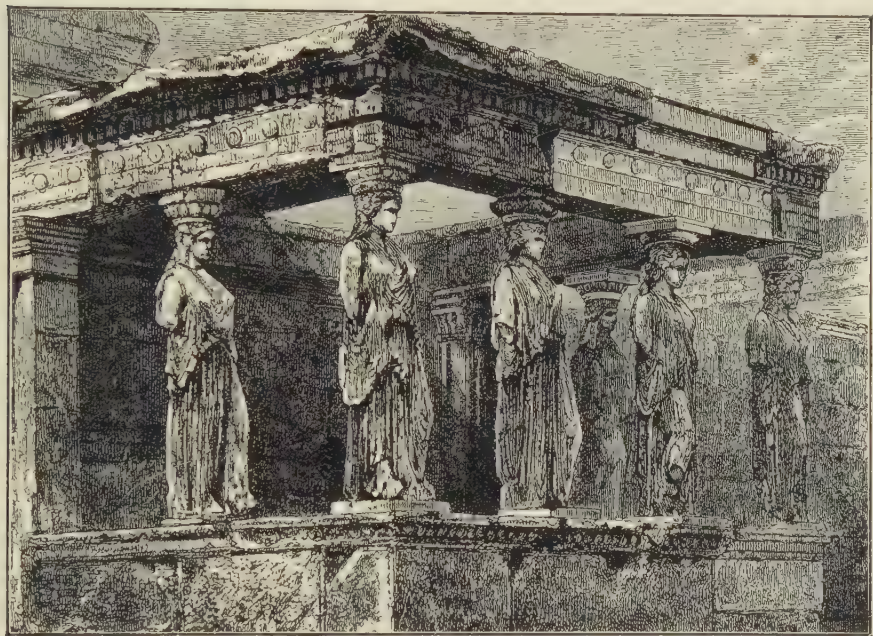
Winding down to Athens through groves of olive and cypress trees, we come presently to the grounds of the great training camp, Lykeion, outside the city. Here we may stare at a troop of cavalry drilling, watch a discus or quoit thrower, or witness an impromptu wrestling-bout. Perchance we may even see Phidias the sculptor who often lingers here studying the play of muscles of the athletes. Further on we cross a brook, the Ilissos, where, among poplar-trees, rise the great columns of a long-unfinished temple, begun by the Thirty Spartan Tyrants, and left to decay by the resentful Athenians. Now we are almost under the walls of Athens, and we have reached four crossroads. Here stands a roadside shrine to the goddess of the underworld, wheron a shepherd is pouring out a flask of oil as a prayer-offering for the safety of his flocks. Now we are under the citywalls themselves, and before the East Gate. This is a massive, squaretopped arch supported on the plain style of columns called Doric. We mingle with the Athenian crowd conversing as they pass in and out.

What a confusion of gay colors, strong smells, and high-pitched voices. The Athenian is vociferously talkative. He wears a cloak of white or green or brown with purple trimmings. Yellow shawls cover the women's heads. Arms are naked to the shoulder; legs naked to the knee and dust-grimed; faces sunburnt and perfect of profile. Fortune-tellers, beggars, and naked children haunt the gate, while the air smells of salted fish, the favorite Athenian food, borne aloft on the fish-monger's tray.

The East Gate opens into Tripod Street, one of the broad show-streets of the city, whose plaster-covered, windowless houses have columned doorways and sometimes balconies. Each house is built around a central court, where the family life goes on. One door stands open, and we catch a glimpse of a cool, pillared court with leafy vines rambling up a painted arch. Perhaps a woman sits there, spinning wool. All along Tripod Street are statues slightly larger than life-size, as frequent as lamp-posts in a modern city. They are monuments and shrines, gaily tinted figures of Pentelic marble, and on this particular street they are interspersed with bronze stools, or tripods, set upon bases delicately carved. These tripods, giving the street its name, have been set up by the citizens who won them as prizes, in literary, musical, or athletic contests. Here they commemorate each individual Athenian's triumphs, for all his acquaintances to see!

We traverse Tripod Street until we come to the Agora (ăg' ă ră),

or Market-place, almost beneath the steep Acropolis hill. The Agora is an oblong space surrounded by stately buildings. Two public halls, one round and one square, fill the south side; the other sides are framed by rows of pillars supporting lofty, spacious colonnades. Statues are dotted here and there about the space, fixed spots among a veritable sea of moving Athenian heads. The talk is first of politics and above all of "foreign policies," about Sparta, the Isles, Sicily, Thebes. Next, the chat turns to buying and selling and bargaining, and lastly it is of games and of the theater. We enter the colonnaded building on



THE ERECHTHEION, THE OLDEST OF ATHENIAN SHRINES

the eastern side of the square, whose front is open to the streets. It is full of men in linen togas, socially promenading in groups or sitting on stone benches, above which painted scenes decorated the walls. The building is a sort of club, called the Stoa or Painted Colonnade. It gives its name to the Stoic Philosophers who teach here, at the base of the statue of Solon the Athenian law-giver.

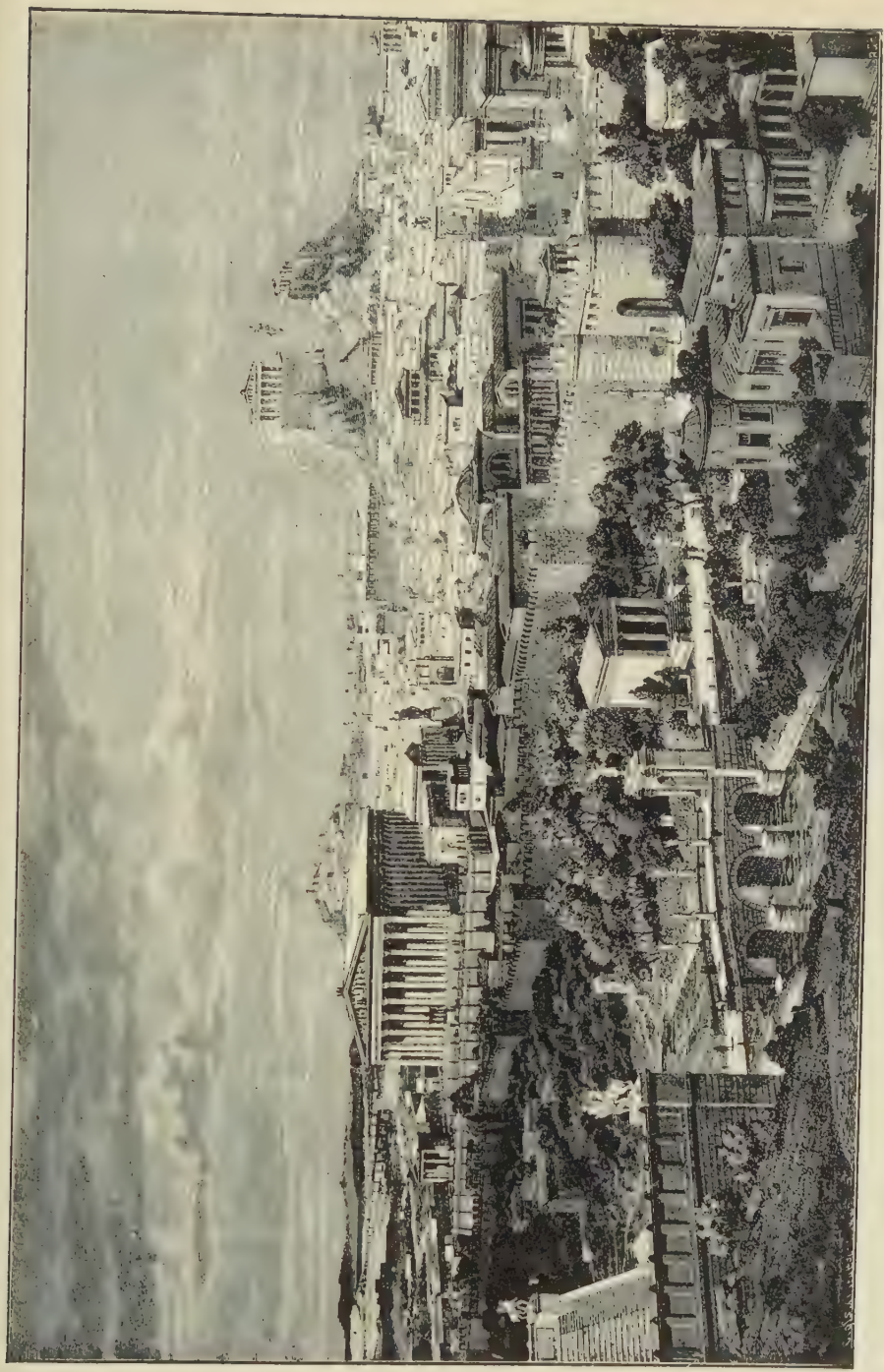
Now from the round building we saw before, the Rotunda, fifty middle-aged citizens emerge with garlands on their heads. They are the Council at present in session, and they proceed to the Council-house next door, where they hold court.

Athens was ruled by a Council of Five Hundred, divided into ten parts, each of which ruled a tenth of the year. If there was any very important question to be settled, however, all the citizens would meet upon the Pnyx (nīks) hill near the Acropolis and put the matter to vote. In Athens every free man had a direct voice in the government and foreign policy of the state. High as was the Athenian average of intellect, theirs did not prove a really successful form of government. But what a love of liberty this people showed, to have conceived and carried out such a before unheard-of government at all!

Let us imagine ourselves still in their ancient city, but let us leave the council eloquently debating, while we pass out of the Market-place. We will skirt around the Acropolis to the south. We can wait no longer before visiting that compelling temple on its top, the Parthenon. Yet we cannot help noticing the great theater, as we pass it, beneath the south side of the rock. Its tiers of seats climb part way up the Acropolis in a semi-circle looking out to the sea, which thus becomes the background for each scene upon the little stage. The theater is named after Dionysus or Bacchus, the wine-god. Beyond it we shall come to the much used footpath which winds up the western side of the steep Acropolis.

All this noble Parthenon-crowned height was dedicated to the Hellenes' great warrior-goddess, Athena. Athena was the daughter of Zeus, the king of the Olympian gods, and it was a dogma of the poetically allegorical pagan religion that she sprang full-grown from her great father's brain. Athenian free-thinkers tiresomely disputed this; but all the Greeks united in worshipping the goddess, for to them she typified Victory and a free State, the things they most desired. The Athenians placed their New Year in July, just before harvest-time, and they called it the Panathenaea. It was the goddess Athena's special festival. Pious or journey-loving Hellenes came to the celebration from every city on the peninsula or the islands, momentarily laying aside any inter-city battles. So if we are ancient Boeotians come to this festival, we can join the great procession which will climb the Acropolis to the Parthenon to worship at the foot of the colossal gold and ivory statue of the goddess which stands within.

We wind up the steep footpath with the gay procession, keeping time, to the pagan music. Everyone moves in formal step but with laughter, a ceremony of song and joy. For the moment the Parthenon is lost to view, hidden behind the great Propylaea, or Portico, of the



ANCIENT ATHENS RESTORED

This is how, according to modern students, Athens looked when the Roman Emperor Hadrian adopted and almost rebuilt the city.

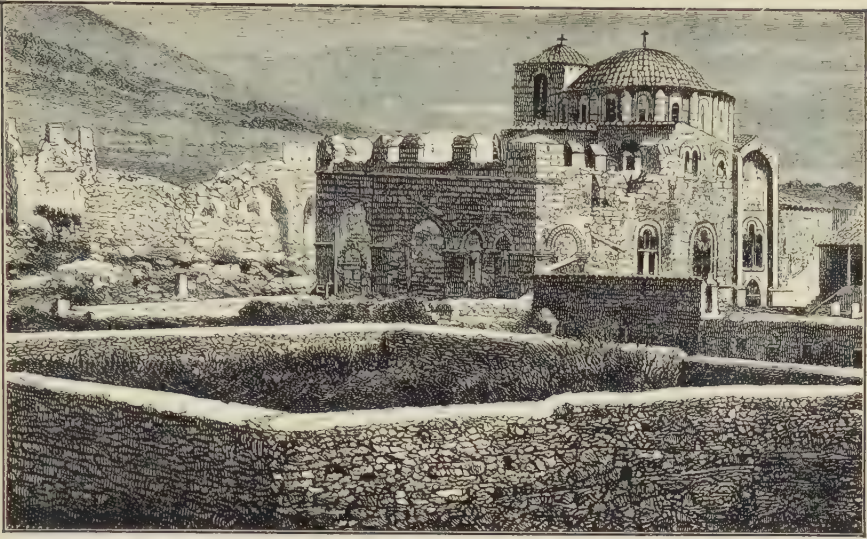
Acropolis, which spreads across the top of the rock, massive as a fortress, but airily columned and proportioned as nicely as the most exquisite work of art. The Portico is a huge, lovely building in itself, built of rows of Doric columns of Pentelic marble.

We pass through the beautiful Portico, and find ourselves at last on the top of the Acropolis rock, with Athens, all its countryside, and the shining waters of the gulf, at our feet. For a moment, it seems like being at the top of the world. And there, a hundred paces to the southeast of us, towers the Parthenon.

To the northeast is a smaller building, the Erechtheion, which covers ground even more sacred than the Parthenon, for on this spot Athena and Neptune fought for the possession of Athens. Athena won, but Neptune keeps a shrine here, and the imprint of his trident is still to be seen on a rock held as sacred. Here, too, grows a shoot from the olive tree planted by Athena herself. The south porch of the Erechtheion is supported, not by columns, but by the figures of six maidens, slightly larger than life, who smilingly hold up the roof!

The space all around and between the Parthenon and the Erechtheion is gay with numerous painted statues, groups of sculpture, and smaller shrines. The most striking of these is a great bronze statue of Athena, made by Phidias out of the spoils left on the field of Marathon. The figure of the goddess is over sixty feet in height; she is in full armor, and holds an upright lance. The gleaming lance point rises above her head and forms a landmark to mariners approaching the gulf. Our procession goes straight to the Parthenon, passes up its mighty marble and blue stone steps, and through the spaces between the eight immense Doric columns of its front. So the whole boisterous cavalcade invades the sacred precinct. Upon the friezes of the Parthenon just such a procession goes prancing in immortal marble yet.

The Parthenon has been called "the most perfect building on the most perfect site in the world." All its columns lean a trifle toward the center of the building, with a mathematical truth that infinitely pleases the eye. The inner temple contains some fifty life size statues, colored with bright, artistic hues. In the center of these lively figures, amid a forest of columns, gleams Athena's ivory statue, clothed in gold. This figure is more lovely, though somewhat smaller, than her bronze statue outdoors. Yet even this one is forty feet high! Around it, our procession pauses, worshipping the goddess with dances and old, sacred ritual.



THE CLOISTER OF DAPHNI, A CHRISTIAN CHURCH WITH A HEATHEN NAME

CHAPTER XLI—GREECE

AROUND MODERN ATHENS

Two thousand years have rolled by since the days of Athens' greatness. The vision fades, the gay procession of Athena's worshippers disappears, and we find ourselves standing beside the Parthenon temple as it is today. The building is still there, as are the Erechtheion and the Propylaea, or Portico, looking out from the Acropolis rock over the square white houses of modern Athens.

Think what the marble columns of that magnificent pagan Parthenon have passed through! Their history is essentially the history of Greece. When the Greek empire fell, the Romans took the Parthenon, and—they attempted to beautify it! It was a case of gilding the lily. They built, among other additions, a pretentious approach to it, up the Acropolis hill, discarding the old simple path. They placed a heavy Roman statue of their empress Agrippa in a conspicuous place. Materially, Athens prospered under Roman rule, especially under the Emperor Hadrian, for Rome ordered shipload after shipload of statues and other art works from the artistic city. When Rome fell, its barbarian conquerors overran Athens also. They plundered the Parthenon, taking away all the treasures, the gold statue of Athena among them. During the Byzantine or Christian empire of Constantinople, Athens turned Christian, and prospered once more. The Parthenon became a Chris-

tian church! Then the Byzantine empire fell to the Turks, during the fifteenth century. The Parthenon became a mosque, the Turks providing it with a minaret at one corner. The Erechtheion, the most sacred of pagan temples, became the harem of the Turkish ruler.

During one of the wars with the Venetians in the seventeenth century, the Turks used the Parthenon as a fortress, and stored their powder in it. A Venetian bomb ignited the powder; the temple blew up in the center, leaving an empty gap between its two stately ends, which still stood firm, though every Turk within lost his life. In the early nineteenth century, Lord Elgin of England secured permission from the Turkish government to take down and carry home the greater part of the frieze of the Panathenaic procession, which he complacently did. These spoils are in a British museum today, and are known as the "Elgin marbles." About this time, the Greeks began their heroic struggle for independence, after two thousand years of foreign rulers. The Parthenon was again used as a citadel, and was further damaged.

Only in the later nineteenth century did the victorious Greeks begin anxiously conserving what was left of the Acropolis buildings, in their present ruined beauty. For the Athenians are still artistic enough, fortunately, to realize the impossibility of restoring these heroic temples. So today we see the Parthenon with outlines somewhat defaced and with the colors gone, but with the still subtler beauty that only time can give. The fissures in the marble have a ruddy tint, and its surface has a mellow golden light. Scarlet poppies and green grass press up through the stones; the blue air plays freely through the towering broken columns.

At last we retrace our steps from the Parthenon down the Acropolis hill. All the statues which stood about have gone, carried off by plunderers, even Athena's colossal bronze statue. The Portico, and the little temple to the Wingless Victory, are in ruins, as are the Roman steps. Of Agrippa's statue, only the pedestal remains. Skirting the base of the hill we pass the ruins of the wine-god's theater, where lizards now bask all day in the sun. Further, we come to a half-ruined arch with scroll-leaved Corinthian columns. It separates Greek Athens from the Roman suburb of Hadrian, and bears the inscription, on its side toward the Acropolis "This is Athens, the former city of Theseus," and on its opposite side, toward the sea, "This is the city of Hadrian, and not the city of Theseus." Beyond Hadrian's arch, we come to the little stream Ilissos. Here Hadrian erected a magnificent Roman



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THE MODERN STADIUM OF ATHENS

This stadium was used for the modern Olympic games when the ancient athletic festival was lately revived. The ancient stadium was unearthed, remodeled and covered with marble as here shown.

temple to Olympian Zeus, the king of the gods. Some of its great, elaborate Corinthian columns are still standing. Nearby is the Roman Stadium, which was recently excavated, and entirely rebuilt and overlaid with marble by a wealthy and patriotic Greek. Here the ancient Olympian games were revived a generation ago, consisting of the running race to Marathon, and many other trials of strength.

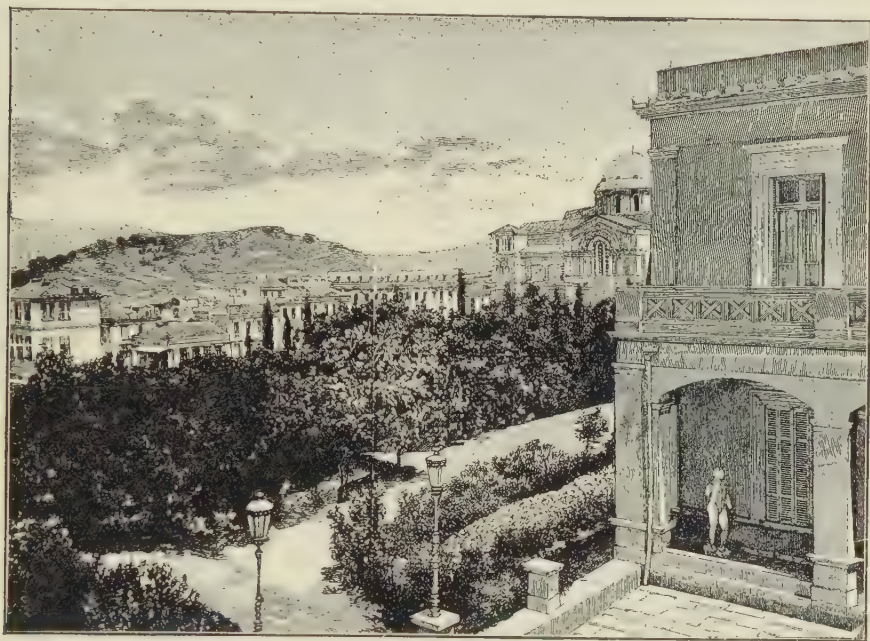
Crossing the Ilissos we reach the modern town and the lovely gardens of the palace of the present rulers. These are at times open to the public, and are gorgeous with palms and cypress, orange-trees, flowers and fountains. The palace itself is of marble, adorned by a severe Doric colonnade. It fronts upon Constitution Square, the center of modern fashionable Athenian life. Here too, on Constitution Square, our modern hotel is located. The Athens that we see from our window here is a city of whiteness and brightness. Its many new mansions and public buildings are a wealth of marble hewed from old Mount Pentelikon. New streets, too, have been laid out and lined with graceful date palms and pepper trees.

If Constitution Square is the haunt of Paris-copying, Europeanized Greeks, so Concord Square, some distance further to the north, is the approved meeting place of the middle-class and country Greeks. Sometime during our stay in Athens we must surely visit it. The peasant Greeks are as much at home in Athens as their city brothers. They have their own haunts, little wine-shops on the corners near Concord Square, where their rough sheepskin garments pass unnoticed. Their women congregate on the steps of some church, and skim the cream of the gossip that has gone around since their last visit to town. Then, too, they must attend to the buying and bargaining which they have come for. To the streets and marts of Athens, everything made in the other Hellenic cities or upon the isles, is ultimately brought. Here the lace-maker from the isle of Cyprus peddles his cobwebby native wares. Yonder a swarthy sponge-diver with a basket of enormous sponges goes crying them. Eastern rugs and silks are hawked about by half-Turkish merchants.

When we are ready to leave Athens, we shall travel the "Sacred Way" westward to Eleusis (ē lū' sīs). From this name we have our modern word elusive, the mysterious, the thing we cannot grasp, that ever escapes us. At Eleusis the Athenians held some secret religious rites unknown today; and whatever hope the pagan Greeks conceived of a hereafter, they were taught in the "Eleusinian Mysteries." The

ruined temple of these rites lies twelve miles beyond Athens along the shores of the Saronic Gulf. Eleusis was a place of pilgrimage even older than the Parthenon. A railway runs there now, but it does not follow the road of the pagan Athenian pilgrims, the "Sacred Way," and therefore we will have none of it.

We hire a carriage, the road being poor for motor-cars, and drive westward from Constitution Square. We have to traverse all Athens first, since our starting point is on the extreme east of the city. Half-way across Athens, with the Acropolis rock directly to the south of us,



GARDEN OF THE MODERN COLLEGE, WHICH IS THE PRIDE OF ATHENS

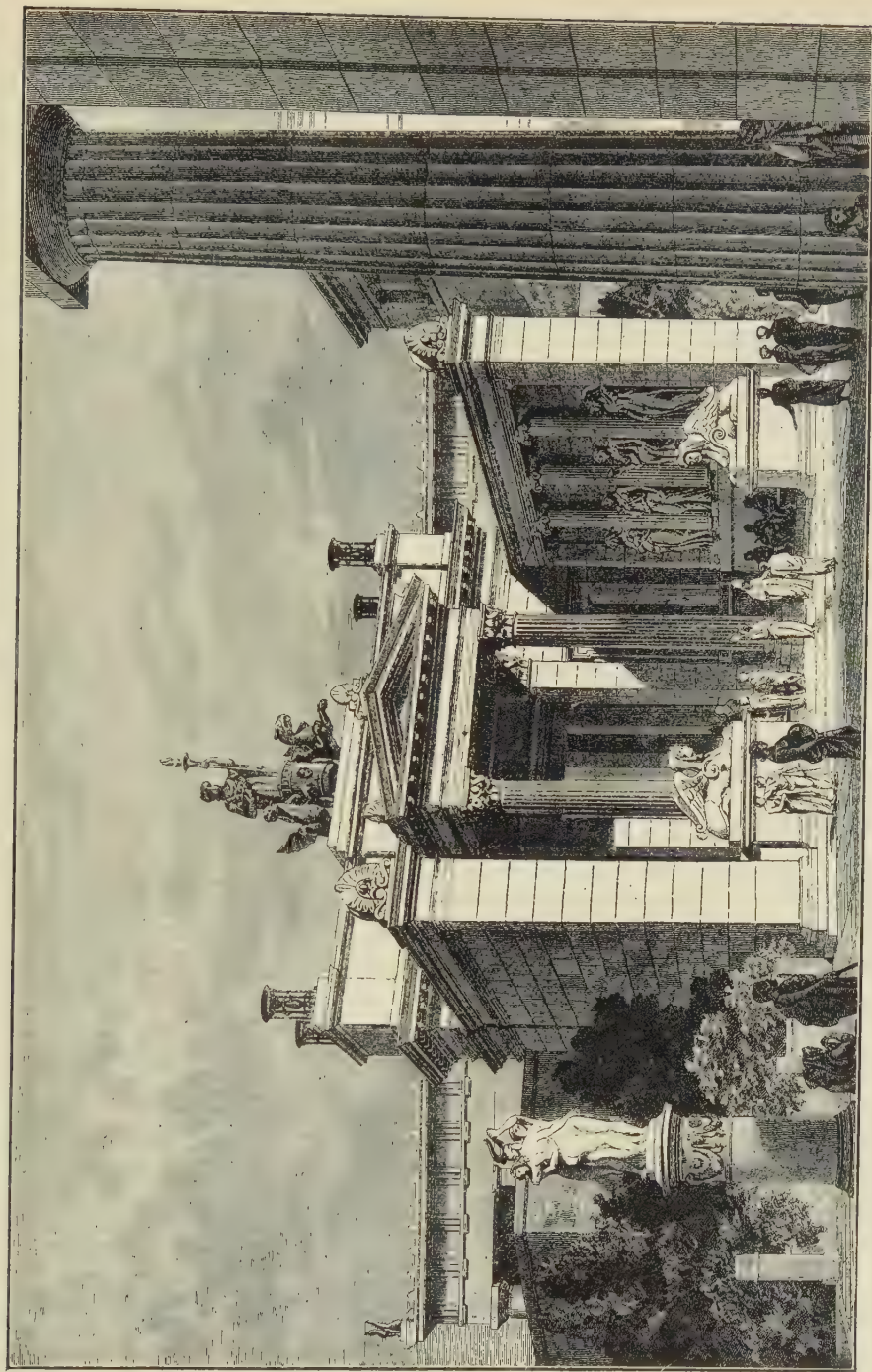
we pass what was once the Agora, or Market-place, of ancient Athens. Even here, surrounded by the modern city, there are ruins; but these ruins are wholly Roman. The arched gate of the "Market-place of the Romans" still stands. Around it lie walls and debris; the remains of shops and warehouses can just be traced. Here we see a stone inscription signed by Hadrian and regulating the sale and price of oil in the Market-place. Overlooking the market, and right outside of it, stands the picturesque Roman Clock Tower, well-known as the Tower of the Winds. It is an octagonal marble tower, around the top of which on the outside runs a sculptured frieze representing the four

winds. The figures are heavy, and far inferior to the sculptures of the Greeks; but the whole effect is so quaint that it pleases, and the Tower of the Winds is one of the chief sights of Athens. Inside the tower was once the celebrated water-clock of Andronicus. Its mechanism was so marvellous that the Romans thought it worked by magic.

A few paces beyond this unique tower, we pass a ruined bazaar-building with Corinthian columns that was once the famous Library of Hadrian. Further, on the western edge of the city, we pass the Temple of Theseus, a Greek building of Athens' Golden Age in an almost perfect state of preservation, with a frieze depicting the Labors of Hercules. Beyond this last, lovely temple, we come to what used to be the Dipylon, or Double-gate, and is now only a heap of stones. Here we take leave of Athens.

Outside this gate the Sacred Way begins, the first mile lined with the monuments of the ancient Athenian cemetery. And what surprising death-monuments they are, gaily standing up on either side of the Sacred Way! Sprightly figures of charging bulls are poised on the tops of marble pedestals. On one, a woman sits in graceful repose drawing a necklace from a box held for her by a serving maid; on another a boy or girl is playing, or a warrior is posing on a prostrate foe. In short, there is no hint of melancholy, or the sting of death in their sculptures; that was left for Christian peoples to depict. The epitaphs have a brief eloquence: "Looking on this monument of a dead boy, Cleostes son of Menesachmus, pity him who was beautiful and died." Another quaintly reads: "You who pass here, if haply you mark this monument, laugh not, I pray you, though it is a dog's grave; tears fell for me, and the dust was heaped above me by a master's hands, who likewise engraved those words upon my tomb."

Our route from Athens to Eleusis lies first across a dusty plain, and then begins to climb small hills among forests of silver-tipped pine-trees. In ancient times this road was completely lined with monuments, but now all have disappeared except those close to Athens. We may still see an inscription or two engraved on the cliffs. Next comes the Convent of Daphni, where we halt for lunch. Here the Greeks erected a temple to the Apollo of the Laurel, or Daphni, and the present Christian monastery wears the pagan name serenely. The church has a ruddy dome, built of sandstone and red tiles. It was a medieval fortress as well as monastery, and has a handsome old coat-of-arms, reminiscent of the Athens of the Middle Ages about which Shakespeare



ANCIENT ELEUSIS RESTORED

Eleusis was the seat of secret religious rites, perhaps connected with a faith in immortality. This was the central shrine.

wrote his "Midsummer Night's Dream." Now it is partly ruined by the ravages of earthquakes and Lord Elgin, who carried away its fluted Ionic columns. Yet it is still inhabited by monks and presents a brave whitewashed front, with doors and windows of green. A bell of old green bronze hangs outside, and behind tower four giant cypresses.

Beyond Daphni the road descends to the sea, and we find ourselves skirting the shores of the far northern arm of the Saronic Gulf known as the bay of Salamis, since it is almost completely blocked by the large isle of that name. Here the famous naval battle with the Persians was fought. Land-locked as a lake the bay looks, shut in by its gray, mysterious-seeming isle, which is known locally not by its dignified ancient name of Salamis but as "The baker's roll," or "koulouri," owing to its peculiar shape. At the far end of the bay the white houses of Eleusis crown a bit of rising ground.

Eleusis was sacred to Demeter, the goddess of Fertility, and her daughter Persephone, who was carried off by Pluto and became queen of the Underworld. The pilgrims who came here had all to be first initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, after which they became *Mystae*, or members of the cult. Secrecy was so rigidly enjoined upon them that we have today little knowledge of what, precisely, this cult was. We do know, however, that they came here to learn "the fair and joyful truth that death is not an evil but a blessing to mortals," for so reads an inscription found at Eleusis itself. Cicero, the Roman orator, became one of the *Mystae*, and says that the Mysteries taught "not only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope." The mysteries were opened yearly by a solemn torchlight procession of the *Mystae* on foot from Athens to Eleusis along the Sacred Way. Of the temple, at the now rather dirty little village of Eleusis, scarcely anything is left. Even the ruins are completely ruined, and we have to be content with the best part of a pilgrimage, the journey itself.

From Eleusis, we continue south and west to the narrowest point of the Greek peninsula. Soon it is but a single ridge of hills barely four miles wide! Beyond, the peninsula widens again abruptly into its southern arm, the Peloponnesus. Of course it occurred to the ancients long ago to build a canal through this four-mile isthmus, and the project was several times started, but was only carried through a generation ago in the eighteen-nineties. But now the canal is there, and our railway crosses it on a high bridge to land us in Corinth. We have passed beyond Athenian territory.



THE ACRO-CORINTH ROCK, WITH THE RUINS OF ANCIENT CORINTH

CHAPTER XLII—GREECE

FROM CORINTH TO THE "ENCIRCLING" ISLES

Corinth was the last great city to arise in Greece. It became rich and famous under the Romans, and developed that last gorgeous, perhaps over-gorgeous, form of Greek architecture known as the Corinthian. The site of Corinth is such as might well make it, even now, the business metropolis of Greece. From the western coast of Greece the deep Gulf of Corinth cuts into the land so far that it quite divides the mainland into two halves, northern Greece which we have seen, and the southern peninsula we have still to visit. The ancient city of Corinth commanded the narrow isthmus between these two. The Corinth canal has now made southern Greece an island and shortened the sea route between Athens and the west by some two hundred miles. So, whether by land or water roads, Corinth is the central point of Greece.

Yet the modern canal has not brought to Corinth the prosperity expected. The modern town, where our railroad train has dropped us, is a shabby little place of only some five thousand people. There is more to interest us some four miles beyond where there still towers the old Acro-Corinth. This is an abrupt cliff-sided mountain some thousand feet high, which was the Acropolis or citadel of the former city.

The view from the Acro-Corinth is superb. To the north, across the glassy gulf, towers the muse's mountain, snow-topped Parnassus. To the south the Saronic Gulf with its isles, to the east the surrounding mounts and plains of Attica, and to the West the forests of Arcadia, all are outlined as on a relief-map. The Acro-Corinth is crowned now by medieval towers and castellated walls, where once the temples of the pagan gods stood. Below, on the slope, still rises the spring that gushed forth at the stamp of Pegasus' hoof. Pegasus was the winged horse the Muses rode, the steed that poets today are so eager to mount, before they have learned how to ride.

This canal of Corinth here will prove our readiest road to the nearby celebrated group of islands, the Cyclades (sik' lă dēz) or "encircling" isles. They are so-called because the larger ones roughly encircle the smallest of them all, the "sacred isle" of Delos. The farthest distance you could walk in a straight line on Delos (dē' lōs) is less than seven miles; but this isle was the legendary birthplace of the sun-god Apollo, the center of his worship, the site of his graceful temples. Nor is Delos the only famous isle of the Cyclades. The one farthest to the southwest is Milos, on which the Venus de Milo was found, the lovely armless statue now the chief treasure of the Louvre museum in Paris.

From Corinth it is about a hundred and fifty miles to Delos, the central island of the Cyclades. There is no regular boat-service; pilgrims no longer visit Apollo's shrine. Let us, however, recall our former gallant Greek boatman, or any one of the hundreds like him, and launch forth for the Cyclades. We sail through the four mile canal which cuts across the Isthmus "like a sword-cut through the brown earth" and come out in the Saronic Gulf to the south. We pass between its two large isles, Salamis and Aegina. We pass Piraeus, Athens' seaport, and round the far end of the Attica peninsula. There, on the high rugged headland of Cape Sunion, stand the twelve remaining columns of the sea-god's temple, picturesque indeed against the great blue sky. Most travellers visit this shrine from the land side; Byron, among others, climbed up here and carved his name in its marble. Yet it was built to be seen primarily from the sea, and the Greeks built with a peculiar fitness for the end in view. The sun glints on the columns of the Sunion temple, and they cunningly catch and reflect the light. They are fluted columns, for the Greeks saw that a smooth column melts in the light, leaving its lines uncertain; so in order to



THE SPRING OF PEGASUS

This old spring in Corinth is fabled to have sprung from a hoof-stroke of Pegasus, the flying horse of the poets.

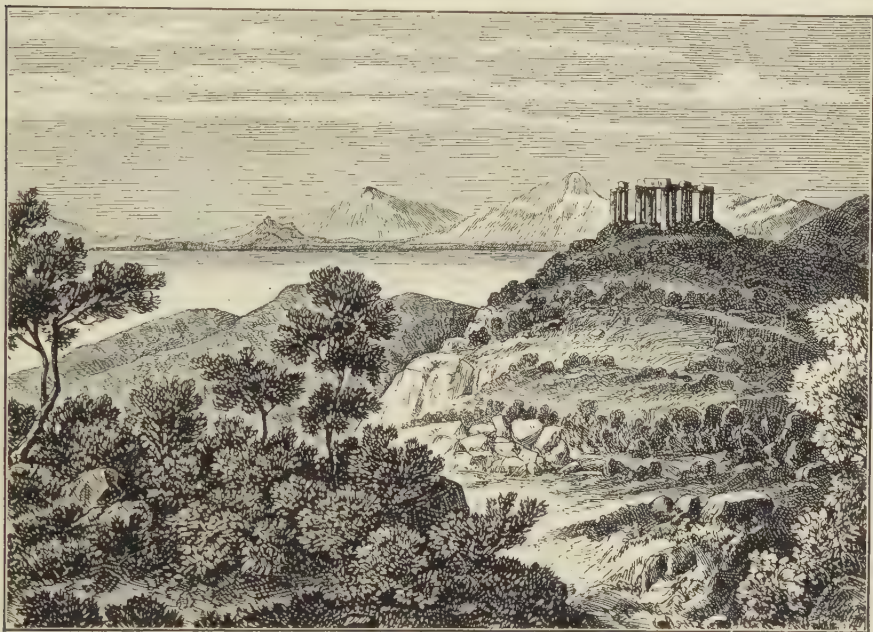
restore sharpness to the view, they conceived the idea of the fluted ridges, holding the light in contrast with the darker spaces between.

Passing Cape Sunion we steer eastward, to the Cyclades, that radiant ring of magic isles, where the days are always dreamy summer afternoons. There are twelve principal isles, and many more small ones. We shall see them all in passing; but we will land on only three, Delos first. Approaching Delos, we pass Syros, the rocky isle to which, a century ago, the stricken refugees from Chios came. Here, with their old Chiot shrewdness, they founded the largest and commercially most successful city of the Cyclades. We can see this city climbing importantly up the sides of its mountain, but it is so like any other new Greek town that we shall not stop here. To the east now Mykonos rises, its mountain overtopping those of all the other isles in sight. This was the fabled battleground of Hercules and the giants.

Between Syros and Mykonos, lies the "sacred" little isle of Delos. The legend goes that this isle arose from the depths of the sea at a stroke of Neptune's trident, and went floating about, driven by the currents. A nymph, beloved of Zeus, king of the gods, took refuge on it from the jealousy of Zeus' goddess-wife. Then Zeus moored the isle to the bottom of the sea with adamantine chains, and gathered the other isles as guardians around it. On Delos, under a shady tree, beside the bank of the Sacred Lake, the nymph gave birth to the twins, Phoebus or Apollo the sun-god, and Cynthia or Diana the moon-goddess. This legend symbolized the primitive darkness, whence sprang Apollo, or the light. To him the isle became sacred, and long before historical times his temple had been erected here at the foot of Mount Kynthos, called from his sister's name of Cynthia. Pilgrims constantly visited his shrine bringing gifts. A rich and influential town grew up around it, which held a religious power for centuries.

During Rome's empire, this town of Delos was utterly wiped out by some raiding sea-pirates. The isle lies desolate and deserted now, inhabited only by the government guardian of its ruins, and by a few shepherds in the summer with their flocks. There is not a tree left upon the forlorn little spot. From the small harbor's shore to the granite ridge of Kynthos, rather less than four hundred feet high, is a great jumble of marble ruins; broken columns, fallen shafts, carved blocks of dazzling white. We paddle over the strangely lustrous water of the harbor, and set foot on the granite shore, with its remains of the old sea-wall.

We find ourselves upon a street, once colonnaded and adorned with rows of statues, but now a mass of marble debris, over which we clamber a hundred paces to the entrance of the "holy place." Here the foot-worn steps still bear witness to the long-ago throngs of pagan worshippers. The marble was worn thus smooth and deep not by heavy boots but by light sandals and bare feet. Within we see a labyrinth of gorgeous wreck, once stately marble temples to Apollo and his comrade gods. Near the largest, Apollo's own temple, stood his "Horned Altar," composed of ram's horns, and regarded as one of



THE SEA GOD'S TEMPLE ON THE HEIGHTS OF CAPE SOUNION

the seven wonders of the ancient world. It was enclosed in the Hall of the Bulls, of which a part still remains. The pillars of the hall are topped by recumbent bulls, which formerly held up the roof. In the center one figure alone still stands after all the destruction of the centuries. It presents a sculptured Nereid, or sea-nymph, riding on a dolphin. The poor nymph gazes out on a widely altered world from this shrine of Neptune and Apollo. The sea and sunshine still surround her; but her sea-god and her sun-god are gone forever.

West of the Hall of the Bulls begins the old paved way that leads up Mount Kynthos, past the theater, past the "temple of the Foreign

Gods," to a pre-historic altar of rough-hewn stone. This the first, perhaps the original, shrine of Apollo still holds together. It looks down upon the ruins of all his later lovely temples. Here therefore, rather than amid the marble wreck below, we open our Homeric Hymns and read again the ancient tale of Apollo's birth, how "in the prime of purple-blossoming Spring,"

"All Delos bloomed with gold,

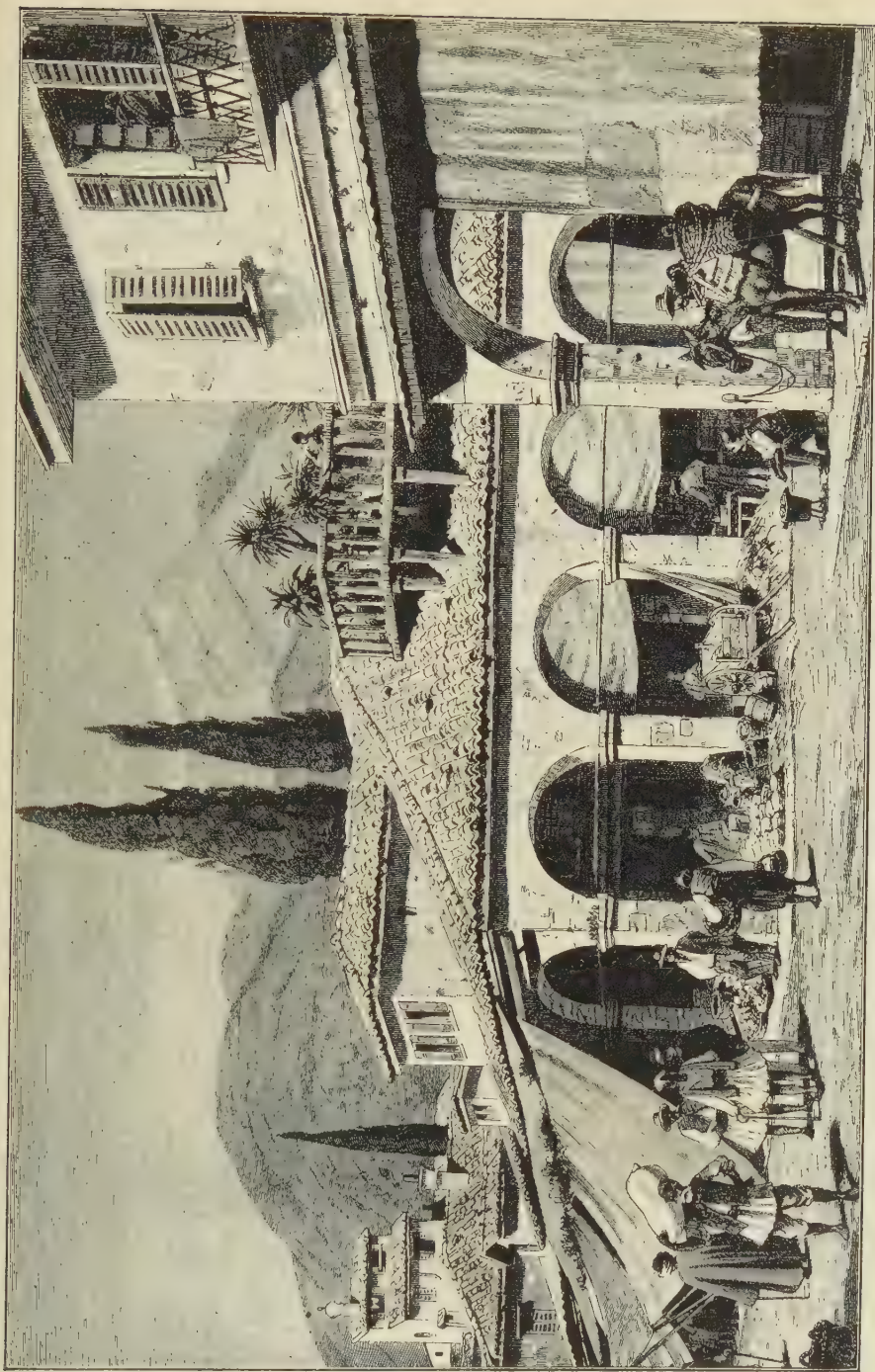
Even as some mountain peak with woodland blooms."

Here, looking over the gently-swelling, shimmering sea, Delos seems still the altar for all the great Aegean worship; for, ring after ring, the encircling isles rise upon the vision, filling the distant sea.

Apollo's shrine is deserted; but pilgrims have not entirely deserted the Cyclades. To our north lies Tenos, a much larger isle, which has supplanted little Delos as the goal of modern Greek pilgrimage. So when we are ready to leave the Sacred Isle, we head for Tenos. Its harbor is very poor, shallow and open; but we shall have company enough there. Many boats ride at anchor, and a mob of importunate boatmen are taking passenger-pilgrims to land, from a large steamer outside the harbor. Our boat can sail straight in to dock at the comfortable-looking town; and with a boy as porter, we set off to look for lodgings. All the inns are full and overflowing, for Tenos, with accommodations for about a hundred travellers, is visited each year at the feast of the Revealed Virgin by some ten thousand Greek Catholic pilgrims.

The story goes that in 1823 a nun dreamed there was buried on Tenos an image of the Virgin. The faithful dug, and found the promised image. Over the spot, halfway up the hillside back of the town, a large marble church was erected, which grows richer every year, and with it, the town. The great attraction of this Revealed Virgin is in her supposed constant beneficent activity. Many are the cures of the sick credited to her, but that is not all. One story we hear, gravely recited and believed in, tells that "A great ship, overtaken by a storm, sprang aleak and was going down. The captain called upon the Virgin of Tenos to save him from sinking. Forthwith a great fish appeared, swam into the hole, and neatly plugged it up. The ship came into port with flying colors." The grateful captain gave the church a model of his ship done in silver, with the fish, done in solid gold, performing its special part.

Having made our Tenian pilgrimage, we re-embark once more.



THE ISLAND TOWN OF PAROS

Paros is a typical old style Greek town. Being on the islands it has never been wholly Turkish, and it has changed very little.

Sailing southward, we pass again the central isle of Delos, and go on to where beyond it lie the sister isles of Paros and Naxos. Naxos is the largest member of the Cyclades. Here the Athenian hero Theseus, who slew the Cretan Minotaur and eloped with Ariadne, paused on his homeward voyage. In some way, Ariadne was left behind on Naxos, and for long she was inconsolable. But at last she married the wine-god, Bacchus, and was happy. Almost any one could be happy on Naxos with this sea and sun.

Paros consists of a single great mountain, Marpessa, from which was quarried the famous Parian marble. Parian marble is pure white, and hardens in the air, so that more statues made of it have survived than of any other marble. Whether the ancients had any idea this would be the case or not, they prized the Parian marble above all others. The island has a wonderful harbor, large enough to shelter the navies of the world. Within the harbor lies the town, quite hidden until we round the headland. We land at a small wharf of Parian marble, and find lodgings at a cheerful little inn. Paros, too, has a pilgrimage church, that of Our Lady of the Hundred Gates.

So we set off, with a donkey and a guide, to climb up Marpessa to the quarries. The pleasant gardens of the town drop behind us, and we come to extensive buildings for carrying on a large industry. Here lies the quarry, but workmen there are none, only an old caretaker. He fetches a miner's lamp to light us down into the heart of the mountain. Marble still veins it, and a recent attempt was made to revive the quarry, but this was unsuccessful. Further up the mount we seek out the old, quarried cave wherein is carved a rude relief of the festival of Pan, the goat-god. In this cave the shepherds to this day take refuge with their flocks. The quaint sculptures of this cave have been well described by that old French traveller, Tournefort. He says "This Carving is somewhat irregular, because the Performer fitted it cleverly to the shape of the Rock. It appears to be a kind of Bacchanal, or if you will, a Country Wedding. Some of the figures represent Nymphs dancing a sort of Brawl. Among them is thrust in the Head of a Satyr with a long Beard. One Nymph starts back from him, and the Satyr laughs till his sides crack. Bacchus sits quite on top, with Asses' Ears and a huge belly, surrounded with very merry Figures in several Attitudes. The whole was the whim of some Carver who diverted himself with his Marble, and who carved at the Bottom 'Adamas Odryses reared this monument to the Girls of the Country.' "



THE EUROTAS, SPARTA'S RIVER, WHERE OLD SPARTA ONCE STOOD

CHAPTER XLIII—GREECE

IN SOUTHERN GREECE

From the Cyclades our little ship sails westward, back to the Grecian mainland. But as we reach the coast we will not turn north toward Athens; let us keep on southward to the Gulf of Argos. This is below the Isthmus of Corinth, in southern Greece, the Peloponnesus. It was this Peloponnesus which was the first of the mainland to receive the ancient culture of Crete and pass it onward to the later splendor of Athens. The city-kings of southern Greece, of Argos and Sparta, were the kings that Homer knew, the first famed leaders of the Greeks.

Sailing deep into the Gulf of Argos for over twenty miles, we reach its far northern end and land at its port, Nauplia (naw'plĭ-ă). The approach is lined by a succession of headlands, barren and shapely. The coasts of Greece front the world with a classic severity; her rich plains and forested hills are hidden away inland. Nauplia is a modern little town, with good hotels and restaurants, that make our stay a pleasure. It has nothing of special interest to show the traveller, though it was the first capital of free Greece in 1822. Here the first Greek president was assassinated; after which Greece became a monarchy and shifted its capital to Athens.

From Nauplia we can visit the old ruined cities of the famous Argive Plain that stretches beyond the port to the north for twenty

miles, until it ceases at the mountains of Corinth. This Argive Plain was the chief home of the pre-historic heroes of Greece. To the southwest of it lies Laconia, the country of the Spartans, of whom we all have heard. But Sparta was only a village when Tiryns (tí'rínz), Argos, and Mycenae, the three great cities of the Argive Plain, were at the height of their power. So extensive was their rule in Homer's time and before it, that the poet often alludes to the people of the whole Greek nation as "Argives." The chief ruler in his songs is Agamemnon "King of Argos." The culture of these cities was like that of Crete, though apparently never so highly developed. Then their even ruder neighbors, the Spartans, grew in power, and the Argives declined until the Spartans conquered them for slaves. Their unused cities sank into oblivion.

Recent scholars have done much toward excavating Tiryns and Mycenae. Argos is the site of a modern prosperous town, and so of course cannot be dug up. But the revelations of the others have made Homer real! Mycenae is the farthest away, in "midmost Argos," as Homer has it, so we will be content with visiting its twin city, Tiryns. Homer's "wall-girt Tiryns" lies only some two miles north of Nauplia. The way goes past dark cones of cypress trees, rich fields and orange groves, for the Argive Plain is still a lovely agricultural land. The ruins of Tiryns, the former citadel-castle for a surrounding town, lie on a long, low ridge, rising abruptly from the flat shore. It is not a good natural fortress, but its ancient masters made it a formidable stronghold. Its outer walls are constructed of huge blocks of masonry, and were sixty-five feet high by twenty-five feet thick, proportions which made later peoples declare they had been built by the Cyclops, a legendary race of giants. Pausanias, the Baedeker of the Year 170 A.D., thought them as wonderful as the Egyptian pyramids.

To enter we pass three successive gates, and then three courtyards, which bring us before the hall of the ancient palace. Here the square central hearth is still marked by the bases of four columns which held up the roof. Round this great hearth, Homeric life revolved. When Ulysses hears the princess Nausicaa describe her father's palace, she might have been describing Tiryns. "But when thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber, till thou comest to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, weaving yarn of sea-purple stain, a wonder to behold. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her.



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TIRYNS AND THE ARGIVE PLAIN

Our old Greek guide is here seated on the hill of ancient Tiryns, showing us the ruins below and the whole Argive plain that spreads beyond. Here lay the chief Greek kingdoms in Homer's day.

And there my father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine like an immortal." Surely, in palaces such as this, the worship of "household gods" became established. All over the Peloponnesus the old king of the gods, Zeus, and his wife Hera, were particularly worshipped; but in Attica and later Greece the chief gods were Athena and Apollo, the children of Zeus.

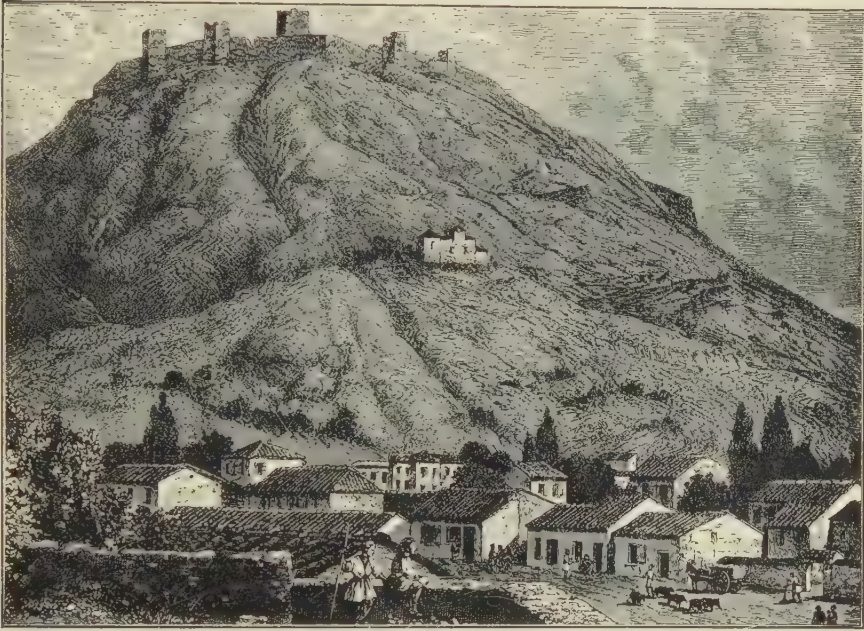
There were special rooms for women in the Tiryns' palace, many store-rooms, stone galleries, and so forth. Near the entrance was the bath-room, like that to which, in the Homeric tales, arriving guests are immediately conducted. The floor of this important room was one huge stone slab, on which was placed a large tub of baked clay, often handsomely carved and decorated. A stone pipe carried off the waste water from a square gutter in the floor, showing that the ancient Greeks were no strangers to plumbing! The walls of the palace-rooms were panelled with wood, and some with alabaster. They were often gay with painted frescoes, blue, brown or red, of very well-drawn animals, as at Crete, or of life-size and naively imposing warriors.

Coming out of the palace, we stand among the old stones of its walls, and look across the "thirsty, horse-bearing," Argive Plain, to the bright, shield-like surface of the sea. Long ago this very sea bore the Argive prince, Agamemnon, in his bronze armor and curling plumes, across to the siege of Troy. As Homer sings, "They set up their mast and spread the white sail forth, and the wind filled the sail's belly, and the dark wave chanted aloud about the stern, as the ship made way and sped across the wave accomplishing the journey."

Returning to Nauplia, we set out on our way to Sparta, some sixty miles west and south of the Argive Plain. The importance of southern Greece long since declined. There is little travel here now, and little cause for it. We can take the railway for half our route, but the other half must be accomplished on horse-back or by carriage over a mountain road. We have gone only a few miles when we reach the point where the classic Eurotas River rises among the mountains, and flows southward to the sea. The Eurotas is a shallow stream, whose gaily flowing current now provides power for a succession of quaint mills, and whose bank is lined with oleanders.

Ancient Sparta lies on an Acropolis hill in the valley of the Eurotas, twenty miles from the river's mouth. It is enclosed all about by mountain ramparts, which were the city's great defensive walls; man-made

walls Sparta did not build, until her strength was declining. Her defense lay in her position, all but inaccessible to an army; and her power lay in the character and training of her citizens. In mythical times the somber King Menelaus reigned over Sparta, and married the beauteous Helen. She was carried off by Paris to Troy, with the resultant Trojan War. Sparta had a great career of conquest. But she was finally conquered by the Romans, and after the fall of the Roman empire Sparta was wiped out by the Goths. The city, whose walls were six miles around, disappeared under the dirt of ages.



MODERN ARGOS AND ITS ANCIENT CITADEL

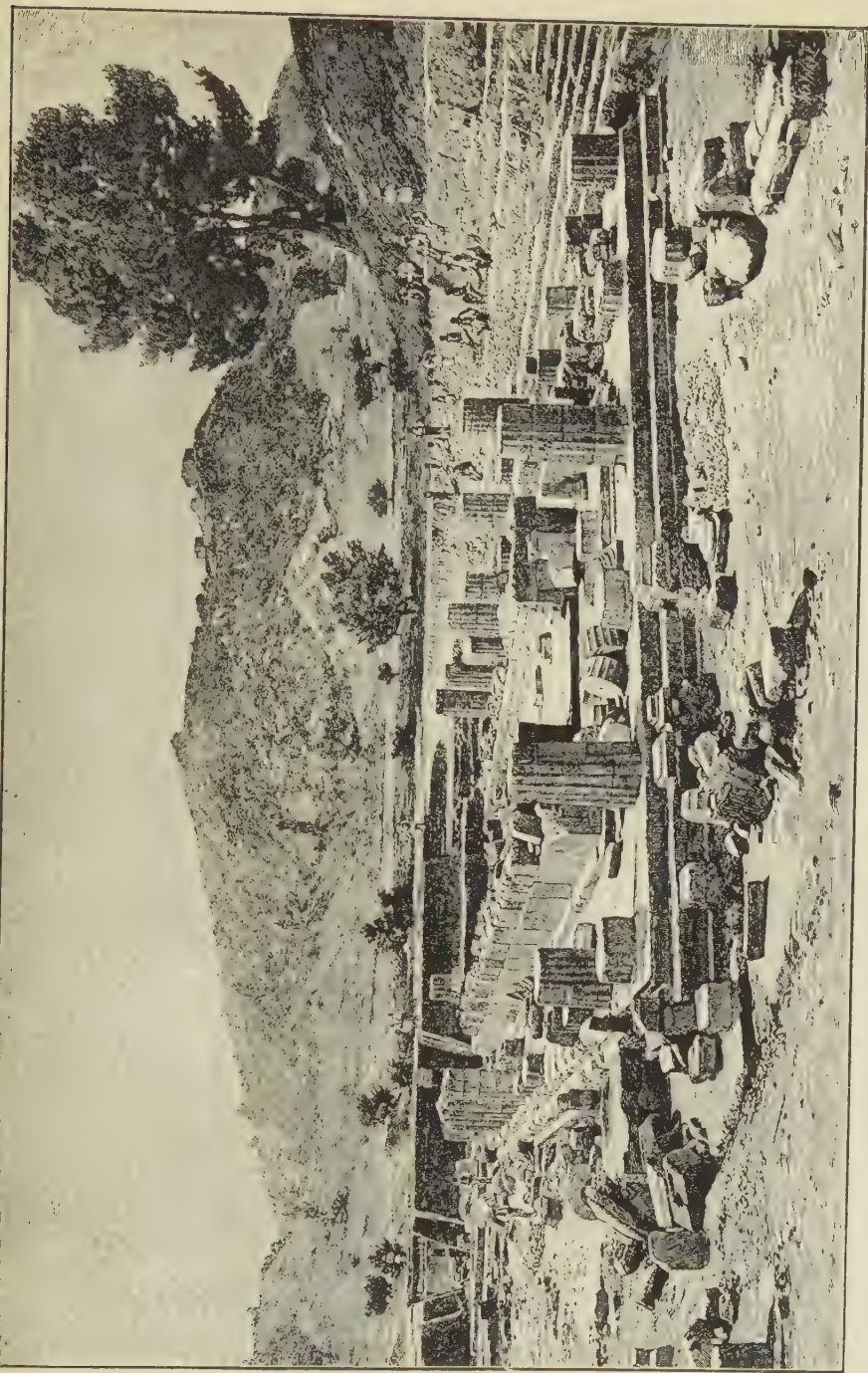
Less than a century ago, a modern village was founded on the ancient site. Though many excavations have been carried on at Sparta, what has been found is so ruined that it is not of much general or pictorial interest. The Spartans were not a particularly artistic people, and though numbers of wonderfully life-like terra cotta face-masks have been found, scholars think these were probably not meant to be attractive but were worn in battle to terrify the enemy. The Spartan statues and vases were mostly imported from art-loving Athens. The Spartans worshipped Artemis, the moon-goddess, with fiercer, more savage rites than Athens was ever guilty of, and seem altogether to have been

a good people to stay away from, unless you too were a Spartan. The present Greek government has gathered all the bronzes, vases and so forth found on the site of ancient Sparta in a handsome museum, which is the only landmark of the modern town.

North of Spartan Laconia lies Arcadia, the mountainous heart of the Peloponnesus, where shepherds were supposed to lead an ideal life. In reality the mountains here are bleak and drear, and though the country is still wild and holds only shepherds, that is because no one who can help it cares to live here. But to the west of Arcadia, as the mountains sink again into softer plains we come to one more famous shrine, Olympia. Here the river Alpheios, which rose among the Arcadian mountains, flows windingly westward to the Mediterranean. Less than twenty miles from its mouth it is joined by another stream, and at this junctural point on the sandy plain lies Olympia, the great shrine of the older Greek gods, Zeus and Hera, and the first home of the still famous Olympic Games.

Olympia never was a town. It was a sacred locality, with temples, public buildings, a gymnasium, and a stadium for the games, races and trials of skill or strength. These athletic games were celebrated for over a thousand years by the Greeks of every tribe and state. Their origin is lost in pre-historic myths, but they were definitely reorganized in the ninth century B.C., with the help of the Spartan law-maker, Lycurgus, in obedience to the Oracle at Delphi. Then was established the truce, known as "the Peace of the God," between all the Greek nations during the celebration of the games, making these games the first national Greek organization and union. The games were held every four years, at the first full moon after the summer solstice. At the opening of the sacred month, heralds were sent throughout Greece to announce the games and proclaim the truce. Only Free-born Greeks of unstained character could compete; and they had to undergo ten months of preliminary training. So deputations from the various cities poured into Olympia, escorting their competing champions. The celebration continued during five days. There was wrestling, boxing, hurling the discus, leaping, and all kinds of races. The first chariot race, with four horses, took place at the twenty-fifth Olympiad; the first horse-race at the thirty-third Olympiad.

The prizes for the victors were olive-branches cut from the olive-tree planted at Olympia by Hercules; and the Olympian olive-branch was the highest honor a Greek could win for his family and city. The



JUNO'S TEMPLE AT OLYMPIA

This temple, perhaps the oldest in Greece, was part of that most ancient of Greek shrines, Olympia, seat of the famous games.

champions dwelt in Olympia at the public expense, and each if he chose could erect his statue here.

The place became a perfect forest of statues, which Pausanias, the classical traveller of the second century, takes an entire volume to describe. In Pausanias' time the games were still celebrated under the auspices of the Romans, and Olympia was outwardly more gorgeous with temples than ever before. But the spirit of the games was gone, for the Roman professionals had control; the prizes ceased to be a nation-wide honor, and the mass of the people lost interest. In the fourth century the Christian emperor Theodosius put an end to the games. In the sixth century an earthquake and several landslides from Kronos Hill above Olympia threw down the temples and partially buried them with sand. The river, too, changed its course, and washed everything movable away.

The great temple to Zeus stood in the center of the Olympian "Altis," or walled precinct. It was surrounded by a severe colonnade of forty pillars, and within stood Phidias' colossal statue of the god, forty feet high. The gold and ivory god sat upon a throne, holding in his right hand a figure of victory, and in his left a scepter crowned by an eagle. To the north of Zeus' temple, at the foot of Kronos Hill, stood the temple of his wife Hera.

This temple of Hera was known as the most ancient in all Greece. It had Doric columns made originally of wood, which were replaced gradually by stone ones, seeming to prove that Greek architecture was perfected in wood before it immortalized itself in stone. Close to Hera's temple are the remains of the treasure houses where gifts to the gods were stored; and beyond to the east is the Echo Colonnade and the arch by which the athletes entered the stadium.

The main entrance to the Altis was on the west, where a bridge crosses the river. Beyond the river, the modern government has built a museum, wherein are gathered the perishable things found at Olympia. This museum contains a multitude of lovely statues, but the best memory we carry away from it is that of the Hermes of Praxiteles. Hermes (hě'r mēz) was the messenger of the gods, born among the Arcadian mountains. His statue by Praxiteles, is sculptured from the wondrous Parian marble, and is one of the most charming and most perfect that time has left us. Our Olympic athletes of to-day could scarce be better modeled than this ancient Greek, and they are certainly less handsome.



VATHY, THE CHIEF MODERN TOWN OF THE ISLE OF OLD ULYSSES

CHAPTER XLIV—GREECE

THE COAST AND ISLANDS OF THE WEST

We must leave "Pelops' shining isle" the Peloponnesus, behind us, and embark now upon "the wine-dark sea," the Mediterranean, on the westward coast of Greece. We go to the last of our Grecian trip, the coast and islands of the west. Here lie the seven Ionian Isles, the central isle of which, Ithaca (ĩth' ă-că) was the kingdom of Homer's famous hero, the wily Ulysses, or Odysseus. The adventures of Ulysses, king of Ithaca, befell him three thousand years ago; but even with this handicap and the additional one of being translated from ancient Greek verse into English prose, the tale of Ulysses is so living, heart-warming, beautiful and gay, that its magic fascinates new thousands of readers every year. And how many of these readers have longingly sought out the little Greek isle of Ithaca on the map, feeling nearer to the poet as they put their forefinger upon it! We, fortunate ones, are going to visit it.

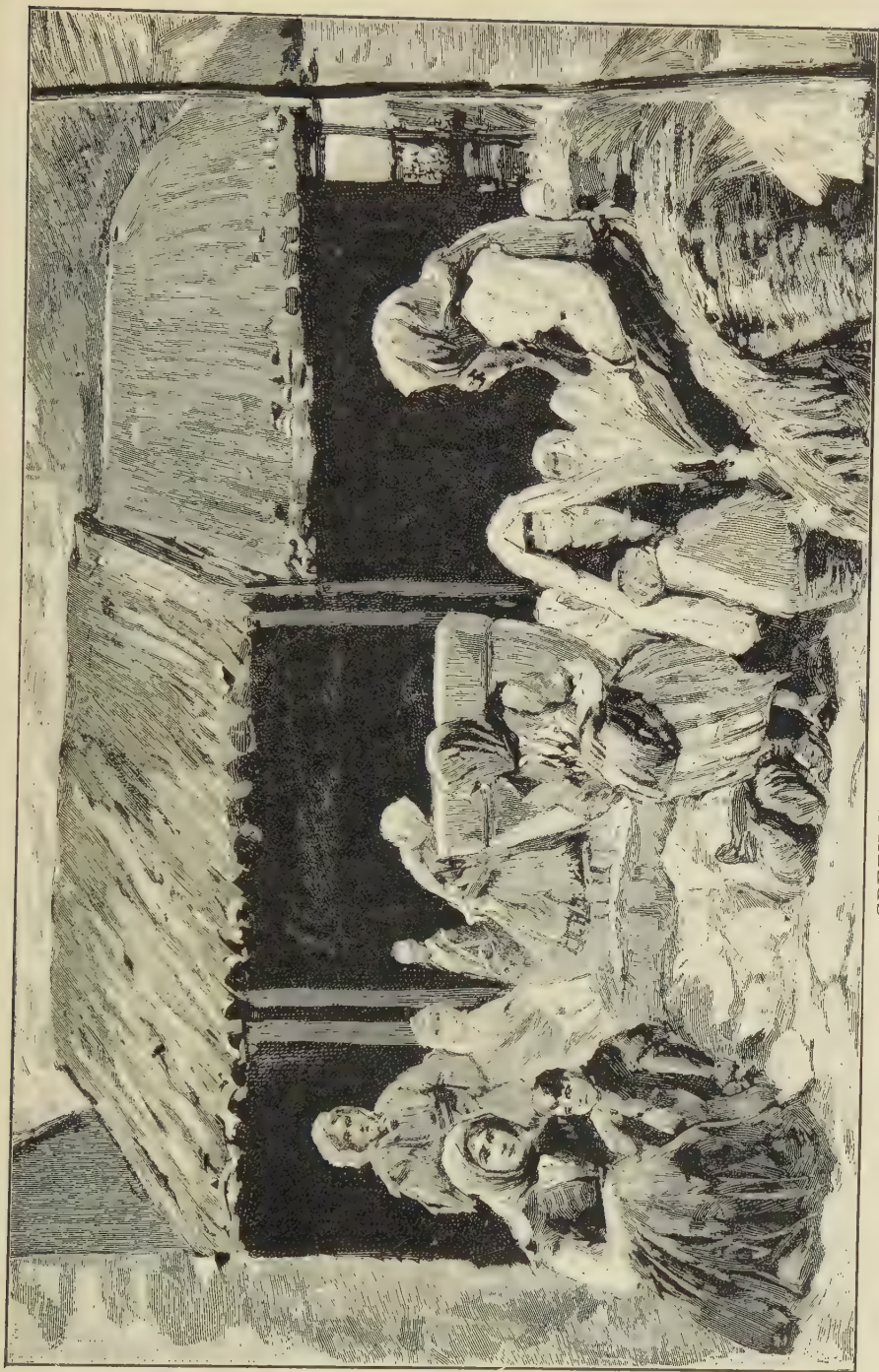
The young king of Ithaca married Penelope (pĕn el' ō pĕ) but soon after his marriage he was summoned to join Agamemnon and the Greek heroes in the siege of Troy. There Ulysses managed to anger Neptune, and so, even after the ten years of the Trojan war, the sea-god refused to permit his return to Ithaca and Penelope. With storm and shipwreck Neptune kept Ulysses wandering for yet ten

more years. At length he was wrecked on the Phaecian isle, which we shall visit as it is the modern Corfu. The hero manages to save some of his treasure—the wily Ulysses is not coming home empty-handed—and he bribes the Phaecians to take him to Ithaca. Thus, twenty years after his first departure from Ithaca, he lands secretly, unknown, in the Ithacan harbor of Phorkys, on the opposite end of the isle from his castle. Hiding his treasure in a cave, he sets out in the garb of a beggar to investigate. And we will land in this very harbor of Phorkys and investigate with him, presently.

Our boat, starting from the west coast of the Peloponnesus, sails along it northward. We pass the isle of Zante, one of the Ionian group, and find ourselves at the mouth of the deep Corinthian Gulf, whose eastern end we saw at Delphi and Corinth. Near its mouth on its northern shore is the modern port of Missolonghi, made famous by the heroic Greeks who died there during the Greek war of independence. Here, too, is a funeral mound containing the heart of the English poet, Lord Byron, who died here, giving even his life to the Grecian cause. From the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth we sail out into the sea, away from the mainland coast for fifty miles, until the crinkled rocky shores of little Ithaca rise before us.

The island is a strangely-shaped rocky mass, fourteen miles long, and covering an area of about thirty-seven square miles. It is nearly broken in two, midway, by a deep gulf. The two parts of the isle are connected by a land-bridge, in the form of the high mountain ridge of Aetos (ē' tōs) half a mile wide. On this ridge, an ancient castle has been found, which was at first thought to be that of Ulysses, but the descriptions of its position in the *Odyssey* do not tally. Much controversy rages about the whole subject, some authorities even declaring Ithaca is not Ithaca at all; that Homer's Ithaca was the isle of Leukas to the north. Indeed, Ithaca was entirely depopulated twice; once in prehistoric times, and later during the Middle Ages by the pirates, after which Greeks were imported from Crete by the Venetian government to re-settle the isle. It does seem, however, to have steadfastly kept its name, as far back as history goes, though all the other Ionian isles have changed their names since Homer's time. Moreover the majority of Homer's descriptions are strikingly true of the Ithaca of to-day. Few blind men—Homer was blind in his later years—have ever seen so straight.

As we approach the isle from the east, we do not need the goddess



GREEK WOMEN OF MISSOLOGHI

The northwest coast of Greece is the wildest, least settled part of the country. Here on the Albanian frontier life has altered little and costumes less since the old Turkish days of constant hiding and revolt.

Athena to tell us where we are. Were we without chart or compass on unknown seas, and knew our Odyssey, we could not mistake the spot. "There is in the land of Ithaca a certain haven of Phorkys, the ancient of the sea, and thereby are two headlands of sheer cliff, which slope to the sea on the haven's side, and break the mighty wave that ill winds roll without; but within the decked ships ride unmoored. Now at the harbor's head is an olive tree with spreading leaves, and hard by is a pleasant cave and shady, sacred to the Nymphs that are called Naiads." Well, here are the twin headlands guarding the narrow entrance; here is the deep sheltered harbor within the gulf where even to-day "large ships moor in perfect safety close to their masters' doors," and the hills are covered with olive woods. The grotto of the Nymphs is no longer by the sea, but fifteen minutes walk up the hill brings us to a great cave in the hillside, with wonderful stalactites hanging from its roof and walls. The stalactites irresistibly suggest the "great looms of stone whereon the Nymphs weave garments of purple stain, a wonder to behold." Christopher Wordsworth, the English author, says "If Ithaca were set afloat like a second Delos in the sea, the description of the grotto in the Odyssey would be the best guarantee to secure its being discovered and brought to its own home."

So it was here, in this haven then empty and deserted, that the Phæcian mariners brought Ulysses home. He, only half recognizing the isle from which he had been so long away, began cannily to take stock of his treasures, under the olive-tree. "And lo! of the fair tripods, caldrons, gold, and goodly woven raiment, naught was lacking." He thereupon hid them in the grotto—which is not so convenient as it should have been—and set off up the hills.

The haven is not deserted now. The island's principle town, Vathy, curves around it. On the Marina, or street facing the sea, is a large battered statue of Sir Thomas Maitland, which, with the good roads built the length and breadth of the isle, is a relic of the recent English occupation. The present-day Ithacans are bold seamen all, as was Ulysses, and although their forefathers were undeniably Cretans, they are intensely proud of the Homeric traditions of their isle. We are escorted to an inn, the "Xenodocheion Odysseus," where we make a pleasant stay while on the isle.

Ulysses, when he set off over the hills, went southward to the pastures where fed the swine of his old henchman, Eumæos. There we follow him, through a stretch of olive woods and vineyards, and up

a steep, winding, breakneck track to the high plateau, where we reach, almost beyond a doubt, the old swineherd's homestead. Here the swine of Eumaeos "ate abundance of acorns and drank the black water, things that make in good case the rich flesh of swine." These high plateau-pastures answer point for point to Homer's picture; "a place with a wide prospect" "on a mighty rock" "far from the town," and they must be at the south end of the isle, on the only road that could ever have led across it. Here we may still pick up acorns, and there are some rude sheepfolds that Eumaeos may have used for styres.



THE ILL FATED VILLA OF "MON REPOS" ON CORFU

From Eumaeos, Ulysses learns that Penelope has waited for him all the years, although she is beset with a hundred and eight suitors. Being forced to give her word that she will wed one of them when a shroud she is weaving is done, she weaves by day and unravels it by night. Ulysses also hears of his son now grown to manhood, Telemachus. The wily hero plans to slay the suitors, which he later does, every one. He meets his son, and together they set off for his palace. Now, however, they, or we, come to the rocky ridge, Aetos, and the remains of a Cyclopean castle with great walls running up the hillside. It seems too primitive to be of later date than Homer,

and too massive to have been carelessly omitted from the story; yet it is wholly unlike the description of Ulysses' palace. To begin with no one but an eagle or the goddess Athena herself could come *down* to this eyrie, as strangers are constantly coming down to the Odyssean castle; and to end with there is not room for Ulysses' household within it, nor any ground around it to hold the "spacious town" which should have been there. Penelope could never have entertained a hundred suitors here, for they "putted the stone" and cast the spear within the walls of her palace; any sport requiring more space than a game of checkers is impossible on Aetos.

The northern half of Ithaca contains the town of Stavros, on the bay of Polis, or "the city;" and here there are traceable successive towns reaching back almost, if not quite, to Homer. Polis has a double harbor, too, with which Ulysses credits his home city. Stavros is a pretty hamlet, with olive woods and cedars stretching from harbor to harbor, on opposite sides of the isle. We are told that Penelope's suitors waited "on a rocky isle in the mid sea, midway between Ithaca and rugged Samos, Asteris, a little isle." And sure enough, between Stavros and the large isle of Cephalonia across the strait to the westward there is a small isle now called the Wooers' Islet. So, though there is no trace of any ancient palace at Stavros, in which to imagine the comedy of the wooing, or the tragedy of the suitors' doom, this seems most probably to have been the Homeric town. 'Ulysses was at first but a petty ruler, with "other kings on sea-girt Ithaca," and we know that he naively added rooms to his palace as he needed them. So perhaps it was no such permanent and mighty building as we had expected. Homer does not forget, he only opens his blind eyes too wide.

Beyond Ithaca, we reach the northernmost and largest of the Ionian Isles, Corfu. It is at the mouth of the Adriatic Sea, about fifty miles from the coast of Italy, and near the Greco-Albanian shore. Janina, that turbulent border town where the 1923 troubles between Italy and Greece started, lies forty miles inland from the Grecian coast. Corfu was brought into world notice when Italy captured and held it until Greece paid the indemnity she asked.

Corfu is a lovely isle, broad and mountainous in the northern part, fertile and pastoral on its long, narrow southern end. Halfway up its eastern coast is the capital city, Corfu, and here we land. This is a popular and fashionable winter resort for all Europe. The sea is



CORFU BETWEEN PEACE AND WAR

Corfu, which Italy bombarded in 1923, is a beautiful summer land. Its antique fortifications show little and have little value.

dotted with yachts, and the red lantern sails of native boats. Two Venetian fortresses, the New and the Old, both falling into decay, guard the spacious harbor.

The streets of the city are narrow, and somewhat oriental in appearance. We ride up the principal highway, Nikephoros Street, which has arcaded houses and shops open to the sidewalk. At the end of this main street is the luxuriantly shaded Esplanade, near the Old Fortress, or "Fortezza Vecchia." A graystone Royal Palace faces the Esplanade, and we can catch a glimpse of a marble staircase within. The head of this staircase is guarded by an ancient stone lion, dug up from an old Greek tomb on the island. On the Esplanade, near the Royal Palace, we find a handsome modern hotel, and we begin to feel that our journey amid the primitive inns of Greece is receding into the past.

Next day we drive along the pleasant highway skirting the shore southward. We pass the old circular tomb from which the lion was dug up, and a mile beyond it come to a handsome villa beside the sea, which has had a most curious history. The villa is of white marble, and was built for the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who called it "Monrepos," or the "Dream Palace." The Empress was assassinated by an anarchist. William II of Germany then bought it for a winter resort, and it has known many changes since. It has beautiful Grecian statuary in its magnificent grounds, and its olive trees reach an extraordinary height and beauty, as indeed they do all over Corfu. The isle is semi-tropical and remarkably luxuriant, and with its olives are mingled cypresses, oranges and fig-trees.

At Corfu we are almost beyond the limits of Greece; we are approaching Italy. So let us here take leave of Greece and her islands with one last Homeric memory. Beyond the Empress' villa is a harbor, now filled partially with sand, where ancient war galleys used to land. At its mouth is a little isle known as Ulysses' Boat. Legend declares that this was the Phæcian ship that at last brought the hero to Ithaca, in defiance of the knowledge that Neptune was persecuting Ulysses. So as the ship sailed home the angry sea-god turned it to stone at the entrance of its own harbor. The island ship! What better symbol could we have of Greece? And with what fitter tale could we put by her story than this of the poor seamen who so goodnaturedly served Ulysses? Many times and deeply has Greece served Europe, and she has received but little in return. She has suffered, indeed, from the "vengeance of the gods."



THE COLOSSEUM WHERE THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS DIED

CHAPTER XLV—ROME

THE ANCIENT CITY

We turn now to visit the last of those great empires which at one time ruled the ancient world. Rome was the nearest to us in time and the mightiest in power of those ancient "city states" which from a single central capital sent forth a strength which mastered all other cities and peoples everywhere. Rome, however, differs from the other ancient world capitals in that though it fell, it has risen again. Three times it has been a mighty ruler.

Hence we have really to visit here three cities. The first is the ancient Rome, which held the empire of the world. The second is the medieval Rome, the city of the Popes, which once dominated all the Christian world in religion, as ancient Rome had done in government. The third is modern Rome, which now for over half a century has been the political capital of the great modern Italian kingdom, built up by Garibaldi and Cavour. All these three cities are now massed together, jumbled into one. There is no separation of them, such as in Athens made it easy for us to visit first the old and then the new. In Rome, one age has built upon top of the other. We must separate the three cities in our minds as well as may be, and try to realize the splendor and the fascination of each.

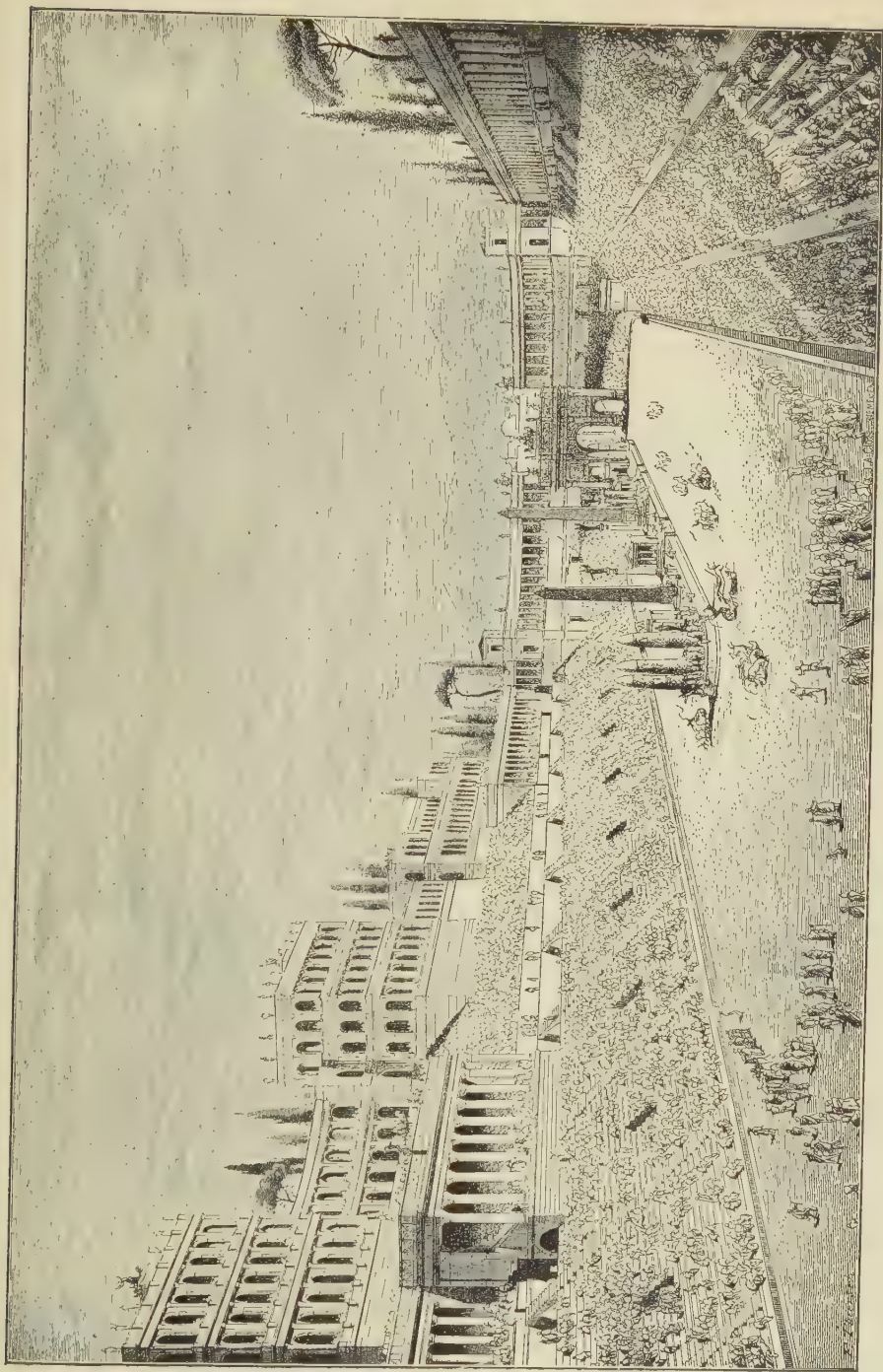
"Westward the course of empire takes its way." From Greece

a steamer will carry us westward around the lower end of Italy and up that famous country's western shore not quite to Rome, but to the mouth of Rome's own "yellow river" the Tiber, where it empties into the sea. Ancient Rome had a great sea-port here called Ostia. But this coast of the sea is shallow, and the Tiber is but a little stream to be so famous. The modern Ostia has no place for our huge ocean ship to land. Travellers go to Rome now by railway from the north or south. We shall even have difficulty to persuade our captain to stop long enough to transfer us to one of the little boats which come out clamorous, eager for our trade.

Safe shifted, we sail across the river bar and up the Tiber some three miles to Ostia. Here once rode the navies of the world—or rather not here; for in earthquakes or other convulsions since, the Tiber has twice changed its lower course completely, so that the ruins of the ancient Ostia stand well apart from the modern town; and the river ignores them both. A picturesque medieval castle rises on the highest hill top, a symbol of the later days when all Italy was being raided by Turkish rovers, and each town defended itself as best it might. Beyond this medieval fortress, off amid the sparse growth of the sand dunes, surrounded by salt and marsh and the dread marsh fever of the Roman summer, we shall find the remaining stones of Ostia. These have been carefully unearthed of late and show us here the complete skeleton of an old Roman city. But only sand and stone now mark the spot where hundreds of ships once rode at busy wharves, each loaded with some foreign tribute to Imperial Rome.

Ostia, the great seaport, quick to receive all news and all visitors, first brought Christianity to ancient Rome. Here landed Saint Peter and the other "fishers of men" who told of Jesus and the Holy Land. Here, Italy's first Christian church was founded; and all through the Middle Ages the Bishopric of Ostia was one of the great offices of the Roman church. To-day we will hurry away from the old town, just as ancient Roman messengers used to do. Landing here from some swift ship, they would cry out for a horse and spur off at once over the fifteen miles that they must ride inland to Rome. Let us spur away with them, lest the fever seize us. Not following the Tiber's banks which wind and twist, we will speed along the good old Roman road which runs into the northeast now, as it ran then, straight as an arrow's flight from town to town.

And now Rome rises on our view! Coming upon the city from the



THE GREATEST OF CIRCUSES

This is a restoration of the Circus Maximus. Thus the present ruins looked when seating three hundred thousand Romans.

southwest we approach its most ancient side and can note what is left of that first Rome. Far beyond we can glimpse the rich palaces and splendid churches of the modern city; but close at hand we see Mount Aventino and the Palatine. These are two of the famed little "seven hills" on which the Romans built, and from which their town was called the "seven hilled city."

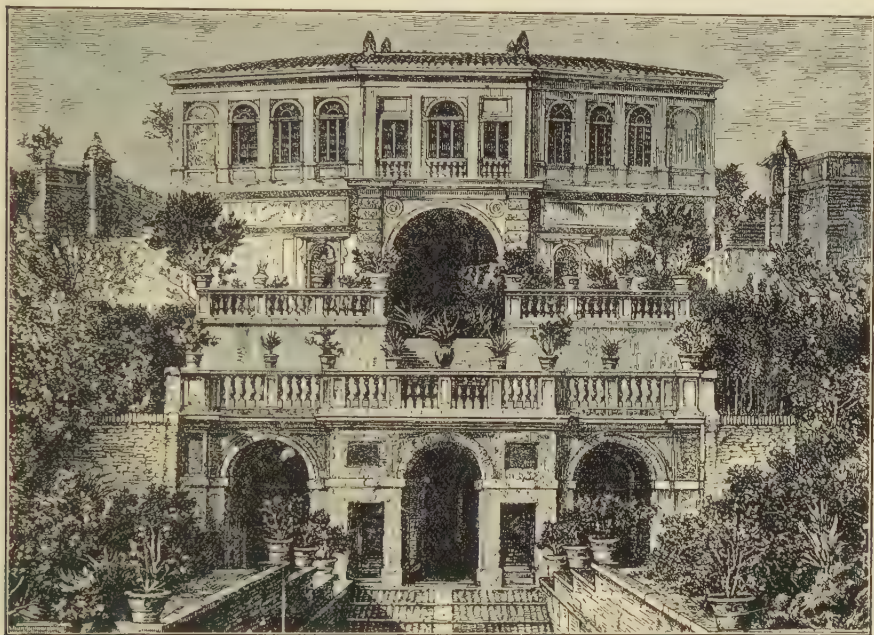
We come first to the "Gate of Saint Paul" in the massive walls which the emperors built and which still enclose most of the city in outworn and worthless defense. Passing through, we ride along the foot of Mount Aventino, a tiny slope indeed to be called a mountain. Its crest is crowned with pretty modern houses. It was always rather a suburban hill, the southmost outpost of the "seven hills."

The Palatine was the most important, as still it is perhaps the most interesting, of the Roman hills. On its steep heights rose the original city. Here according to tradition Rome's founder, Romulus, raised the first tiny walls for which his twin brother jeered at him. Then Romulus' men slew his brother, and the city's long career of war began. Traces of an ancient wall can still be found upon the slopes of the Palatine. It is a huge, massive wall, primitive indeed, but not a wall that anyone could despise. Dating back at least to the days when Rome was a young republic, the wall has all the square sturdiness the later Romans loved to attribute to those early days. Few relics in Rome are so old as this piece of wall, though if we swung aside from here a few steps to the Tiber bank we should find another. It is the mouth of a great sewer, the Cloaca Maxima, built to drain the valleys between the seven hills, built perhaps by that old King Tarquin against whom the first Brutus rebelled almost three thousand years ago. The Cloaca Maxima is just a big circular brick tunnel, parts of it being as solid to-day as when it was first built. Whatever the Romans did, even from the beginning, they did with the same solidity that marks this ancient wall and tunnel. They were the greatest builders in the world.

The summit of the Palatine was seized afterward by the Roman Emperors for their palaces; and it remains now a sort of rambling park dotted with their palace ruins. When Augustus, Rome's first emperor, had reduced the world to obedience, he came back to Rome to rule in peace. He purchased a large portion of this hill to build himself a palace fitting to his glory. Later emperors added to this again and again. Nero, after burning half of Rome, built here his own noted "Golden House." Thus the Palatine summit became at length one vast

palace, or group of palaces, the most widespread, most gorgeous residence the world has ever known.

When the barbarians captured Rome some fifteen hundred years ago, the Palatine was the center of their plunder and destruction. Fire swept it again and again, until to-day its ruins are scarce separable one from another. A medieval villa or two was built upon the hill, and the Farnese Casino below, and all these now unite to form a delightful roaming place. The park is little used, since Rome has many gayer and more central spots. We may wander here at peace amid fair



THE FARNESE CASINO AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALATINE PARK

flowers and all the dainty odors of the garden, while we dream of the splendors and the mad orgies that the hill once knew.

In the valley between the Palatine and Aventino lay the chief "stadium" or race-track of old Rome, the Circus Maximus. The outlines of this huge structure can still be traced, and portions of its walls still stand built into the thickly clustering houses of that newer Rome which is but a few centuries old. This Circus Maximus has not yet been outdone by any of our huge modern sport stadiums; for this ancient one had numbered seats for nearly four hundred thousand people. The rest had to stand. Here the Roman populace were entertained by their

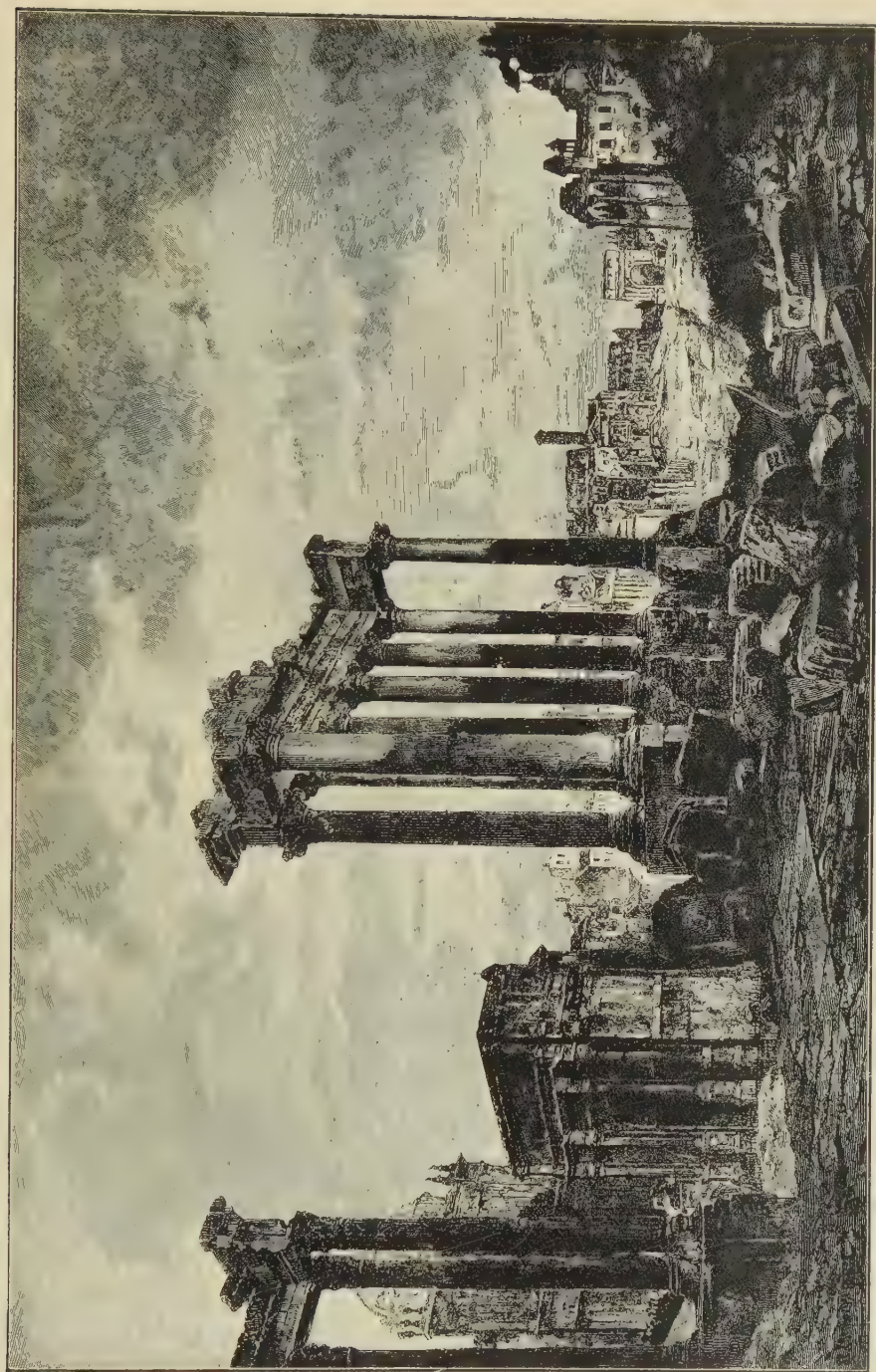
emperors with costly shows and races of every imaginable kind. An emperor who wished to keep his throne must keep the Roman populace amused and fed. Their cry was ever for "Bread and Circuses!" The whole world was drawn on to supply them with new spectacles; and the most elaborate of modern circuses could not begin to compete with this Circus Maximus.

Old Rome of the emperors' time had also another and more terrible place of amusement, the Colosseum. We shall come to this as we pass beneath the Palatine in following along our route from Ostia. The Colosseum covered less ground space than the neighboring Circus, but it was built in four huge stories, and its upper gallery seats still rise a hundred and fifty feet in air. It was reserved for the more exclusive and aristocratic audiences, and so seated only about a hundred thousand. To-day we boast of the vastness of some opera house which holds perhaps a tenth as many. Scarce a third of the Colosseum is standing now, yet it still ranks among the most tremendous and most impressive remnants of the ancient world. In it were held not only the most costly spectacles of Rome, but also the most tragic. Here gladiators fought to the death, and ferocious beasts of every sort were matched against human antagonists. Here too were held those hateful martyrdoms of the early Christians. Thousands of them were burned to death as torches or were driven defenseless into the arena to be devoured by the beasts.

So solidly, so stupendously was the Colosseum built, that it has outlasted all the well-deserved disasters by which old Rome and the brutal old Romans were destroyed. The Christian pilgrims who in deep religious devotion flocked to Christian Rome in the Middle Ages had a saying:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the World!"

The Colosseum stands outside the southern end of the "Forum," which was the center of the older city, its public square or market place. So, still on our road from Ostia, we now approach the Forum. Rome of the rich emperors had several forums; each great builder wanted a new square of his own. The original city's center, the famous Forum Romanum, is the one that now lies open and deserted before us. The modern city stands mainly to the north of this. After old Rome was ravaged, this Forum land was left unoccupied for centuries. Gradually



THE ROMAN FORUM

This was the center of old Rome's public life. For centuries it remained a rubbish field. Now its ruins are carefully preserved.

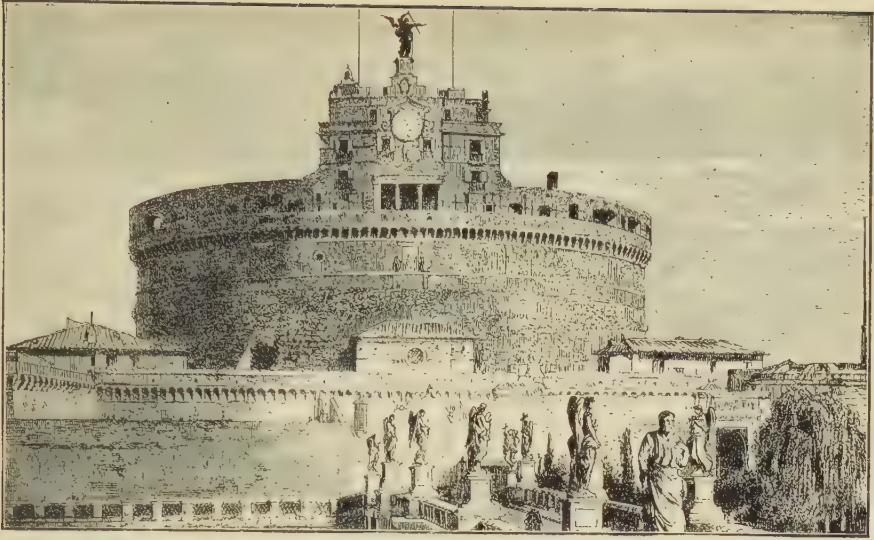
the ruins were covered by the kindly earth; and this became a green field whereon the goat flocks browsed. Then came our modern scholars with their research and all the old ruins have been unearthed.

Through the midst of the Forum passed what was called the "Sacred Way," the road up which each Roman conqueror marched with a triumphal procession when he returned from some great victory abroad. His spoils had all to be displayed and dedicated to Rome and its gods; and the temples of these stood mainly just beyond the Forum on the third of the "seven hills." This was the Capitoline hill, the early seat of government from which comes our modern word "capitol" and all the "capitals" of all our States.

So along the Sacred Way we march to "climb the Capitol," as all great guests of Rome have done since Rome began. We pass beneath triumphal arches raised by this emperor or that. We pass the remains of the "Temple of Caesar" which was built to Julius Caesar after he was declared to have been a god. When Caesar was slain by his assassins, his body was brought to this spot; and here from a public speaking place, which Caesar himself had built, Marc Anthony delivered the celebrated oration which roused Rome to fury against the conspirators. On this spot, surrounded by all the ancient temples, Caesar's body was burned; and here, after his nephew Augustus had reconquered his world, was Caesar's divinity proclaimed. After that almost every Roman Emperor was declared a god.

Beyond these transient gods and their forgotten temples the Via Sacra leads us across the Forum to the "Rostra," a stage from which impassioned Roman orators used to appeal in fury to the mob below. Next we pass the "Umbilicus," the spot proudly marked as the navel or center of the Roman world, on which was once set up a golden mile stone. From this all distances were measured, and to this all roads led, in the days when Romans boasted that "all roads lead to Rome." Like the great spokes of a wheel the roads of the world radiated out from this hub, the "navel of the world."

Close above us now towers the Capitol. On its double summit there once stood two principal temples. One, the oldest shrine of Rome, was the temple of Juno the "earth-mother." The other, far more gorgeous, was the temple of Jupiter, the most honored god of Rome. His temple became the chief center of the priesthood under the emperors. But on the Capitol, and from there onward on our road, we shall find the ancient ruins hidden beneath modern buildings.



THE EMPEROR'S TOMB, NOW CALLED THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO

CHAPTER XLVI—ROME

THE CITY OF THE POPES

Some fifteen hundred years have passed since the barbarian tribes of the north revolted against Rome's sway and destroyed her empire. That was the end of the ancient civilization which had been handed down from one to another of the nations we have visited.

Fortunately indeed for the future, there was one power that maintained itself amid the universal crash. That was Christianity. The Roman world had but recently become Christian, and now the Christian fathers, with their long record of martyrdom, moved onward undismayed amid the utter wreck of human art and ingenuity and culture. The few people left among the smoldering ruins of great Rome itself were guided by their Christian priests, and these priests proved so able as well as kindly that gradually the old tradition of Rome's leadership reasserted itself. Her chief priests became known as Popes, and became accepted as the spiritual rulers of the world. So once more Rome raised her head; and once more wealth rolled in on her, coming now from the willing gifts of the many million worshippers in every land.

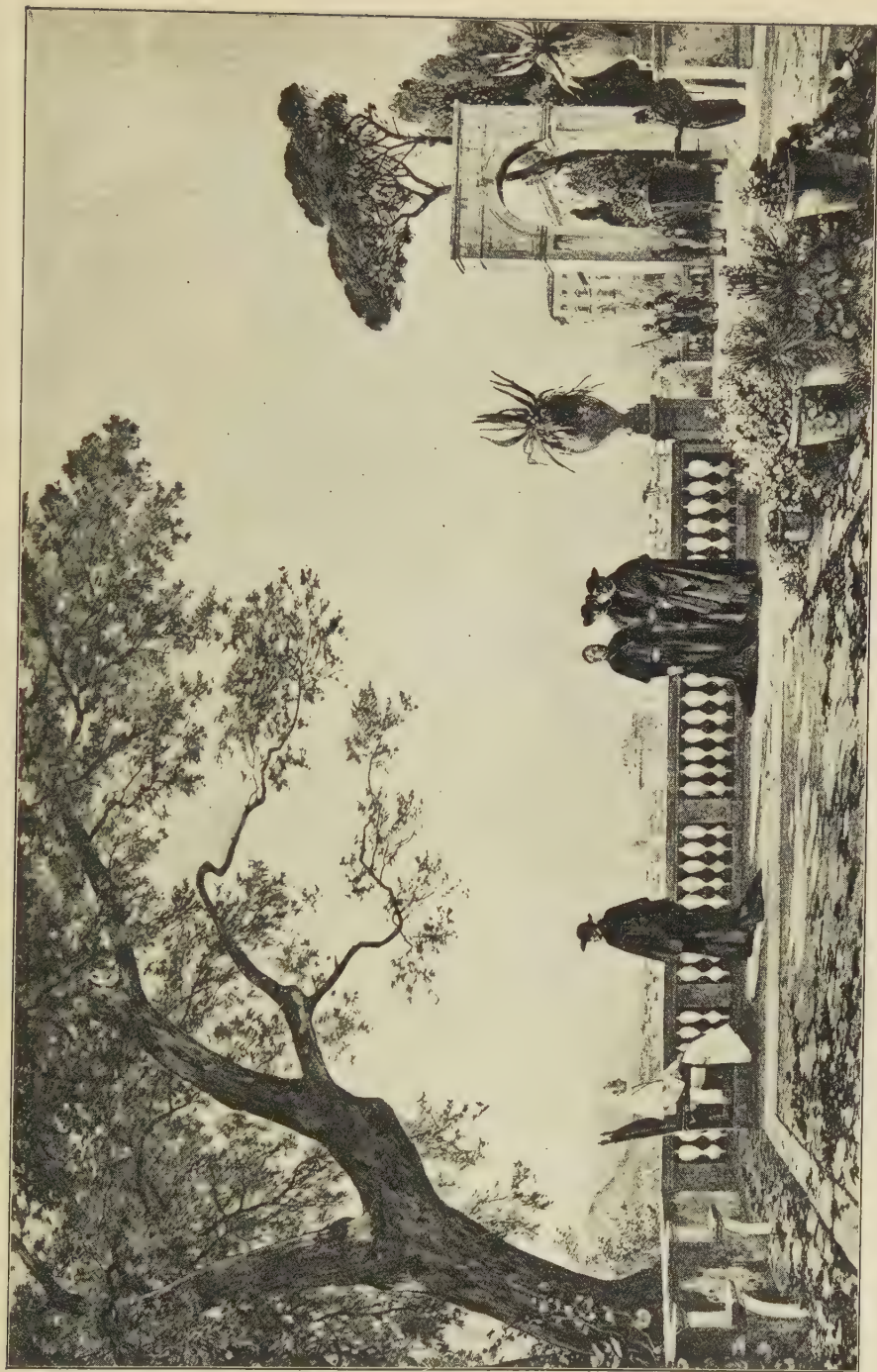
Thus the second Rome at which we are to look, the medieval Rome, was a great religious city. The chief center of this new city lay on the other bank of the Tiber from old Rome, the northwestern bank. There rose the old Mons Vaticanus or mount of the "vates" the fathers or

ancient priests of Rome's dim legendary beginning. This had always been a sacred region. To its dim woodlands, Rome's first law giver Numa withdrew to write his laws. It became the city of the Popes because here the first of them, St. Peter, the father of the Roman Church, was executed. Here during the terrible persecutions under Nero, Peter was nailed head downward on a cross, and here he was buried. Hence when Rome turned Christian, a great church was here erected to St. Peter. That church perished, but there was always another and yet another rebuilt, until to-day the mighty Cathedral of Saint Peter stands there, the most celebrated church in all the world.

To this region northwest of the Tiber, we will cross by the bridge of St. Angelo, a noted structure lined with statues of stone angels and leading direct to the Castle of St. Angelo. It was this remarkable building which really caused the Popes of the Middle Ages to make the Mons Vaticanus their main dwelling place. This "castle" was originally a tomb, the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian, that famous builder in both Rome and Athens. During the Dark Ages, the Roman chiefs used as fortresses whichever of the ancient buildings had survived, and this tomb of Hadrian proved the safest shelter of them all. Its solidity reminds one of the pyramids. It is a great circular mass built of huge solid rocks. Their outer surface was covered by Hadrian with richest marble; but this has long since disappeared, and the naked stone stands out sombre and defiant. This "castle" was Rome's main defense for centuries; it was the chief stronghold of the Popes. A vision of the archangel Michael was once seen above it in a time of need, so the statue of an angel was raised upon its summit, and it became known as the Castle of the Holy Angel or St. Angelo.

All of this part of Rome, the west bank of the Tiber, is occupied to-day by the poor. The flow of modern Rome has been back to the east bank and the site of the ancient city. So that here, gathered around the papal palace, only the simple peasantry remain. Chat with them in the streets, and they will tell you proudly that they are the real Romans, the true survivors of the ancient race, for modern days have brought all sorts of other folk to Rome, but the peasantry have always been here. They have endured and survived through fire, flood and fever, and all the ravage of the centuries. You see among them many a gallant looking man and handsome woman who well represents our statues of the ancient Romans.

This bank of Tiber is called the Leonine city, not as being particu-



IN THE VATICAN GARDENS

These broad and beautiful gardens with their view over the whole of Rome form the private home of the Pope and his Cardinals.

larly lion-like, but as having been chiefly built up by Pope Leo IV over a thousand years ago. We may wander here amid quaint, quiet, almost countrified old streets by the hour; but our main goal lies straight up the hill from St. Angelo's bridge, a half mile into the west. Here, there opens before us the graceful Piazza of St. Peter, enclosed by a circular colonnade of tall and stately columns. An ancient Egyptian obelisk stands in its center, and across the piazza, at the end of yet another stately colonnade, rises St. Peter's itself.

Whole volumes have been given to the description of this mighty church. It cost some fifty million dollars even in the seventeenth century when money had several times its present value. The structure is over six hundred feet long and is crowned not by towers but by a huge central dome, two hundred feet in diameter. This dome was built mainly by Michael Angelo and is often reckoned as one of the wonders of the world.

Close to one side of this gorgeous church, and facing also on the broad piazza is the Vatican, the home of the Popes. Through all the Middle Ages and down to the year 1870, the Popes ruled Rome as its earthly monarchs as well as its religious guides. Then the Italian kings seized upon the city to make it the capital of our modern "united" Italy. Thus the third and newest Rome began; and thus the Pope became what he is sometimes called, "The prisoner of the Vatican." Each successive Pope has refused to accept the loss of his earthly rule over the city; he has preferred to regard himself as a prisoner and has remained voluntarily shut within the walls of his palace. Often he appears on the balcony of one of its windows and blesses the crowd of faithful Catholics who have gathered in the street below. Often he gives a reception within the Vatican, and admission to these is a distinction eagerly sought. But the streets of Rome have not been entered by a Pope for over fifty years.

The Vatican is not at all a bad prison, as prisons go. Its designing and decorations have been the life work of generations of loving Christian artists. Here the most celebrated of all artists, Michael Angelo and Raphael, did much of their best work. Here also have been gathered other art gems and ancient manuscripts and relics of every sort, until the Vatican has become one of the chief, perhaps the chief, among the treasure storehouses of the world.

The outer walls of the Vatican that can be seen from the street are not impressive. They were never meant to vie with St. Peter's,

which holds the center of the public picture. Their beauty lies within. We enter now by a simple gate where we are met by a sentinel of the famed "Swiss Guard," the military organization which has for centuries been maintained by the Popes. This brilliantly uniformed and weaponed soldier proves quite friendly in a chatty fashion. Our permit is carefully examined; and, since you and I have the broadest kind of permit, an attendant will be assigned to us to take us everywhere. To the right of the first courtyard lie the Pope's own rooms; to the left lie galleries almost beyond number, chapels, museums and gardens.



THE PIAZZA AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER

"Where first?" asks our attendant with a shrug at the impossibility of seeing all.

We are ready for him, this much at least. "To the Sistine Chapel," we answer eagerly; for that is the most celebrated shrine of paintings in the world. So the attendant leads us to another and far grander entry, where we mount the great "Royal Stairway," a magnificent design by famous Renaissance architects. The whole of the Vatican is built upon a hillside and moreover has been built part by part, each architect utilizing whatever space his predecessor left, until the whole is far more of a maze than ever the Cretan Labyrinth had been. So by yet another

staircase beyond the Royal one, and then by a side door we reach the Sistine Chapel.

This was built by Pope Sixtus, Raphael's Pope, to be his own special monument. It is a church over a hundred and thirty feet long and rather dark, since later structures somewhat bar the light from its tall windows. For its walls Pope Sixtus summoned all the chief painters of his day, the great day of the great Florentine artists; and then he set the greatest of them all, Michael Angelo, to paint both altar-piece and ceiling. So behind the altar looms Angelo's mighty wall picture of the Last Judgment, with all its medieval ideas of devils and hell tortures and anguished, writhing human beings. From the ceiling there look down to us Angelo's wonderful figures of the prophets, Daniel, Ezekiel and all the rest; while above these in the highest space of all rises the master's dignified conception of God Himself in the scenes of the creation. It is in this church or "chapel" that the Pope holds his own religious services and here take place the chief ceremonies of the church.

As antechambers the Sistine Chapel has other richly decorated halls; and other stairways lead us to further heights where we come to the palace rooms painted by Raphael. Time has dealt severely with these graceful masterpieces; but they still have much to teach to modern artists, as well as much to catch the attention of the passing visitor. One specially striking picture shows the burning of this Leonine city when its founder Pope Leo IV is said to have checked the flames by holding up his papal cross in prayer. The papal miracle forms only the background of the picture; most of its space is given to portraying the terrors and torments of the poor citizens caught in the disaster. Their agonies are as impressive as those of the condemned in Angelo's Last Judgment; and few of us would care to live permanently in the rooms with such works of art.

Beyond this again we come to open courtyards, with colonnades painted by Raphael in a lighter, sunnier mood. There are many scores of these pictures all drawn from the Bible story so that the series is often known as "Raphael's Bible." Beyond these courtyards lie museums of paintings gathered from other places. There are museums of antiquities among which a scholar would gladly lose himself for months. There is also the famed Vatican library. This holds not only endless stacks of books but also some twenty-six thousand separate manuscripts. Many of these are so old men can scarce understand their



IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY

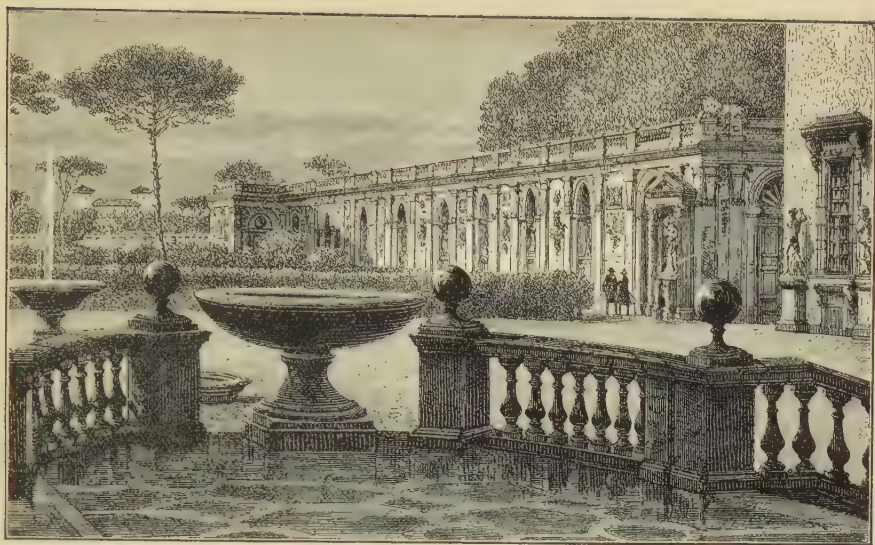
Many of the most ancient treasures of the literary world are here preserved in rooms made beautiful to receive them. Every fraction of space has been decorated by famous artists.

language today. Some of them have not been read for centuries. Nobody knows when some browsing scholar may here discover some wholly forgotten bit of history. If all of the Vatican texts were read and published, we should know far more of the past than we do today.

We have still to visit the Vatican mint, if we so desire, where all the church medals have been made, and we have also to visit the beautiful Vatican gardens. Here there are fountains and statues and varied water-devices, as, for instance, a noted trickish one where water suddenly sprays up all around the visitor, enclosing him in a circle which he cannot pass. There are quaint and beautiful casinos here, and long winding hedged-in walks that climb the hill behind us. Here, still shut within the papal prison, we can reach the heights of the old Mons Vaticanus and gaze across the river at modern Rome.

There are many other Christian shrines in Rome beside St. Peter's and the Vatican. These are only the chief among many. The city is said to contain a church for every day of the year. The most noted religious region on the other and more populous river bank is that surrounding the piazza or square of the Lateran. Here rises the great church of St. John Lateran and also the Lateran palace. These two were the papal cathedral and palace of an earlier day. When Rome first officially became Christian, the Emperor Constantine presented to the Pope of that day the palace and property of an ancient noble family, the Laterani. This ground the church has ever since retained, and after each new destruction of the city, the Popes built on it a new home and a new church. It is only less splendid than St. Peter's and is in some ways even more highly venerated. The inscription at its entrance calls it "the Mother and Head of all Churches."

Close beside the museum stands a still more noted building, a portico erected over the Scala Santa or Sacred Staircase which pilgrims journey many hundred miles to reach and climb. Tradition says that these were brought here from Jerusalem, that they were the marble steps before the home of Pontius Pilate, the steps down which Jesus descended after he had been condemned and the sufferings of his death began. The steps were a portion of the older papal palace, the only part to escape destruction. Now pilgrims come to climb them on their knees, ascending where Jesus once came down. The thousands of knees have again and again worn through the stout oak planks which are now set to protect the marble steps. Devotion is in fervid earnest here in Rome.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA MEDICI

CHAPTER XLVII—ROME

THE MODERN CITY

The Rome which most interests the casual visitor of today is naturally the modern Rome of Italy's king and parliament, of "fascisti" and of society. To this Rome you come by railroad, and the train drops you in a great station where you are promptly held up by the city police and asked if you have any tobacco or other dutiable articles in your trunks and bags. If you look like a wealthy foreigner—which of course you are, since all Americans are wealthy according to Italian standards—and especially if you prove your honesty by a good sized coin handed to the smiling official, he will probably not even open any one of your bags but will give you passage at once into his great city.

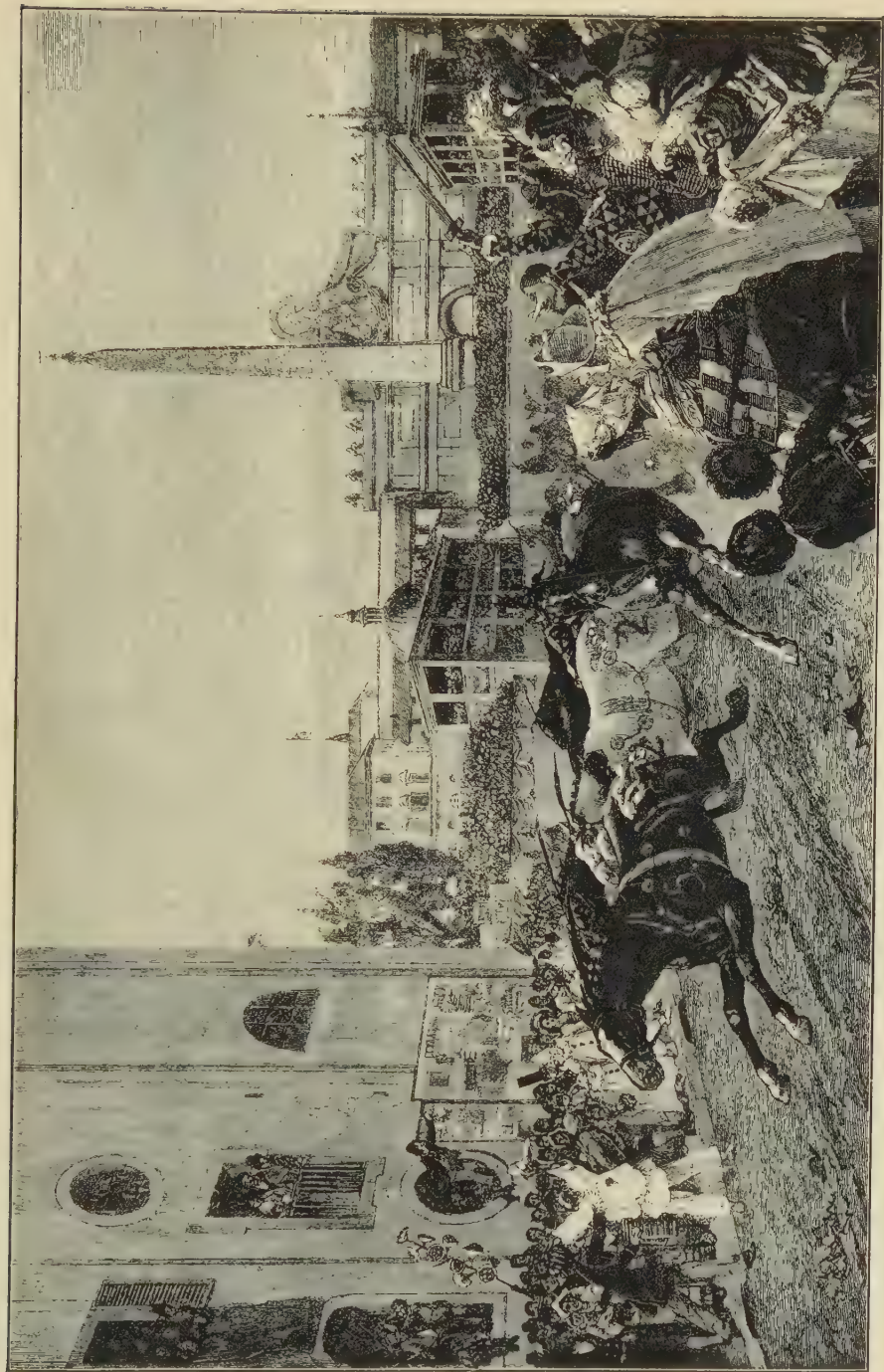
Outside the station you will pick up, or rather be picked up by, a voluble and enthusiastic auto driver and will be whisked away to a hotel. Even in that first dash across the city its striking and individual character will flash upon you. There is no city gayer than Rome, and there is none more serious. There is none more awe-inspiring; yet none more attractive, even perhaps fascinating. The vehement Roman temper has much to do with this, and so have the sunshine and the flowers. Close to the station we shall pass an enormous ancient ruin railed off in a sort of park from the bustling business street. This is the remains of the "Baths" of the Emperor Diocletian. The old

Romans spent much of their endless leisure in enjoying elaborately arranged baths; and when an emperor sought special popularity he built a new and bigger and more gorgeous bath pavilion. Rome possesses several of these ruined "baths" too gigantic even to be torn down; but no other is quite so obtrusive as the Baths of Diocletian.

Beyond the picturesque bath ruins, you will see a great cathedral towering above them, one of the city's three hundred and sixty-five churches. This one is St. Mary's "of the Angels." There are eighty churches dedicated to St. Mary, so they have to be separated by extra names. This mighty one "of the Angels" was built from part of the old bath and modeled by Michael Angelo, the efforts of whose genius are to be seen everywhere in Rome. A nearby prison is also built in part out of the ancient "bath." But the square or "piazza" on which these giant buildings look down is modern. It is lighted by electricity and made gay by cafés, and at one end of it laughs a flowing fountain. The fountain, by the way, is supplied with water from an ancient Roman aqueduct which is still in working order. The vast ancient Rome used so much water, had so many aqueducts leading distant rivers here across long lines of upraised arches, that the Rome of today, though it holds over half a million people, has more water than it uses. It has only to keep those tremendous aqueducts in repair, and it still can let streams flow in open fountains and empty idly away into the Tiber.

From this Piazza of the Baths, a few blocks would lead us up another of Rome's "seven hills," the Quirinal, to see on its summit the palace of Italy's kings. First, however, let us get settled in our hotel. Our auto driver will gladly take us to one of the big new hotels in the suburbs on the outer row of hills, the Esquiline or the Pincian hill; but let us stay here in the center of things in the real Rome of the natives. Our driver shall take us but a block or two down the "Street of Four Fountains" or perhaps the "Street of the Tritons." There deep under the shadow of the Quirinal hill, we can find many an old style Roman hostelry, typical, comfortable, and not expensive, from the roof of which we can gaze upward to the Royal Palace and its hillside gardens.

From this hotel we will now set out. The station lies a short half mile to the east, the palace just above us to the south, the Tiber some half mile westward. Between us and the Tiber running north and south we shall come to the Corso, the chief street of modern Rome.



THE RACE ON THE CORSO

This race through the main street of Rome was the chief feature of the Roman carnival until suppressed because of the danger.

Let us follow its busy, noisy, sparkling length to its end at the northern gate of Rome. Here is really the beginning of the Corso; for in all the past centuries before railroads began, while human beings still journeyed afoot or by horses, this was the great main entrance into Rome. From all the countries of Europe, came friends or foes, worshipping pilgrims or invading armies, pouring southward toward this gate of Rome, the "people's gate."

As the marching pilgrims entered, they saw on either side of them an ancient fortress, one of which became in time, of course, a St. Mary's church. Beyond this spreads the open "Piazza of the Poplars" on which the pilgrims camped. In its center rises an Egyptian obelisk, best known to modern Romans as the goal of their horse-races. Until quite recent years there was a famous annual horse race in which the horses sped down the whole length of the Corso, about a mile, and finished at this obelisk. So many people were injured in the mad crush along the narrow street that the authorities stopped the races, much to the indignation of the populace, who claimed the right to get injured if they wished.

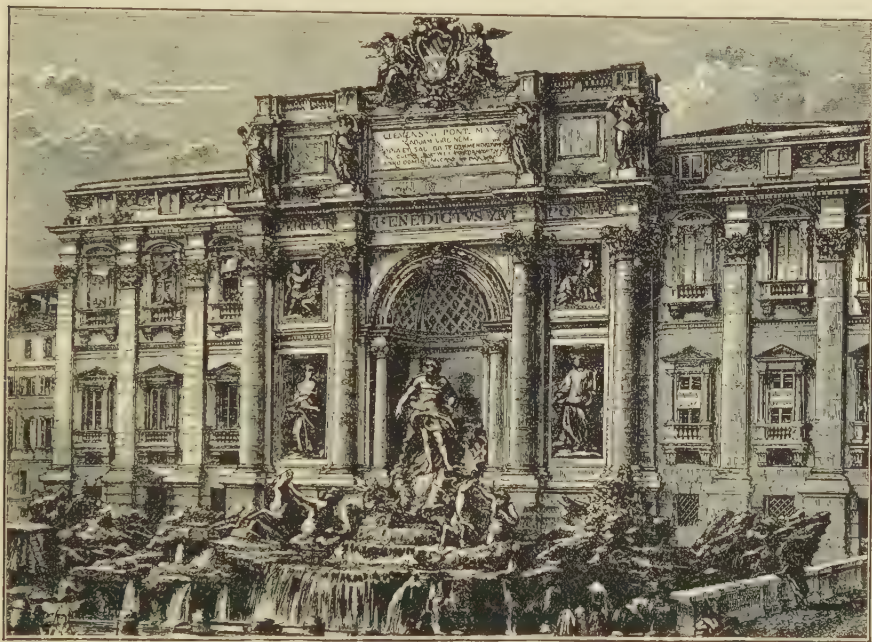
The Piazza of the People lies almost on Tiber's shore, and directly east of it rises the Monte Pincio. This has been turned into a gay popular park, a favorite resort of youthful Rome. Its drive is also thronged each sunny afternoon with the carriages of fashion. The band plays, and the dignitaries visit one another, and there is much bowing and smiling and courtly splendor. Beside the park spread the elaborate gardens of the Villa Medici, and beyond lie the beautiful, rambling grounds of the Villa Borghese. These form the real great "park" of Rome.

If now we turn and ride down the Corso to its southern end we shall come back to the sacred hill of ancient Rome, the Capitoline. Approached from this direction the Capitoline's outstanding feature is the great modern memorial to the king of Italy's reunion a half century ago, King Victor Emmanuel II. His huge statue set in the center of a great colonnade fills the view all down the Corso, blocking its end.

Beyond this memorial, the Capitoline is still given over chiefly to ancient things. In fact we might well draw here our line between the Rome of today and of two thousand years ago. South of the Capitoline lie the Forum Romanum and most of the famous ruins. On its crest lies the Piazza Campidoglio, another of Michael Angelo's creations.

It is surrounded by splendid medieval palaces. These palaces have all been turned into museums and contain endless noble statues and other relics of the old days. Here too we shall see the famous figure of the "wolf of Rome," an antique bronze figure of a wolf nursing the twins Romulus and Remus, legendary founders of Rome.

Let us, from these museum corridors, climb the tower which adjoins them. It gives us a fine broad view northward over modern Rome. Conspicuous there we shall note upon its lofty hill the palace of the Quirinal which we have yet to visit, and the dome of the Pantheon.



THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVES, WHERE VISITORS TOSS IN A COIN

The Pantheon is the one building which belongs to all the ages of Rome. It is a huge circular building, surmounted by a dome which makes its entire roof. It is a hundred and sixty feet in diameter and towers that high also in air. It was built as a heathen temple, yet all the great domes of Christian churches since have been modeled from it, including that of St. Peter's, which although larger is less impressive, because the huge building of St. Peter's partly hides its dome. In the Pantheon the dome is the building. Moreover this remarkable dome is left open in the center. So at the very summit of the building is this great open circular window, thirty feet across, letting in light

and air. The rain pours in here too; yet even in the wildest storm when the water plunges into this vast still space it loses all its madness, it descends gently scattering like a mist, and never reaching the side walls which remain as dry as in the most sheltered buildings.

The Pantheon was built under the first emperor, Augustus, that mightiest of builders who boasted that he found Rome built of brick and left it of marble. He intended the Pantheon as a temple for all the gods of heaven, and especially for the new god, his uncle, Julius Caesar. Probably the most splendid of all the buildings of Augustus, it has certainly proven the most durable. Its walls have been tested and found to consist of solid brick work twenty feet in thickness. No wonder it has survived every destruction of Rome. The brick was once overlaid with marble and the dome was supported upon bronze. But all these costly superfluities were long since torn away; and the Pantheon stands now in its native beauty of design. There is no more admired building in all Italy. Through its open central vault the sunshine attains a softness elsewhere unknown; and sometimes the moon at night shines down here with an effect almost magical.

When Rome became Christian, the Pantheon became a Christian church, and the statues of Caesar and the older gods were ignominiously ejected. It was another of the St. Mary Churches, the "round" St. Mary, and services are still held at an altar there. Yet its obvious fitness for its first purpose, to shrine a series of statues around its beautiful circle, led from an early date to its being used for the tombs and monuments of noted men. There is buried the most famous of Renaissance painters, Raphael. Indeed the Pantheon itself is sometimes known as "Raphael's tomb." There too is the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel II, the "liberator" whose giant monument stands beside us from our viewpoint on the Capitoline. His name and that of Raphael are almost like Michael Angelo's in their constant recurrence in all that is said and done and built and thought in Rome today. The Pantheon, whether as a modern memorial hall, a medieval cathedral, or an ancient temple has always held a prominent place in Roman life.

And now for the Quirinal palace! We must turn off from the Corso to the east, we must climb through crowded streets up the steep hill, past handsome palaces and well kept parks, to the "Piazza del Quirinale" with one of the inevitable obelisks at its center. Rome seems to have had a passion for these obelisks that almost equalled



THE BORGHESE GARDENS

These famous gardens were long a prince's private property. Now they have become Rome's main public park.

its passion for St. Mary churches. Above the square rises the royal palace. This was built originally by the Popes some three centuries ago. Because of its height above the city it was used as the papal summer residence, and new Popes were often elected and installed here. In 1870 the Italian government in depriving the Pope of his kingly power took over the Quirinal; and it has since been the chief royal residence. Oddly enough it stands upon the probable site of the ancient temple of the war-god, Mars.

We shall have trouble securing entrance here unless we are ambassadors, or unless our American ambassador will introduce us at one of the royal receptions. Under such sponsorship and in most gorgeous costumes for the ladies, we arrive by auto and are ushered in our turn up the great stairway, passing a noted fresco of Christ ascending into heaven which has adorned the landing since old papal days. From this we enter the royal salon, a hundred and fifty feet long and richly decorated. The shields of the hundred chief Italian cities adorn its walls, to show that the king rules over them all. This is but an antechamber to a long series of richly decorated rooms like a series in a museum, which spread along the whole front of the palace. Then at length turning at right angles we come to the second side of the square. Here in a great "throne room" of crimson damask, the king and queen receive their guests, each visitor being announced in turn. Beyond this again are the king's private rooms and those of the queen. A vast banquet hall fills most of the opposite wing.

From the Quirinal we will go back to our hotel, not forgetting to pause on the way at the Fountain of Trevi. It stands at a narrow street corner and holds a colossal statue of Neptune with his attendants. Water spouts everywhere and flows over all the figures. We can find other even handsomer fountains in several parts of Rome, but this has a special quality which leads every visitor here. Tradition says that whosoever visits this fountain just before leaving Rome and throws into it a few small coins, will surely come to Rome again. So coins pour in here every day. That they do not fill the basin and overflow is explained by the presence of many wet small boys lurking in the background, ever on the watch. Let us toss our coins in with the rest. Even those of us who have seen Rome many times would be loath to think this time was positively the last. Let us hope that even your phantom coin will enable you some day to visit all these ancient lands in more detail. They are tremendously worth the visit.

